

Brandeis University
Library



In Honor of
GRANT ELLIS FRIED

243 $\frac{mc}{\gamma h^2}$

THE
C H A M E L E O N.

SECOND SERIES.

“ THINGS HERE
HAVE ALL THEIR PRICE SET DOWN FROM MEN'S CONCEITS,
WHICH MAKE ALL TERMS AND ACTIONS GOOD OR BAD.”

Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWNE, GREEN, & LONGMAN.
OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.
ATKINSON & CO., GLASGOW.
MDCCCXXXIII.

100,000

x AY13

A8

1933

8

TO

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ESQ.

My first acknowledged Work, I had been allowed
to hope, would be dedicated to your illustrious Father-in-Law.

As no unfit representative of that Great Man, as regards both
his genius and goodness of heart,³ permit me most respectfully now to
inscribe it to you.

THOS. ATKINSON.

GLASGOW, *December*, 1832.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Day in Balquidder,	9
Rob Roy's Grave,	21
Monitions to the Bard,	40
The Dewy Eve,	43
My Father's Home,	45
The Dance,	46
The Proud Heart's Pain,	47
An Evening Thought,	50
 THE ODD CORNER, No. I. :—	
I. Anniversaries,	53
II. The Romantic and the Classical,	54
III. Literary Labours,	55
IV. Tale-Bearers,	56
V. A Revolution,	—
 SIX SONGS :—	
I. Forget Me Not, (<i>with Music by R. Webster,</i>)	59
II. The Promise, (<i>with Music by J. P. Clarke,</i>)	60
III. Away to Loch Long, (<i>with Music by J. P. Clarke,</i>)	61
IV. The Night Flower, (<i>with Music by Thos. Macfarlane,</i>)	62
V. Dancing Song,	63
VI. Nay, Shun not the Glass,	64
The City Flood. A Tale, as narrated by a Sexagenarian,	67
The Students and the Hams,	82
The Hesitation,	86

	PAGE
To a Bird,	88
The Sea,	90
Lines on Placing in my House My Mother's Portrait,	92
The Origin, Progress, and Termination of the First Crusade, . . .	97
A Bundle of Wishes,	130
SIX SONNETS :—	
I. and II. The Shore at Ebb,	133
III. To a Lady, Accompanying “The Mirror of the Graces,” . .	134
IV. On Wordsworth,	135
V. The Limners,	—
VI. The Dawn,	136
Inscription for the Cairn on a Mountain named “The Bishop's Seat,” .	137
The Death of Murat,	139
Old Gold with new Superscriptions, or Specimens of a New Edition of Johnson, .	143
The Better Light,	149
The Brothers,	151
On Tearing in Pieces a Letter,	153
The Last Letters of Sterneworth: a Selection from the Papers of a German	
Student :—	
Letter I. Sterneworth to Agnes,	158
Letter II. Sterneworth to Agnes,	162
Letter III. Sterneworth to Agnes,	165
Letter IV. And Accompanying Verses. Sterneworth to Agnes, .	167
Letter V. Sterneworth to Agnes,	171
Letter VI. Sterneworth to Agnes,	172
Letter VII. Agnes to Sterneworth,	175
Letter VIII. Sterneworth to Agnes,	177
Letter IX. Copy of Letter from Sterneworth to Mangergart, enclosed	
in the above,	179
Letter X. Mangergart to Sterneworth,	180
Letter XI. Sterneworth to Agnes,	181
Letter XII. Wilhelm Schmelter to the Lady Agnes Rosenmuller, .	183
Memorandum found among the Papers of the Lady Agnes Rosenmuller, .	185
A Spring Ditty,	187

PIECES FOR MUSIC:—

I. Constancy; or, Pray, will it last?	191
II. A Farewell Song, (<i>with Music by R. Webster,</i>)	192
III. The Soldier's Wooed,	193
IV. Away with Professions,	195
V. The Wale o' the North,	196
VI. Believe not the Crowd,	167

THE ODD CORNER, No. II. :—

I. Another "Beauty of Shakspeare,"	199
II. Varieties of Flattery,	—
III. Recluse Authors,	200
IV. Preparatives,	—
V. The Cries of London,	—
VI. Precocious Sensibility,	201
VII. Poor Laws of England,	—
VIII. An Effect of Liberty,	202
IX. Musical Composers,	—
X. Passive Applause,	—
XI. Lost Literature,	—
XII. "Love of Letters,"	203
XIII. On a Power in Music,	—
XIV. Allegory Explained,	—
XV. Perishable Fruits,	204
XVI. Fear,	—
XVII. True Embalmers,	—
XVIII. A Test,	—

A Dream,	205
----------	-----

SIX SONGS:—

I. The Midnight Dream, (<i>with Music by John Thomson, Esq.</i>)	209
II. The Proud Lover, (<i>with Music by R. Webster,</i>)	210
III. The Hamely Hearth,	211
IV. Go, Flower of the Sunshine, (<i>with Music by W. Hindmarsh,</i>)	212
V. A Legend,	213
VI. Drink to the Nameless,	214

	PAGE
A Metrical Homily on John iv. 13, 14,	216
Three Nights passed in Perthshire, &c.	221
Sonnet on Sunrise,	237
Song,—“ What hae ye brocht frae the town ?”	246
I'll Meet ye at the Trysting Tree,	248
The Fiddler's Song,	249
Ballad of Sir Malcolm,	251
To a Beautiful Dumb Girl,	257
The Stranded Ship,	259
The One-Legged Bookbinder,	261
Happiness,	265
The Wife,	267
The Ruined Fort,	268
A Widow's Story,	269
On the Immediate and Remote Consequences of the Holy Wars in Palestine,	273
On a Painting of a Bachante,	305
I'll Never Deceive Thee,	307
The Burial of Petrarca,	309
A Rhapsody Written on a Framed Picture of Laura,	311
Thou Ne'er Wert Absent,	313
THE ODD CORNER, No. III. :—	
I. Decline of Didactic Poetry,	315
II. “ Good Old Times,”	316
III. Reason for Humility,	317
IV. A Whet,	—
V. Good Nature,	318
FIVE SONGS :—	
I. Oh! there may be Fairer than Thee, my Sweet Lassie, (<i>with Music</i> <i>by J. P. Clarke,</i>)	321
II. Serenade, (<i>with Music by John Thomson, Esq.</i>)	322
III. My Father's Ingle, (<i>with Music by J. P. Clarke,</i>)	323
IV. Oh! Waking or Winking, (<i>with Music by T. Atkinson,</i>)	325
V. Farewell,	326
A Prose Postscript,	327

A DAY IN BALQUIDDER.

“ The hills—the hills!—high as their summits rise,
My spirit rises with them! They to me
Are but the stepping-stones of climbing thought,
Which bears me, soaring, as upon their tops
I feel that *there* at least there are no slaves!”
The Chamois Hunter.

“ Adventure greaseth the wheels of travel.”
Gaffer Gash's Saws.

I HAD been for ten days absent from home on a pedestrian excursion through the Highlands of Perthshire, and the counties which skirt that district to the east and south, when, on the afternoon of a cloudless day in September, I unbuckled the straps of my leathern knapsack as I entered the porch of the neat and pleasantly situated inn of Lochearnhead. But though I loosened the fastenings of my burden, I did not cast it off my shoulders, where its presence had called forth many a remark, expressed in a language I knew little of; and a still greater number of those indications of wonder or curiosity, which a silent look can so well convey, and which were expressed as I passed the door of the lonely cottage on the hill, or by the gable ends of the cluster of hovels, which is termed a clachan in the low country, but a *town* among the mountains; where even the presence of two families, domiciled in one solitary spot, presents to the isolated mountaineer the idea of that complicated state of society which much larger assemblages of human beings hardly suggest to the

Lowlander. I had before consulted my map, and although it was now far in the day, hardly permitted myself to doubt that I should be easily able, by proceeding down Glenfinlass, to take up my quarters at Ardkenochrochcan, the barbarous name given to the pretty and fashionable inn at the Trosachs. Having dined, I did no more therefore at Comrie than order a measure of the only liquor which I care to drink when in the country where only it can be had in perfection, and where no other of even tolerable quality is to be procured; and, having swallowed my whisky, and received some directions as to my road, which was soon to become but a bridle-path, I re-adjusted my indispensable incumbrance, gave a farewell glance to Lochearn, threw a look—it was a wistful one—towards the great road which conducts still farther into the heart of the Highlands, by Killin, which stretched out to my left,—and, facing about to the right, saw the glories of an autumnal evening gathering around the western march of the sun, which was so soon to set,—and a hilly, yet delightful road, straight before me. I pursued it with alacrity, though not without fatigue, for my walk had been long that day. But there was enough of beauty in the scenes through which I passed, and sufficient of enthusiasm in myself yet unsatiated to bear me buoyantly over a longer road than I expected to need to traverse, even if the wild and pealing notes, and rapidly flowing words of the song of “The Braes o’ Balquidder,” had not given a spring to my step, as, at irregular intervals, they escaped from my lips. I was within sight of these—the “braes”—I was advancing to them! The first time I heard their praises sung, was on the cold and sleety night of a winter’s holiday, by a thin and haggard looking blind man; yet, child as I was, and hastening to the warmth of a blazing hearth, and the joy of a merry-meeting, I became arrested by the strain, and carried with

me, at one hearing, the words and the air; nor could the cakes and comfits of New-Year's-Day prevent me from often longing that night for the "blaeberries that grow 'mang the bonnie blooming heather." These and their bramble brethren were now, on every side, inviting my participation in their rustic sweets; but a hasty snatch now and then, while I hardly paused, was all that I durst gratify myself with; for, by the time I got to the King's House, where I was to leave the high road, it was almost evening, for the yellow radiance of day's decline was beginning to tinge the peaks of those eminences, that would be called mountains in some parts of England, and hills, even in any other district of Scotland except the Highlands, where, though many hundred feet in height, they are fitly named, as contrasted with the hoary giants round them, "*The Braes o' Balquidder*"—a diminutive term of endearment which speaks to the heart of every Caledonian, be he Celt or Sassenach.

At this lonely and dirty hostelry, named after royalty, like many other inns in the Highlands, from its having been originally a station for the lodgment of His Majesty's Forces, during those periods of turbulence, when, though their presence was necessary amid such fastnesses, their safety was by no means secure, if quartered upon the inhabitants, nor even their shelter, if it depended on being found in the house of a *subject*. Having received farther directions, I proceeded briskly on, and gradually fell into a train of reflections which prepared me, in some measure, for receiving what was a pleasurable surprise, upon unexpectedly seeing before me a small but regularly built Gothic chapel, placed upon an isolated eminence, little more extensive than the circuit of its own walls, beneath which a stream, as silent as a monk or eremite could wish for near his cell, glided in serpentine folds. It was apparently too small for a parish church, even in the Highlands, besides being infinitely more regular and respectable

in its exterior than such commonly are; and having no "town," with its whisky shop near it,—nay, not even a human habitation visible from its site. It was grey and weather-stained enough to be venerable, yet showed neither ruin nor decay in its little lancet-shaped windows, tiny belfry, and diminutive porch; nor had it, as far as I could *then* perceive, the usual broken and moss-covered stones, or rank grass-drapiered mounds, which tell that not only the house of piety, but even the hiding-place of Death's doings, has been forsaken. In the twilight that was closing round me, as I paused to gaze upon it, I required but a little stretch of imagination to believe that it was a small chapel, built, perhaps, by some wealthy professor of the expatriated creed of Rome, for the occasional resort of the widely scattered remnant that yet exists in this part of the Highlands—but at remote intervals of country—of the simple Children of the Mist, who cling to a church whose rites they can participate in but at times, that are as "few and far between" in the year's round, as are the connecting links which bind them and their humble altars with the Sovereign Pontiff, and the marble glories of St. Peter's in the great edifice of Catholicism. I was picturing to myself their pilgrimage to this lonely fane, which, like the monastic institutions of their church, seemed thus to stand, as if the rites of religion could be best performed apart from the habitations of those whom they were to enlighten, and almost began to fancy that I heard the solemn chaunt of vesper service swell along the glen, when, as I turned the base of a projecting rock which had hitherto hid Lochvoil from my view, its narrow and wildly calm and silent expanse met my gaze, and, at the end of it nearest to me, and on the banks of the before-mentioned stream that issued from it, to be a tribute to its chief, Lochearn—the kirk and clachan of Balquidder.

As it was now perfectly obvious, that it would be impossible for me to accomplish my design of reaching the Bridge of Turk and Stewart's Inn before nightfall, I decided in one moment that I should remain at Balquidder, at least until the moon rose, which would not be till late in the evening; and "if the clachan inn be tolerably comfortable," said I to myself, "as sure it must *now* be, seeing that even a hundred years ago it was a place of rendezvous for Rob Roy and other Highland lairds,—that chief having indeed appointed it as the place for deciding a quarrel by duel, as modern combatants select Chalk Farm,—I shall prefer the romance of a Highland supper amid the "braes," to a half Highland, half Lowland one,—*i. e.* the former in quality—the latter in price,—at the loch side, where a writer's clerk from Stirling, or a manufacturer's from Glasgow, may insist on my telling him, whether "I don't think the Trosachs would be a devilish deal finer place, if a stage-coach came regularly to it!"

From this point, then, I walked so very leisurely as to give myself ample time and opportunity to observe the general outline and aspect of the little isolated district which I traversed. The part of it lying before me consisted of a long level stripe of ground, that in any except a very dry summer would have been soft and watery, but was too bright in its green and equal in its surface, to be called a morass, although it seemed to produce nothing else but a luxuriant crop of bog-hay, whose perfume now "scented the evening gale"—the scanty patches of dwarfish and still *verdant* oat and barley stalks hardly forming an exception. Through this strath, a silent and melancholy "water"—for streamlet is too brisk a name to give it—twined itself round the slight inequalities of ground, and slowly but surely made its way onward to the basin that awaited it at the foot of the lofty Benvoirlich. My path lay on the right side of this burn, in going westward, and almost at the very edge of

the level ground, for the hills began to swell upwards, with considerable abruptness, within a stone's-throw of the road, and they drew closer and closer to the rivulet as I advanced, till the skirts of some of them had to be crossed before I reached the few huts and simple, though not mean, parish-church and manse, which sheltered themselves from the northern blast beneath their base. Down their sides, every now and then, some brawling and angry little cataract, or series of waterfalls, was dashing with a consequential noise, that contrasted curiously with the utter peace into which, at the distance of a few yards, all were compelled to subside when wrapped in the quiet and deep bosom of the tributary from Lochvoil,—whose source, at the eastern end, or mouth of that reservoir of many streams, became distinctly visible beyond one of those little bridges, which, in the Highlands, seem to cross every rivulet the moment it escapes from a parent lake. The outline of the landscape was but indistinctly defined, for, at the western end of the lochs, though the red tints of the already sunken sun, lingered on the peaks of the hill, which seemed to circumscribe it in the direction of Glenfalloch, the mists of evening, and the smoke from a considerable mansion—that of Portnellan—still dimly visible, obscured yet adorned the horizontal line. The margin of this picture was, however, clearly enough defined on both sides,—by a range of bleak hills, rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge, whose front features had a cold distinctness that was but little softened by a stripe of meadow, a starved tuft of fir trees, and a seemingly tenantless mansion of some poor and proud laird, that stood white and thin, like a shivering spectre, at their feet—to the south; and by a prettily broken and picturesque range, seeming to lose itself in an endless series of little hills, whose summits still caught a stray gleam of crimson light, to the north.

These latter were worthy of the name—these really *were* the “Braes o’ Balquidder.”

Having taken this general survey of the landscape, while yet the lingering twilight permitted me, I soon found myself close by the wall which encloses the little ragged garden of the parish minister; and, calling aloud to some half-dozen of tall but thin fellows, and one short and fat one, a little way before me, who were superintending the jog-trot of a horse that was dragging home a curragh * full of hay, its closing occupation for the day, I learned that the only place of public entertainment for miles round, was a little farther on, at the house of the miller, close to the bridge I have mentioned, and on the brink of one of those tiny turbulent stripes of water which, a short way above his dwelling, served to turn the mill. All this information, however, was not given at once, but extracted from the would-be busy idlers, as I walked alongside of their day’s labour on its way to the stack, and passed by the five or six detached cottages, dignified by the name of town, till I came to the point, where the road leads down to the loch and the bridge, and where the village inn stands to invite the Highlander who has come from either, to pause and recruit himself before he proceeds to church—or church-yard. To the civilest of these I offered a share of the refreshment which I felt I should need the moment I entered. He promised to join me in a few minutes, as he pointed out to me the landlord, who, rising up from the stone upon which he sat, beneath the straw eaves of his cottage, bade me good even. He was a little old man, with a white beard—for it was four days beyond Sabbath—and locks much whiter than his little grey coat, which, by the scanty sprinkling of rain-soddened light-coloured dust upon it, showed that unless his

* Car without wheels.

inn was more resorted to than his mill—though he had less the air of the landlord than the oat-grinder,—the joint profits of both would be but small. Before entering his house—the exterior of which, though not filthy, was any thing but inviting—I inquired whether I could cross the hill to Glenfinlass with a guide by moonlight, but learned sufficient to discourage me from the attempt upon the score of both safety and expense. “Deed, ye couldna get ane o’ the lads to gang wi’ ye under fifteen shillings, for they’ve been at the breckens a’ day; and I’m no sure that they could make out the road even though it’s moonlight at ten o’clock,” said mine host, whose name I saw was Angus McGregor, by some scratches that nothing but a familiarity with Highland sign-boards could have enabled me to distinguish from a Runic inscription, and which, with the faint imaging of a gill-stoup and “quaich” above the door-way that I passed through, told that whisky could be found within. These words were delivered in a tone half Celtic and half Lowland, showing that Angus had not talked Gaelic all his life, and that he knew the value of Sassenach silver coin. Of course I at once determined upon taking up my quarters here till morning; and, indeed, I was then so wearied that I even resolved upon going to bed, if it were found that the occupiers were ever accustomed to make up one for a traveller, and if I could satisfy myself as to the dryness and cleanness of the linen. Angus assured me that drovers and wool-agents “often stayed a’ night;” and his helpmate, towards whom I with some difficulty groped my way through the smoke of the kitchen, by the fire of which she sat spinning, “warranted that the sheets were clean, and should be weel aired for me afore bed-time.” I was then ushered into the spence, or state apartment, and there I deposited my knapsack; but it felt so chill, while I was so much heated by my walk, that I preferred drinking my

first gill, with the assistance of the landlord, in the dryer of the two apartments—smoky as it was. Seated, then, on one cutty stool, the whisky and oat-cake placed on another, and Angus himself on a third, I found myself at home in the midst of his family of strapping sons and daughters, grown up to the estate of men and women, who, similarly placed, gradually became visible, as my eyes got accustomed to the smoke, and while the extra peat, thrown upon the fire on my account, gave out its first flickering light. I easily make myself at home whenever I find myself in a place of public entertainment—be it the “Mitre” at Oxford, or the veriest hovel in the Highlands; so, after ordering in another measure of liquor, and from my own pocket-drinking-cup, pledging health to all around, who in turn tasted from the only glass placed before us, I began to gossip with the old woman, and joke with the young ones, as I undid the buttons of my travelling gaiters. It is not an easy matter, however, for a stranger suddenly to get on familiar terms with a Highland family of cottagers. They are shy and distant, either from pride or timidity, as you please to explain the taciturnity which, for a long time seems as if they held that every word, like every gill, should be called and paid for. Hospitable enough they may be, when their hospitality is appealed to, but, if less revolting than the boorish insolence of English clod-hopping chaw-bacons, their frigid looks and apathetic silence are often not one whit less damping to the spirits of the solitary traveller, who, far, far away from his home, after a day spent among the lonely hills, and with no other communing than that which he held with nature, seeks, when the shades of evening fall, and the very fire flickers sociable-like in the chimney nook, to hold converse for a time with his fellow men, and hear the music of their speech, without seeming to extort it in separate mouthfuls.

At first I said, that as I should soon go to bed, I would, for all the time I sat, prefer the place where I was; but observing that the girls fidgetted, and the old wife sulked, I then inquired if I could not have a fire in the room, and was told it was already kindled. I rose to adjourn to it, and invited mine host and the communicative guide, who had now joined us, to accompany me, which they did; but on approaching its door, the smoke of damp wood and half-kindled peat drove me back to the outer entrance, when I was not sorry to observe that night had not yet closed in; the more so, that on my remarking it to be still clear, the Bellman, for such I found was my guest, offered to conduct me to see some curiosities in the church-yard hard by.

The space whereon were inscribed the "simple annals of the poor" of this remote valley was very limited, the whole church-yard not being more than thirty or forty yards in circuit, after allowing for the room occupied by the church itself. It was prettily situated on a little knoll that stood out from the hill behind it, and above the road and village that lay below; and was reverently enclosed by a wall, which could not be needed for any purpose of security, as it was so diminutive in height as to make the office of the hinges to its little gate a sinecure one. Indeed, there was a regular stone stile which superseded the breaches of the wall, and over it we passed. The two dignitaries of the clachan who were my guides, led me, all at once, with a mysterious and knowing air, to a point of the enclosure noway distinguished, as I could see, from the rest, but on which lay a long, flat, and irregularly fashioned slaty kind of stone, nearly overgrown with high grass and nettles, and after bidding me direct my attention to it, both said in a breath, "You are now standing beside the grave of Rob Roy!" I gave an involuntary start at this unlooked for information, which seemed mightily to increase the self-important

good humour of the twain who stood beside me, as they both evidently expected some such indications of surprise. Their complacency, however, experienced some abatement, on my recollecting, a moment after, that I had long ago read that M'Gregor lay buried here, and adding some other particulars from *my memory*, which they evidently had calculated upon a monopoly in furnishing from *their* "legendary lore." This disappointment was, however, but a moment visible, for the same emotions of *local* pride which a Greek experiences amid the ruins of the Parthenon, a modern Roman in St. Peter's, and a citizen of London beneath the dome of St. Paul's, soon made them feel delighted that *their* home too had its memories and associations, which were of interest to foreigners and pilgrims. As I stooped to decypher the rude legend—a sword—which symbolically told that the redoubtable "Robert M'Gregor *Campbell*" was as safe from the persecutions of his enemies, as he was now unconscious of his recently revived celebrity, they began to overwhelm me with traditionary gossip, rightly calculating that it was a commodity I would be glad to obtain; but erroneously thinking that I could not begin too soon to receive it. To the tombstones of Rob's children and relatives, which they pointed out, lying around, among those of other "cattle-dealers," "farmers," "portioners," and "shepherds," I gave a hasty glance, and then requested that my worthy friends would await me in the room of the inn, where, by the time they had another half-mutchkin called in, I would join them, and comfortably talk over all the incidents in the life of their hero and of his descendants, with which they might be acquainted. I was therefore left alone on a spot, solitary indeed, but yet peopled with many singular associations, particularly at the moment when twilight had given way to the fast deepening shades of night, and the stars were appearing and

brightening one by one in the blue vault above me. There was no sound heard, no light seen peering from the habitations of man, and, but for the smoke which here and there curled lazily upwards from some straw-bound chimney, the existence of another human being near me would then have had no visible evidence. A murmur, so very faint it was not easy at first to distinguish whether it proceeded from the shaking of the long grass around me in the evening breeze, or the distant and now idle fall of water, which served through the day to turn the little mill that lay farther up the glen, or from both, was the only sound that met the ear—the one being heard when the whispers of the other paused. “And this,” said I to myself, “is the resting place of the most unquiet and turbulent spirit of the time when, and the place where he lived, agitated as were both. Pursued by his enemies—betrayed by his pretended friends—a party in a hundred combats, yet near this, though by law he was proclaimed a banished and a broken man, he died of *old age*; and unmolested his ashes moulder amid his native scenes. Hunted like a wild beast, to yield him shelter was to share his curse; yet, after a century has elapsed, and many a titled captain and then favourite of fortune, is utterly forgotten, the possession of this man’s dust is a pride to the descendants of his very persecutors, as well as the offspring of his own clan; and his memory is cherished—nay, even his most ordinary actions carefully remembered, and handed down from father to son. The very name, of which it was idly attempted to strip him, and which the acts of a legislature prevented from being placed on his tombstone, survives, and is restored to his memory; and the magic power of transcendent genius has married the illegal sound to song and high romance, and made it the favourite of the fair, till it speaks like music to the ears of fashion; and his grave, far away among the hills though it be, has become a place to travel

to—a spot to sit upon—and a theme for musings such as mine! What a lesson to rulers! what a proud, though long deferred triumph of justice and immortal right!” As these and other thoughts of a similar nature passed through my mind, I felt, that if I were a poet—here was indeed a theme. Few, even of these, however, actually compose while seated on the spot whose influences yield the inspiration; and none of them, that I have ever heard of, can write in the dark, so, as it was now quite sombre enough to have prevented me from using my pencil, had I felt the impulse, I determined to hoard up the ore of thought till I was alone and had a candle beside me, and then to coin it into verse as I best could. This I did before I slept—and here is the mintage:—

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

Here hath the houseless found at length a home,—
The Outlaw refuge—and the Wanderer rest!

The sleuth-hound's bay—the near pursuer's yell—
The hissing rush of Death, on leaden wings,
Will stir no more the sleeper of the rocks,
Nor rouse the nestler from his bracken bed.
Fixed is the fleetest—fallen the stoutest here!

And he—the Deer, Oppression's ban-dogs chased,—
Anon the Wolf, the hunters who pursued—
Finds covert, and, for once, such startless sleep,
The very echo of his name—trump-pealed,
That rings throughout, even to this lonely glen—
Can waken not!

And this—and this is Fame!
Who says 'tis cheaply bought, let him come here.
Oblivion hides, with nameless stone, this spot
From all but the wild hind, whose legend rude,
Which tells its hero's darings, points his home.
True, the two words, both euphonously short,
That were his name—and Terror's sternest sounds—

Have now a music, when pealed forth in song,
 Or rung in memory's changes, or sent back,
 By wizard echoes, from Romance's halls;
 But sufferings and wrongs in sentient life
 Paid for these trumpetings o'er senseless death!

Well may this sign—a rudely fashioned sword—
 Be all the inscription on the Outlaw's tomb!
 It speaks his life—nay, images his death,
 For moss and mildew half its outlines hide;
 Yet fit, it seems, to guard his lonely grave,
 As brand and buckler were, in life, his ward.

Needless the symbol! for this tranquil spot,
 Tradition-centinelled, is safe from aught
 The ashes of the Troubler that could stir,
 Since **SONG** and **JUSTICE** hallow both the ground!

See! where aloft the mountain bird of prey
 Wheels his proud flight across the sheep-specked glen,
 Where thou, by slavery made a tyrant, oft,
 Like him, sought plunder where there was no foe.
 Yet would I sorrow now to see the wing
 He flaps so proudly broken by a shaft;
 And thus the blood, thy wrongs once made thee pour,
 —Tenant of dust, I ne'er again shall tread,—
 Lie not at thine, but thy oppressors' compt.
 Be ever this Posterity's behest!
 Not what slaves **DO**—but **SUFFER** is their test.

When, however, I had got to the end of this train of thought, I hastened down to seek the warmth of the fire, the inspiration of the whisky, and the gossip of my guests.

I had, on first entering, among other inquiries respecting refreshments, asked if they always had tea in the house, and if they could prepare some for me. The gudewife answered, "They whiles had it, but hadna ony just the noo." So I requested that whatever they could furnish me with for supper, should be speedily made ready. On my return I found that a meal was in

waiting for me in the “spence,” * the fire of which had cleared from its smoke, and on that account, the ecclesiastical officer and the landlord had, with the somewhat stately politeness of all Highlanders during meals, declined sitting any where else than in the kitchen, till I finished my repast of barley-scones and sweet milk, which, with whisky and fresh-pulled hazel nuts, were all the house could furnish.

“Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem
Fronde super viridi: sunt nobis mitia poma,
Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.”

While the prettiest of the daughters attended to carry away what remained of the meal, which I soon finished, saving the two latter elements of sociability—I observed that she was clothed in a *cotton* dress, instead of the blue home-made *woollen* garments which, only a few years ago, were universally worn by both men and women in the Highlands. I had noticed, too, that the shirts of her father, brother, and the Bellman, were all of the same city-spun fabric; and I now made bold to ask her why the accustomed “harn,” or coarse linen, also of home manufacture, was, like the woollen, banished by a foreign stuff. Her reply was a lesson in Political Economy, and an illustration of Miss Martineau’s “Illustrations.” “Deed, Sir, we fin’ that it’s cheaper now to send to Glasgow for what claith we need for claes, nor to spin and mak our ain lint and woo into claith; for we get as muckle for baith the tane an’ the tither, by themselves, as buys, ready to our hand, maist as gude gear as we could weave; so we spin naething now but worsted for stockings, and the finest lint for selling again.” As the maiden went backward and forward, she seemed not disinclined to let me know that a

* *Anglice*—Best room.

musical voice was among her good qualities, so I next inquired at her if she could sing many Gaelic songs? She replied that she "kent some, but no mony." "Do you then know Lowland ones, my dear," said I, "and were you ever in the low country?" "I never was, Sir," she rejoined, "nor ever saw a bigger town than Callender, but I can sing the maist o' Burns' sangs." Indeed! thought I, are that wonderful man's works effecting a revolution as great in the *imagination* of a people devoted to their traditionary songs and music, as steam is now doing in their taste for clothing! "And do you know a song in praise of your own hills?" "Ou ay! that's the 'Braes o' Balquidder!' it gangs this way, disna't?" She here very sweetly sung a verse of Tannahill's, and then told me that it was "muckle spoken o' away in this country." Had the poor weaver lived to hear this, what would have been his just pride! and how would he have felt that this artless and disinterested tribute to his merits amply repaid for years of cold neglect and vulgar insolence, could he but have given Fame credit for a short time longer, and not rashly snatched at payment of the debt.

Silent revolutions are the most potent. Manners, which would have stubbornly withstood the enactments of the severest penal code, change beneath the gentle influence of comfort and amusement; and, a century hence, kilts, coronachs, and coarse cloths will be banished from the same Highlands which resisted the two Georges and their Parliaments and pillagers, by breeches, ballads, and bandannas! The language, too, will pass away, and much of the tradition embalmed with it; so storytellers should make good use of their opportunities for the next fifty years. This last thought induced me to lose no time in calling "in the cronies, and getting their cracks." It may well be supposed, that the staple of the amusement with which the two clachan worthies sought to furnish me, after we had been sometime

seated round the fire, and the usquebaugh had begun to exercise itself in the *first* stage of its power—by loosening the tongue it glided over—consisted of traditionary anecdotes of the exploits of Rob Roy and others of the clan Gregor. Long though many of these were, yet they interested me so much, that my resolution to retire to bed earlier than usual was soon abandoned. Perhaps it was because I was able to compare their stories with others on the same theme, which I had before heard, and with such facts connected with them as provincial and national history had thought of sufficient interest to notice, that my attention was thus fixed. Besides, there is a charm in listening to the human voice, especially when its tones are in a sort of *keeping* with the subject upon which it is employed, as was the case with the broken and ragged English, studded every now and then with fiery Celtic idioms, which was employed by my informants, who often kindled into a rude eloquence, or melted into a manly sympathy, as the “moving accidents” of the hero, whose exploits—their only theme—were connected with sufferings, daring, or revenge. As, however, I cannot pretend to bring the same influences to bear upon my readers as they unconsciously exercised over me, I must even express from their pleasant mixture of truth, fiction, and feeling, the most consistent, though least diverting particles, and give what of it something resembled fact in the plain garniture of prose.

The name of M'Gregor became a doomed one, and the clan whose patronymic it was, an outlawed body, in revenge or in punishment of some real or alleged excesses committed by its leading members, so early as the commencement of the fifteenth century; and, while their possessors were marked out for the vengeance of the law or of the court—the same thing then—the lands were gifted away to the prevailing minions of power, and their favourites and dependants. A natural son of the Duke of

Albany laid hold of the district called Balquidder for *his* share of the spoil, while a decree of the Council of State, in which body his father's influence was all-powerful, with eastern *sang froid* proclaimed a reward for every head of a M'Gregor, "properly authenticated," that was forwarded to its president. While the state condescends to be paymasters, the cutting off the heads of defenceless men is always too profitable a traffic, not to have many followers. A certain laird of Drumscrag cultivated this commerce of exchanging heads for "marks" with so much success, that he soon got a title from a people, whose language has more nicknames than any other ever spoken, expressive of his skill in the vocation. Like an industrious man, he always carried his own goods to market. On one occasion, while he was proceeding on horseback with a sackful, and their certificates, he was met or overtaken by a brother Highlander, who civilly inquired, in the course of conversation, what he had got in his bag. "Duncan of the Heads," boasted, pedlar-like, of his commodities—but must have felt rather astonished at the speed with which his incensed fellow-traveller set about adding the owner's own precious one to the number. This man had purposely waylaid him. He was a M'Gregor, and the bloody heads of his namesakes found a decent grave, and Drumscrag a deserved death on the spot.

When kings and councils think of ornamenting gateways, towers, and scaffolds, with human heads, it might be worth their while to reflect for a moment on the powerful influence which their example has in inducing imitation, even on the part of those who can have no love of the fashion, merely because such great authority introduced it. The descendants of men, whom the law made a head shorter, on purpose to embellish a barrier, with what would have looked as well upon shoulders as spikes, will sometimes carry *La Mode* still farther. Revenge

is never more delighted than when it can inflict its payment of wrong by the use of the very weapon that first roused it into action. Many years after this atrocious decree, some of the M'Gregors cut off the head of Drummond of Ardvorlich, whom they had slain in combat, and placing it on the altar at the chapel of Balquidder, vowed an insulting and cruel vengeance on all who aided and abetted in oppressing them, and even upon their innocent connections. Those who have read the Legend of Montrose, need not to be reminded of the striking use its gifted author made of an incident which had its counterpart in the first result of this impious vow. The infuriated wretches proceeded to the house of the dead man, where they were hospitably received by the unsuspecting widow; and during her momentary absence from the table, on which she had placed refreshments for their use, they fixed the head of her husband, with, in mockery, bread within his bloody lips, so as to be the first object she might notice on her return. Madness was the not unnatural consequence to her,—terrible retribution and renewed oppression to them;—an oppression which continued in the shape of systematic persecution for long and bitter years, during which the members of this ill-fated clan lived the precarious and violent life of outcasts and wanderers, seldom dying of old age, or being laid beside the bones of their forefathers in their paternal territory; yet amid all their sufferings, leaving behind them descendants, whose first knowledge of existence came in the shape of privation, and the earliest lesson given to whom was vengeance.

Certainly none of these, throughout a long and varied life, suffered more of the one, was the instrument of inflicting more of the other, or, in either condition, better displayed the native hardihood and valour of his race, than the celebrated Robert M'Gregor, familiarly, and, at first, endearingly deno-

minated Rob Rox,—the latter appellation being derived from his florid complexion, as well as the reddish colour of his hair. It was not, however, till he came to the years of manhood, that he became a victim and an avenger. His father had conformed to the laws, and, under the name of Campbell, and protection of the chief of that clan, Argyle, held a lieutenant-colonel's commission, as my worthy informants would insist, in the king's service. He was a collector of *black mail* at all events; that is, he levied a sort of half-legalized spoil, in the shape of money, from the peaceful inhabitants of the Lowland parishes, bordering upon the western Highlands, as a reward for the protection which he and his clansmen and followers afforded them from the more daring attacks of the remoter tribes upon their goods and cattle. Rob, while yet a stripling, distinguished himself in the expeditions this tenure of his father's often rendered necessary for the recovery of the stolen or "carried" herds; and, after tiring of the more monotonous occupation of farming, when the increasing security of property, arising from times of greater peace, superseded his earliest vocation, he took to driving or "droving" herds again, and had for his partner, to dignify the traffic, and make it worthy of a warrior, no less a personage than the chief of Montrose. His Grace, was, however, disposed only to participate in the profits of business, without at all thinking himself liable for its losses. Rob and he quarrelled—and, of course, the richer and more powerful man first out-quibbled, and next out-bullied the other of his money, his estate, and his reputation; and at once contrived to make of M'Gregor a "broken" and a desperate man, and, for himself, an active and unwearied, if not implacable enemy. His factor and relative, Graham of Killearn, imitating, while he aggravated his master's invasion of law and justice, was supposed to be privy to a wanton and brutal degradation

inflicted on Rob's wife, that almost justified every measure of retaliation the insulted husband afterwards pursued. Mrs. M'Gregor, by the way, the miller took care to inform me, was named Margaret, and not Helen, "as Sir Walter Scott had called her,"—such were his words.

Rob's gigantic strength, dauntless bravery, and the skill with which he had learned to handle the national weapons—gun, dirk, and broadsword, enabled him to make these terrible when he pleased. But he seems to have had some gentle feelings still left within him, and is hardly ever known to have let an opportunity slip of doing a benevolent action, when the oppressed required his assistance, and, to afford it, called forth the exercise of his peculiar powers. Numerous enough, if not very rigidly authenticated, were the instances of this, which my garrulous and inexhaustible friends adduced. Among these, the following told prettily enough for his generosity, and—what they dwelt upon with far more pride,—his strength. Near the borders of England, on one occasion, during the religious persecutions of Charles the Second's time,—regarding which the apathy or absolute ignorance of the *Highlanders* of Scotland, presents a singular contrast to the deep and fervent enthusiasm of abhorrence and of triumph with which they are still spoken of by the peasantry of the low country—he observed a detachment of military, executing with brutal violence the arbitrary mandate of the subaltern, whom tyranny had gifted with power over life and death. The ordeal of water has been one which the martyrs of all early ages, and all faiths, have been doomed to suffer. On this occasion, Rob's prowess, if I can trust my informants, or rather the voice of tradition, made that element the grave of more of the persecutors than I choose to commit my veracity by naming.

~ In another contest with the *sidiers roy*, or red soldiers, he

was no less successful in saving life on the one hand, though at the expense of sacrificing it on the other. The discontented chiefs of the west had signed a bond, at one of the meetings they held, under pretence of assembling to hunt, the object of which was to secure their fidelity to each other in the attempts they projected for restoring the dynasty of the Stuarts. One of their number who had been excluded, or sent to Coventry, as we should now say, obtained possession of this deed, and after holding it *in terrorem* over the subscribers for a time, sought at once to gratify his revenge, and make his peace with the reigning family, by forwarding the document to government, under the care of a well armed escort. Rob heard of the project—waylaid the detachment—politely requested the delivery of the papers, which were, after a skirmish and a death or two, as courteously given up;—and the officer in command, and the fearless Outlaw—for by this time such he was by name—personally, as well as patronymically,—bade each other a very good morning!

But of all his feats, that great one still known by the expressive title of “The Hairschip of Kippen,” seemed most to delight the two modern worthies of Balquidder. They chuckled over the particulars of this foray, about which, by the bye, they were not very well agreed, and actually cackled with delight when they arrived at a point of unanimity—the reckoning of the spoil. Their little grey eyes twinkled beneath their still greyer eyebrows with a roguish glee; and their old heads shook so triumphantly, diminutive as they were, and upon shoulders anything but broad or athletic, that I confess, I began to have some rather uncomfortable, and I am now sure unfounded misgivings as to what laxity of moral feeling this warmth of sympathy might lead to, in regard to the goods and gear of a solitary Sassenach traveller. These apprehensions were by no means allayed, on

perceiving that the very next story they glided into, afforded them equal delight; while in it, I thought I could perceive, they felt more intense personality of sympathy, which was rather alarming to a peaceable man like myself, to whom law and protection are exchangeable terms, until I afterwards discovered that my friend, the Bellman, had once visited the debtors' apartments of Stirling Jail—without having previously obtained his own consent for doing so. It was in that law-ridden town that a messenger, or sheriff's officer, “brave wi’ the browst”—for which it was once famous, boasted that, with six assistants, he would soon execute a caption on the much-talked of Rob Roy, who, from this it would appear, (though this was by no means admitted by mine host or his crony—no, no!)—was no better payer of accounts than are some Highland lairds of the present day. With a *posse* exactly of that number, well armed, he sallied forth to the hills; but the rumour of his boast had travelled before him, so, upon his arrival at—perhaps the very spot where I then sat—at all events at the “inn” of Balquidder, and there is not much room in the village for doubt as to the ancient site of so important a place—he was peaceably enough received, and ushered into an apartment of it, where he was told the person he sought for was seated over a social glass. And so he was, and amid some boon companions too; but the moment the man of executions put his nose into the room, he would gladly have been again at Stirling, with whatever loss of reputation and strong ale; for, on the walls of the apartment were suspended badger’s skins, with bloody dirks, and other implements of death, as if but recently used, and placed there ready to be used again; and, as he turned to seek the doorway he had passed through, the figure of a man hanging by the neck, whose garb was something like that of the *profession*, was rather startling to the boaster’s nerves, whose tremor was not by any means allayed when the man he sought

for, in a voice of thunder, told him that that was the last messenger who had dared to bring a warrant so far upon the heather as where *he* resided. Even the sensibilities of a bum-bailiff, it is handed down, gave way at this, and the fellow was carried out in a swoon, and, in company with his six assistants, tossed into a shallow part of the lake, by way of hastening his recovery. After swallowing much more of the water than the spirit Balquidder's braes were long famous for, they found their way back whence they came, and, said the Bellman, "It was mony a day or there was another messenger at the clachan!"

It may well strike any one as singular that, even in these lawless times and districts, such exploits as those upon which the two peaceable old cocks yet most delighted to expatiate, could have spread themselves over a series of years without occasioning such combined and simultaneous efforts at suppression on the part of the government forces, as must have been more successful than the Stirling messenger's scheme of seizing their redoubtable perpetrator. The mystery, however, is easily enough explained, when we look at the map of Argyle, Stirling, and Dumbartonshires, and consider that at that period the two powerful nobles, who each possessed almost a county as an estate, were political, personal, and hereditary enemies, and that the county of the M'Gregors lay equally convenient for the aggrandisement or annoyance of either, according as the actual, though illegal possessor of it, chose, in virtue of his good arm and broadsword, to identify himself with the interests of the one or the other. Montrose had failed in his sly and summary attempt at enlarging his estate at the cost of the M'Gregors; and, of course, the clan whose lands he sought to appropriate, were his enemies. This equally, of course, made Argyle the secret protector of Rob Roy. When once twitted at court with being so, my informants assured me, that his

very words of reply to Montrose were, " My Lord, I supply Rob Roy only with wood and water, as I do my deer; but you supply him with beef and meal; and withal, he is your factor, for not long ago he lifted your rents at Chapeleroch." The truth of the sarcasm could not be denied, for Rob's meal-girnal had often been replenished from the Duke's; and his old friend, the factor, had more than once disgorged his rents at his behest on collection-day. The retort is said to have had an effect that such replies seldom have: it made the "galled jade" fling less in future. The Ducal oppressor from hence relaxed his severity, while M'Gregor's fame, by the bickerings of these nobles, had meantime travelled into the recesses of the court, where, but for that cause, it would never have been heard of farther than the Council Chamber. If I can at all give credit to the solemn assurance and joint testimony of the two old men, I must believe that Royalty itself expressed to Argyle a wish to see his *protegé*, and, as Royalty always is, was of course gratified, but in an odd way. The Duke durst trust neither his own credit nor Rob's safety to kingly prudence or Council faith; yet a Campbell's promise has always been a sacred one, and it had been given both to the King and to the Outlaw. Well, what does the Duke do but bring up M'Gregor, in a Lowlander's costume, among his own household to London, and, after a few days, ordered him to attire his brawny limbs in the limited nether habiliments of his country, and tartan of his clan, and, on a fine forenoon, parade up and down before the windows of St. James's Palace. The King, as was anticipated, had observed the fine Highlander, and, a few days after, mentioned the circumstance to Argyle; but he must have felt himself tricked into a gratification when told that he had seen the Rob Roy who had been outlawed and was by this time back in his native fastnesses. I confess this story is dramatic enough to appear rather apochryphal.

But Angus and the Bellman had forgotten, that till Chatham's time kilts were as much beyond the protection of the law as even a "reaving" wearer of them!

Amid these vicissitudes, but at length in a state of quiet, probably undisturbed from the period of this parade before Royalty, Rob felt old age creeping apace upon him, and, with it, bringing diminished vigour at least, if not a broken spirit, that still, however, prompted towards attempts to which the relics of youthful strength were not able to secure success. Having met with the laird of Boquhan on some merry occasion, the two sat up a whole night drinking in a paltry inn at Arnprior, in Perthshire; but towards morning they quarreled, the influence of the native beverage of their country having overpowered their reason. Boquhan had no sword with him, but he found an old rapier in a corner, and they fought. M'Gregor, from age and considerable inebriety, was then unfit for the combat, and, dropping his weapon, he made his peace with his adversary, and they continued drinking together during the following day. On a trial of strength also with Stewart of Ardsheal, at a later period, he was worsted; and he then threw down his claymore, and vowed that he would never take it up again, for by this time his sight was greatly impaired.

I was assured, that when nearly exhausted, and worn out by the laborious vicissitudes of his restless life, and confined to bed in a state approaching to dissolution, a person with whom in former times he had a dispute called upon him, and wished to see him. "Raise me up," said he to his attendants, with Roman fortitude, "dress me in my best clothes, bind on my arms, and place me in my great chair: that fellow shall never see me on a death-bed." With these requests they complied, and he received his visitor with cold civility. When the stranger had taken his leave, Rob Roy exclaimed, "It is all over now; put

me to bed. Call in the piper. Let him play ‘Cha teill mi tuille,’* as long as I breathe.” He was faithfully obeyed;—and thus he calmly met his death at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg, among the Braes of Balquidder, in 1735.

While the closing scene of their clansman’s life was dwelt upon with an emotion of tenderness by the old men, who, themselves experiencing the ravages of time, could not but have a sympathy for the weakness with which these infect the most stalwart and brave—(and that such they felt, the moisture glittering in their rheumy eyes evinced)—they, however, could not altogether conceal the sort of undefined satisfaction with which they told that, at this very time when inability for strife made the father *per force* peaceable, the sons were “out upon the hill,”—in other words, leading a roving and little better than a predatory life, with companions not much removed from banditti, and, if they had other excitement than the love of warfare and its plunder, with motives scarcely elevated above a sort of treason. A very decent man, of the name of M’Laren, and related to the family who had succeeded to the lease of the farm, which the widow of Rob was unable, and these sons unwilling to manage, was savagely shot, when engaged in peaceful and useful labour, between the stilts of his plough, by the youngest of them, then a boy not yet of the years of puberty. The young ruffian fled to France, where he remained till, a man and a rebel, he returned ten years after with the followers of the Young Chevalier. Two of his brothers were, in the meanwhile, tried as accessaries in the crime, and acquitted. Robert, the murderer, afterwards joined the successful party, and served King George for some time, under the command of Argyle, his father’s old protector. On retiring from military life, he did not, however, cease to be a

* I will never return.

desperado. The fortune of a Miss Kay, the heiress of an estate called Edinbelly, attracted his notice, and, with the assistance of his brothers, he forcibly seized upon her, and she was compelled to marry him; however, the old man asserted, he treated her "very gently." At all events, she became content to live with him as his wife, on the very farm where he had shot his relative; but this was only for a short period, for she soon died, and justice, with a long and not very graceful stride, overtook him three years after her decease. In those days the means were not very nicely cared for, if the state thought that the end was good, so Rob the second was illegally punished for an unlawful act. "When he was on his trial," said Angus, "my lord asked at him, when the jury were switherin to bring him in guilty, 'd'ye min' M'Laren killed in the furrow, Rob?'—and every body saw that his doom was fixed. They hanged him; and I have spoken wi' mony that saw his corpse when it came hame in a cart to be buried beside his father." This was in 1754.

Another of the sons, James, was seized in arms when following the Pretender, imprisoned in Edinburgh jail, and would certainly have suffered, but for the affectionate devotion and address of his daughter, who, disguised as a cobbler, introduced herself into the prison, and, exchanging clothes with the prisoner, he escaped and fled to France. There he remained for many years in a state of poverty, which could not, however, shake his fidelity to the chief of his clan, though he was not unwilling to purchase his pardon at home, by endeavouring to secure the person of a murderer,—another Stewart of Ardsheal than the one with whom his father had fought,—who was a fellow exile. Many of the letters he wrote from France are still preserved by different gentlemen of his name throughout the Highlands. From what I could gather of their tenor from my now almost exhausted

guests, they must, indeed, afford singular instances of the degree of fond devotion, nay, almost unmanly prostration, which the system of clanship often gave opportunities of exhibiting on the part of men, stubborn, stern, and untractable to all other ties and affections. He died in Paris.

With the last of Rob's sons, and M'Gregor of Glengyle, called *Gilhun Dhu* or Black Knee—a nephew of the hero's, the name of M'Gregor almost ceased to be known as that of any man of influence in the whole district which had once been called their “country.” Balquidder passed into alien hands; but has not continued in their possession, though it is feared, if I rightly translate the old miller's winks and shrugs, that it will again become the property of some one, without the magic name, even although it was the proud triumph of the father of the present gallant landlord to redeem the rude hills of his forefathers with gold, won in eastern climes, and to add “of Balquidder” again as an appendage to the name of “M'Gregor.” It was, I found, this restorer of the honours of the long injured and almost forgotten clan, who had, with a feeling for which I believe he hardly got credit when alive, built, as a family mausoleum, amid the wilds and solitudes of his native glen, the little gothic edifice which I deemed a chapel, and fancied of much more remote origin. He sleeps there. If this discovery removed one dream of romance, it substituted a theme of musing hardly less interesting or touching, and which, indeed, for a time made me somewhat uncourteously unobservant of the modern gossip into which the mention of *his* landlord had carried *mine*, with an energy that a new subject and another gill served to freshen, late as was the hour. The latter now spoke of the two handsome and generous, but “terribly wild” young Englishmen, who spent some months in the district, last shooting season, lodging indeed in the schoolmaster's house,

—from whence the dominie for the time retired—while their servants, one of whom was as handsome and almost as wild as his master, lodged in the apartment where we then sat. Many were the jokes, practical and verbal, of masters and of men, which the host inquired if the Bellman didn't remember, and was always answered in the affirmative, and with a "hout ay!" as if to say, how could such freaks ever be forgotten in this peaceful sphere, whose quiet they so terribly invaded for several weeks, as to furnish gossip for as many years. The youngsters, however, had paid so extravagantly for permission to be foolish, that I was roused from the abstraction and weariness, which not even the detail of their feats could wholly banish, at the then late hour, by seeing the necessity—one which southern tourists, lavish of their money, often unthinkingly entail on poorer and more prudent pedestrians, who come after them,—of throwing out some hints as to my being a man with a purse so moderately filled that I never threw away any of its contents, and who was sufficiently acquainted with travelling in the Highlands to know well the proper rate of charges. This I did to prevent any undue expectations as to extra liberality in settling my little bill. There was, besides this, something rousing in the manner in which the landlord, rather mysteriously, alluded to a book that was left by one of his lodgers—the handsome servant—who had brought it from the school-house to read, but forgot, or was ashamed to restore it to its place again, together with some letters that had fallen, on the night before his departure, from beneath his pillow and over the head of the bed, on the floor below. I inquired if I could see these, with a curiosity which was greatly heightened on learning that "the mistress keepit them lockit bye, and was awa' to bed twa hours since; but that I could see them before I gaid awa' o'er the hill in the morning."

The Bellman was by this time dozing so soundly, that hardly even the notes of his own professional instrument would have roused him, but the landlord, a better seasoned cask, was less affected by his own whisky, and was able to carry him off to the kitchen, leaving me to stretch my wearied limbs—on sheets that had *not* been aired, after all my requests and the family's profusion of promises,—till the morning sun, showing itself through a thick mist, aroused me to spend the remainder of the twenty four hours, which made up my DAY IN BALQUIDDER.

MONITIONS TO THE BARD.

“ For him there ’s language in the falling leaf,
 Speech in the flowret blooming into death,
 And homilies in all things that decay,—
 As what doth not ?

The Poet's Portrait.

SPURN not the gift !

’Twas sent thee, with all other blessings given,
 To be returned—with usury—to heaven ;
 Yet though remounting at it’s Giver’s call,
 Let, on thy heart, its genial influence fall,—
 As weeps in mercy, o’er the panting earth
 The cloud, exhaled, to know another birth ;—
 Better to use it even like an unthrift,
 Than from its cell the rich ore ne’er to lift !

Spurn not the gift !

Quench not the flame !

If the brain throb as mounts its thrilling fire,
 ’Twill wither up each grovelling desire ;
 If the heart heave, o’erlaboured in its throes,
 ’Tis a deep rapture dulness never knows ;
 If thought grow dizzy as it climbs and climbs,
 Each stride refines it—every bound sublimes !
 Though fervours, never felt, the million claim,
 If unto *thee* the fire unbidden came,—

Quench not the flame !

Clip not the wing!

The feather that up-bears the soaring lark,
 To earth wafts back, with never erring mark;
 The pinion that sustains it heavenward long,
 Will bear it onward with a power as strong;
 The plumage that steals half the rainbow's dyes
 Throws off the peltings of the angriest skies!—
 The south wind's self outstripped, behold they bring—
 The Bird and Song—the pledge of coming Spring!

Clip not the wing!

Dull not the thought!

When words are melted in the furnace glow
 Of fiery mood,—quick! let the torrent flow!
 Is not the ingot that hath dug its mould,
 Better than fretted work in meaner gold?
 Give but the regal stamp as it goes by,—
 One print of it—'twill need no other die!
 In calmer hour, the blade an instant fraught
 With fiery temper, may to edge be wrought;—

Dull not the thought!

Scoff not the guest!

When Earth was little older than the men
 Who sojourned 'mid its bounties,— it was then
 That angel visitants the pathway showed,
 By which the spirit seeks its first abode;
 Welcomed and bless'd, they paid for shelter given,
 By granting glimpses of their native heaven,—
 Now only *felt*, they come unbodied, lest
 Earth's taint should stain one garment of the Blest!

Scoff not the guest!

Lose not the hour!

When it comes o'er thee—Inspiration's dream,
Impress its image on some worthy theme!
Trust not, the gift that you do all but spurn,
Shall, when 'tis meet to thee, at will return;
The flame rekindle, quenched, or left to die,
The wing that's moulted, soar again on high;
The thought that's dulled, be warmed again to power,—
The guest that's scoffed, revisit e'er thy bower:—

Lose not *this* hour!

SIGMA.

THE DEWY EVE.

“ The evening with her modest veil
Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
To walk abroad.”

Ben. Jonson

I.

THE dewy eve, the dewy eve,
'Tis then that youthful poets weave
The love-sick song, or votive lay,
And hymn the hour of parting day ;
Still subject of the regal sun,
Though day has closed, and eve begun ;
The balmy hour of doubtful light
That ushers in the pensive night—
The brief but beautiful twilight !

II.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,
Oh ! that's the hour for those who grieve :
Woe hates the garish light of day,
And from the world hastes far away,
To hide the dimm'd and tearful eye ;
To heave, unheard, the lab'ring sigh ;
And speak, though none may list, the grief
That finds in utterance relief,
Soothing and balmy, if but brief !

III.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,
O, it is then that men believe
The wild romance or fairy tale,
At which the urchin's cheek turns pale :
'Tis then we harvest soothing thought,—
With wisdom or with fancy fraught,—
Then gladly seek in stilly sleep
A refuge from those musings deep,
That, changeful, make us smile or weep !

IV.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,
'Tis then that strange wild fancies cleave,
With shadowy, dim, but forceful sway,
Around the heart. 'Tis then that Fay,
Peri, and Genii dance along
The verdant mead with shout and song.
How blithe their empire !—till 'tis past,
Fiend and demon of the blast
Are held in leaden bondage fast !

V.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,
In that calm time, who would not leave
The festal hall—the busy strife
Of warring thoughts ;—the toil of life,
To brush from off the heather-bell,
Or primrose, in sequestered dell,
The freshening damp, which, at that hour
Falls, all unseen, a gentle shower,
Symbol of Nature's love and power !

MY FATHER'S HOME.

ACROSS the troubled Loch I see
 A small white cottage, 'neath a gleam
 Of sunlight, resting partially
 On that one spot—with fondling beam;
 There turn my thoughts where'er I roam—
 It is my Father's children's home !

Like the chafed wave, 'twixt it and here,
 My surging spirit darkly swells;
 Yet one bright spot of Love will ne'er
 Grow dim beneath its moody spells:
 Howe'er the storm-cloud o'er me come,
 Bright be my Father's children's home !

There dwell the sisters, dowered with aught
 Of love once warm'd a heart, now cold ;
 Which still, for them, would think it nought
 To coin its life-drops into gold ;
 The bright-eyed urchins there, too, roam
 Who glad a grey haired Father's home !

My blessings on the much-loved spot !
 Because I love the dwellers there;
 When they are loved not, or forgot,
 Unanswered be my fondest prayer !
 Though ne'er within its cope I come,
 Heaven shield my Father's children's home !

T. A.

THE DANCE.

“ He hath two lives, and his existence doubles,—
 Dreaming through day, and acting in his sleep.”
The Somnambulist.

’Twas in the Dance that distant years
 Came back upon my heart again,
 Till I did long for gushing tears,
 As earth for rain !

These came not—but my hectic cheek
 And eye, unwonted fire that gleamed,
 To many a gazer seemed to speak
 Of what I dreamed.

For it was dreaming then my thought,
 And I was lapped in such a trance,
 Could it again by death be brought,
 I’d die at once !

Methought my first, and best beloved,
 Was folded in my arms again;
 Was mine—though tempted, tried, and proved,
 By pride and pain !

The strain grew faint—the dance was o’er;
 Her hand no longer was in mine :
 I woke, to madden as before,
 That—slave and coward—she was thine !

THE PROUD HEART'S PAIN.

“ ’Twas full—to bursting,—but in song ran o’er :
—And the fit passed ! ”

A Heart's True History.

I.

THERE’S nae ane cares for me now,
In a’ this warld wide;
I’m like a withered tree now,
Whar a’ are green beside!
There’s nae heart that can love me
Wi’ love sae leal’s my ain;—
Yet why should a’ this move me,
Or gie my proud heart pain !

II.

The hand o’ warmest greeting,
Whan placed in mine, grows chill;
And if blithe’s the hour o’ meeting,
Fareweel seems blyther still !
The lowliest are above me,
They’ve *ane* they ca’ their ain!—
Yet why should a’ this move me,
Or gie my proud heart pain !

III.

The Mither dear that bore me,
 In sorrow and in pine;
 Yet hung in gladness o'er me,—
 The lad-wean o' langsyne,—
 Even wi' her leal breast drappin'
 The bluid, when milk was nane,
 Now cares na' what may happen
 To gie my proud heart pain.

IV.

And them on whom I doated,
 Wi' a mair than brither's heart,
 How blythely they've forgot it,
 An' ne'er heed to tak my part!
 My kith and kin will listen
 When my name is lichtly taen;
 An' nae ee wi' tears will glisten,
 Though my proud heart be in pain!

V.

Oh! dear—dear love o' woman
 Sae fond but fearfu' too,
 O, the ills, bye past or comin',
 How much I owe to you!
 Dead now are a' who loved me,—
 Though the grave may not hae taen!
 This—this of a' hath moved me,
 And gien my prond heart pain!

VI.

The Friens' that ance I trusted,
 Hae left me in my need;
 They were gaen, before I wist it;
 Or word ripened into deed !
 " He'll maybe rise above me,"
 Said ilka ane that 's gane,—
 But why should a' this move me,
 Or gie my proud heart pain !

VII.

I fed on hope and dreamin',
 Through lang, lang years o' toil,
 For the licht of fame seemed gleamin'
 In the distance a' the while !
 'Twas the shot-star that beguiled me,
 And then left me thus alane.
 O ! that fause, fause licht has wiled me,
 To half my proud heart's pain !

VIII.

But ae thing yet is left me,
 Which I will never tine ;
 Though Fate of a' bereft me,
This wealth wad still be mine !
 The leal proud heart that never
 Hath bowed beneath its pain,
 But that forgives the giver,
 And can throb wi' love again !

T. A.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

How soon, behind my skiff's calm way,
 The willing waters close again !
 It leaves no line of broken spray,
 Along the scarcely ruffled plain.
 So let me glide through peaceful life,
 Bequeathing not one sad regret
 To aught I've loved, nor thought of strife,
 For, in forgiving, I forget !

Yet would I not 'twere worth no note,
 What I have done, or hope to do :
 No more than hid I'd wish the spot
 I've left, or yon I'm steering to.
 Behind, the east is dark ; but, lo !
 The west is blushing red with light ;
 Hail to the omen ! may it show
 At least my *setting* will be bright !

THE ODD CORNER. No. I.

“ Of all the compariments in my Bureau, by far the most comprehensive and useful is ‘ The Odd Corner.’ Whenever I cannot find a thing any where else, it is sure to be there ; and whenever I don’t know where to place any thing, there I find a refuge for it. In studying the classification and nomenclature of scientific systems, how often do I wish that the pride of their projectors had allowed them to give a place in their catalogue of classes to—‘ The Odd Corner!’ ”

The Familiar Letters of P. Wentworth.

THE ODD CORNER. No. I.

I.—ANNIVERSARIES.

THE commemorative anniversaries on which we pay a grateful tribute to genius, patriotism, or worth, are like the monuments we erect to perpetuate the remembrance of those who were gifted with these qualities,—beacon-lights on the hill tops of fame and honour, to direct the journeyers in the path of life towards their glorious summits. What ranks Biography so high in the scale of moral studies? The deductions it enables us to make from a *complete* and connected view of the actions and habits of those whose lives we read. Such anniversaries, become then a concentration, as it were, of the improvement which we might reap from elaborate study in that department of literature;—an impressive commentary on some striking text; a summing up and condensation of scattered lessons and unrelated reflections. Besides this, they appeal not only to the reason, but to the feelings of their celebrators. The heart, in such moments, is warm and susceptible; form and caution

are forgotten or despised; and that feeling, so opposed to selfishness, which takes an enlarged and liberal view of national objects, is nourished, roused, and even suggested. Why then have we not anniversaries of detestation? Their effects, acting from the same principles in a converse manner, would yet produce equivalent results; and the detested memories of Jefferies and King John would yield to kings and judges a lesson as impressive as the undying recollections of Wallace and of Hampden do to the young student of his country's history, or the oppressed sufferer for its rights.

II.—THE ROMANTIC AND THE CLASSICAL.

POETRY has been divided into two great departments, which have been named respectively, the Classical and the Romantic. The advocates and supporters of each of these forms have displayed sufficient bitterness and party-spirit, in their endeavours to imbue the public with the same notions which they themselves entertained;—in the former department, by professional critics who were *not* poets; and in the latter, by such as were poets and not critics. In France, the critics have so long had the public on their side, that for some centuries past, the national taste has been formed by their *ipse dixit*, and none have been found bold enough practically to dispute it. It became an affair of the state, and the ancient, and, some will have it, the *natural* enemies of Gaul—*viz.* Britain and Germany—have been no less hostile to the opinions of “L’Academie Française” in poetry, than to those of the Cabinet of Versailles in politics. An ally to these has, however, lately sprung up, and displayed extraordinary power, in the very country of the enemy, and in opposition to the prevailing voice of France, in the person

of M. De la Martine. This young writer, taking the beauties of Byron for his model, has already, by the publication of his "Meditations Poetiques," done much to overthrow the unnatural and affected taste which modern French poetry once, and for long, ostentatiously displayed. Full of fire, pathos, and sweetness, he has already charmed over to his theory many of his fair opponents; and his works, with the translations of Byron, have become prevailing subjects of discussion in the literary coteries of the Gallic metropolis. Victor Hugo, in the still more sacred walks of the French drama, has followed up this attack on the ancient school of criticism, with extraordinary power, and corresponding success; and if France has now a Citizen King, it has at least a Republic of Letters,—although the phrase of its language still runs "L'Empire."

III.—LITERARY LABOURS.

I HAVE often, when perusing the stupendous efforts of literary industry, or reflecting on some lengthened and learned theory or dissertation, felt more awe and amazement than even while worshipping the works of genius,—using that word in its widest sense, or as a sort of synonyme for inspiration and *tact*, since both are elements of, and accessory to its development. At these times, I myself endured a sense of what I imagined the authors of such writings must have often experienced, during the progress of their composition,—namely, lassitude and stupor,—a feeling of vacant vastness,—a crowding of inexpressible associations,—a tightness, as it were, of soul, accompanied by a humiliating conviction of my own inability, not only to form such a superstructure, but even to grasp it mentally in its aggregate, or comprehend it in its details.

IV.—TALE-BEARERS.

A TALE-BEARER is a physical curiosity. His corporeal organization, not less than his mental structure, must be different from Zeno's pupil, who had two ears and but one mouth. He is an animated sieve—a walking funnel—a canal of communication; but, unlike that sometimes useful medium, he is never either sluggish or stagnant. But, like water which occasionally is so, he generates miasma, and propagates disease. He is as pestiferous as a fen in the dog days, or a tallow-melter's on a Monday. If simplicity enter him, it comes out a compound; if purity, a drug or a puddle. He is an echo which hears—and *doubles*,—and a whispering gallery; for if you address him in secret, in the market-place he will tell that you did so.

V.—A REVOLUTION.

IN Shakspeare's time all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. In ours, all the world's a book, and all its population simply readers.

SIX SONGS.

“ My lady, there’s a minstrel sings below :
His lays are but a lurdan’s, yet I wot
He maketh up in number and in contrast
For what his metres lack in sound or sense.”
The Chamber of Dais.



FORGET ME NOT.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by R. Webster.

Oh! Ma dy, when the rich and gay around thee shall with

fond ness press, When plea sure strews with flowers thy way, And

ev , ry look of thine can bless; Say, wilt thou mid that bright ca

reer, One mo ment muse upon my lot— Drop to my mem'ry one fond

Espresso *p*



Whate'er my fate—where'er I range,—
 Whatever charms I chance to see,
 My love can never turn or change,—
 Each heart-throb still will be for thee !
 If few and brief the hours we've met,
 Yet on their fleeted joys I doat;—
 I ask but from thee memory's debt—
 Forget me not!—forget me not !

In after time, when cloudless Peace,
 Bland as thy brow, shall o'er thee shine ;
 When joy itself to thrill may cease,
 As will this sad but soulfelt line ;
 Yet then the thoughts of byepast years,
 May whisper still—" Whate'er his lot,—
 The tribute pay of smiles or tears ;
 But, oh ! forget—forget him not ! "

FORGET ME NOT.

O LADY! when the rich and gay
 Around thee shall with fondness press,—
 While pleasure strews with flowers the way,
 And every look of thine can bless;
 Ah! wilt thou, 'mid that bright career,
 One moment muse upon my lot—
 Drop, to my memory, one fond tear—
 And whisper, “ I forget thee not?”

Whate'er my fate—where'er I range,—
 Whatever charms I chance to see,
 My love can never turn or change,—
 Each heart-throb still will be for thee!
 If few and brief the hours we've met,
 Yet on their fleeted joys I doat;—
 I ask but from thee memory's debt—
 Forget me not!—forget me not!

In after time, when cloudless Peace,
 Bland as thy brow, shall o'er thee shine;
 When joy itself to thrill may cease,
 As will this sad but soulfelt line;
 Yet then the thoughts of byepast years,
 May whisper still—“ Whate'er his lot,—
 The tribute pay of smiles or tears;
 But, oh! forget—forget him not!”

THE PROMISE.

O my sweet lassie,
 Gin I were a laird,
 How blithely my mailins
 Wi' you wad be shared !
 I'd mak ye a lady,
 And keep ye aye braw ;
 At kirk or at market
 Ye'd shine ower them a'.

But aften, my lassie,
 Whar gear is maist rife,
 Love dwines, an' is withered
 By pride or in strife :
 A leal heart an' true love
 Are better than a',—
 O! what are the Indies
 Whan these are awa !

Wi' you, bonnie Jeanie,
 The lowliest fate
 Wad be dearer than want ye
 An' be rich an' great ;
 For love's saft endearments
 Are wealth for us twa,—
 These dwell in the cottage
 Mair aft than the ha' !

THE PROMISE.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by J. P. Clarke.

With Expression

VOICE

O! my sweet lassie, Gin I were a laird, How

P. FORTE.

blithely my mailins wi' you wad be shared! I'd mak ye a la dy, an'

keep ye aye braw, At kirk or at market ye'd shine o'er them a'!

But aften my lassie, Where gear is maist rife, Love dwiaes an' is wither'd By

pride or by strife A leal heart an' true love Are better than a'. Oh!



Wi' you, bonnie Jeanie,
The lowliest fate
Wad be dearer than want ye
An' be rich an' great;
For love's saft endearments
Are wealth for us twa,
These dwell in the cottage
Mair aft than the ba'!

If Fortune should bless me,
An' gear e'er be mine,
Believe me, dear lassie,
It a' shall be thine;
But be that as it may, Jean,
Whatever befa',
I'll never forget thee,
Though far, far awa'!

AWAY TO LOCHLONG.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by J. P. Clarke.

VOICE. *Allegretto.* A way and away o'er the bright sunny sea To yon

PIANO

FORTE.

shore that looks smiling on you sweet and me. The waves are a-

sleep, dear, the winds heave no sigh, But at rest on the

breast of the blue waters lie But at rest on the breast of the

blue waters lie. The waves are a sleep, dear, the winds heave no



sigh, But at rest on the breast of the blue waters lie. But at

rest on the breast of the blue waters lie *Affettuamente* Oh

Jeannie! than friend ship's some ties are more strong, Then,

wilt thou my own one, away to Loch Long. Then wilt thou, my

own one, a way to Loch Long. Oh! Jeannie! than friend ship's some

ties are more strong, Then wilt thou, my own one, a
 way to Loch Long. Then wilt thou, my own one, a
 way_ a way to Loch Long.

Though the sun kisses fondly the hills of Loch Gare,
 And the palace and hall on its banks glitter fair;
 Yet our white-winged wee bark past its headland shall glide,
 And my arm and my oar bear thee on through the Clyde;
 For though silver its shores, trod by pleasure's gay throng,
 There's a lovelier strand, far away at Loch Long!

Oh, sweet is the shealing that waits for my Jeanie,
 As smiling it looks o'er our dear Ardentinnny,
 And rests on the green hill in safety and pride,
 As on Donald's fond breast will the brow of his bride!
 Give that sigh to our sail, love, thy voice to the song
 Whose notes shall be echoed by lovely Loch Long!

If Fortune should bless me,
An' gear e'er be mine,
Believe me, dear lassie,
It a' shall be thine;
But be that as it may, Jean,
Whatever befa',
I'll never forget thee,
Though far, far awa!

AWAY TO LOCH LONG.

AWAY, and away, o'er the bright sunny sea,
To yon shore that looks smiling on you, sweet, and me;
The waves are asleep, dear,—the winds heave no sigh,
But at rest on the breast of the blue waters lie.
O Jeanie! than friendship some ties are more strong,
Then wilt thou, my own one, away to Loch Long?

Though the sun kisses fondly the hills of Loch Gare,
And the palace and hall on its banks glitter fair;
Yet our white-winged wee bark past its headland shall glide,
And my arm and my oar bear thee on through the Clyde;
For though silver its shores, trod by pleasure's gay throng,
There's a lovelier strand, far away at Loch Long!

Oh, sweet is the shealing that waits for my Jeanie,
As smiling it looks o'er our dear Ardentimny,
And rests on the green hill, in safety and pride,
As on Donald's fond breast will the brow of his bride!
Give that sigh to our sail, love, thy voice to the song
Whose notes shall be echoed by lovely Loch Long!

THE NIGHT FLOWER.

I SAW thee at thy window, sweet,
 Pale, drooping, like some pining flower;
 Ah! then I felt my bosom beat
 To join thee in that lonely hour:
 But, prisoned by the watchful gaze
 Of eyes, where love hath never shone,
 I wait their closing—with the Day's,—
 And then I'm slave to thee alone!

There is, they say, a lovely flower
 Which hides its blushes from the light,
 And only in the darkest hour
 Gives fragrance to the breath of night:
 A heart-lay, too, there is which tells
 That, in that flower, love's type we see;
 But, truth and type in one—thy spells
 Are the “Night blooming Stock” to me!

Yet fragrance fades, and flowerets die,
 And night in morning melts away,—
 Nay, love itself—or legends lie,—
 —Even love like ours may know decay;
 But, with no light, save from thy look,
 Can I remember morn will break;
 Thy lips to mine—how can I brook
 From such a dream of bliss to wake!

THE NIGHT FLOWER.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by Tho^s M^cFarlane.

VOICE.

PIANO

FORTE

I saw thee at thy win dow, sweet, Pale, drooping, like some

pin ing flower; Ah! then I felt my bosom beat To join thee in that

lonely hour; But, prison'd by the watchful gaze Of eyes, where love hath



Ralenti. *Pia.* *Colla Voce.* *ad lib.* *Pia.* *ad lib.*

never never shone, I wait their closing with the days, And then I'm slave to thee alone! I wait their closing with the days, And then I'm slave to thee alone!

Sym. *Calando*

There is, they say, a lovely flower
 Which hides its blushes from the light,
 And only in the darkest hour
 Gives fragrance to the breath of night:
 A heart-lay, too, there is which tells
 That, in that flower, love's type we see;
 But, truth and type in one—thy spells
 Are the “Night blooming Stock” to me!

Yet fragrance fades, and flowerets die,
 And night in morning melts away,—
 Nay, love itself—or legends lie,—
 —Even love like ours may know decay;
 But, with no light, save from thy look,
 Can I remember morn will break;
 Thy lips to mine—how can I brook
 From such a dream of bliss to wake!

DANCING SONG.

HARK—hark!—’tis the light step of gladness,
 That bounds to the music of mirth;
 Away, then, ye shadows of sadness,—
 At least there’s ONE pleasure on earth!
 For what is the language of feeling,
 So high that it climbs up to bliss,
 While words travel after?—not kneeling—
 Oh! no other expression than this!
 La ra lara la lara! (*Dances.*)

The tongue may, I grant, be impressive,—
 The eye may speak thoughts in each glance;
 But surely ’tis far more expressive,
 In each limb to say volumes at once!
 Yes! motion’s the language of nature,—
 Was there any one e’er spoke a kiss?
 Then come round me, ye love-sick, and date your
 Heart’s ease from *its* beating to this.
 La ra lara la lara! (*Dances.*)

’Tis the worship Devotion first taught us;
 The language that links clime to clime;
 Sole ruinless relic that’s brought us
 Adown the rough current of time.
 The stars, in their bright tracks advancing,—
 The winds, and the heavens’ balmy tears,
 Are all, in their own way, but dancing,—
 Their music is that of the spheres!
 Then la ra lara la lara! (*Dances.*)

NAY, SHUN NOT THE GLASS.

NAY, shun not the glass while it circles,
 And you at the board hold a place ;
 Nor contrast with its sunny-bright sparkles,
 The gloom that o'ershadows your face ;
 For the mirth of the table's a pic-nic,
 To which all bring their quota, *in kind*,
 Be it humour, with smiles,—wit electric,—
 Or the glow of the generous mind !
 Then shun not, &c.

Oh, who would remain at the table,
 When no longer of mirth's chain a link,
 Or fill *only a chair*? Sure, you're able,
 If not to be happy—to drink !
 Then shun not, &c.

Philosophers call non-conductors,
 Things in which nothing bright hath a part ;
 Or too hard, or too soft—still obstructors ;—
 Which of these is your head, or your heart ?
 Then shun not, &c.

If in love, or in debt, 'tis no reason
 For moping, so long as you're here ;
 Not to smile with the smiling, is treason
 To Joy, while you dwell in its sphere !
 Then shun not the glass while it circles,
 And you at the board hold a place ;
 Nor contrast with its sunny-bright sparkles,
 The gloom that be-curtains your face !

THE CITY FLOOD.

“ When the Nile backward to its channel turns,
It takes not all it brought,—but a rich gift
Leaves on the land it blessed with its caress.
But 'tis not so when Memory o'erflows!—
For Marah's waters bitterer were not,
Than the swollen tide that gushes from The Past,
And, when it floods, which leaves the heart a waste,
Like the salt marshes of the Syrian plain.

The Crusade.

THE CITY FLOOD.

A TALE, AS NARRATED BY A SEXAGENARIAN.

It was on the 18th of November, 1795, that the fearful rise in the waters of the river Clyde carried away the stone bridge which crossed it at the foot of the now immortalized Salt-market-Street of Glasgow. It is a day memorable in the annals of that city, but still more so in my private history, and the records of my recollection, and of my love;—for, old and dull and cold as now I am, I *have* loved. There is, far up on the wall of a building, at a great distance from the usual channel of the stream, an indentation cut, to show the height to which its waters rose, and an inscription to tell the tale. The tablets of my heart have a deeper engraven line—a more enduring impress and record of that day of desolation. The waves passed not the limit there defined, and they left every thing beneath it as it was before. From me, all that preceded that tide-mark of my fate is reft away, or left shattered and broken; and still, it would appear, as if the gloomy waters rose above and passed beyond even that boundary—for, welling out from the

fountains of a melancholy memory, the flood yet seems to sweep along the heart it left a desert, but which must dree its loneliness till the last spring-tide of fate shall bear me away in its ebb to peace—and Isabella.

She was the first—the only woman I ever loved. Dark-haired, bright-eyed, and nineteen, it was little to be wondered at that I doated on her. Yet it was her heart that secured the love her charms excited—her mind that fixed into esteem what had else been but fleeting admiration. But I cannot go on to describe her. Suffice it, that in all her girlish beauty she seems still before me. Her father was a respectable tradesman, who resided—fatally for me—in the lower part of the city. Modern improvements have swept away the last relics of a building where Cromwell resided for a time, and Prince Charles is said to have lodged when in Glasgow. Its historical associations and venerable exterior long made it an object of interest to the antiquarian and the stranger: its having been the dwelling of Isabella Arthur made me weep its fall.

We never had a cross in our love till—but let me not anticipate. My mistress was too artless and candid to seek to conceal that our passion was reciprocal, and her widowed father too indulgent to his only child to throw any obstacle in the way of her happiness. The day was fixed which was to see her mine, and the wedding garments already waited for the wearers. A trivial circumstance deferred my happiness and our union for a whole—*month*, as we then thought, for the corresponding day of the succeeding one was determined upon as that fittest for the festivity, which could not be celebrated on the 18th of November; but we could then see nothing to prevent its being so on the 18th of December. Isabella's father was married on this day of the kalendar, and he had been so pecuniary happy as a husband, that he seemed almost to think that no man

could be equally fortunate unless he were wedded on that identical day. Alas! this month was to be—*eternity* I had almost said—yet, yet, surely I shall meet with my Isabella, and be again united with her in the bonds of enduring affection! It was fated to be lengthened, however, into all the weary years which have since crept along, and those which have yet to elapse before it be the will of the Giver of my life to resume it to himself.

The early part of the winter had been very open, and the great quantities of rain which fell around Glasgow, and in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, had repeatedly swollen the river Clyde to an uncommon height. But the house in which Mr. Arthur resided was so far from its banks, that none of the successive spates* ever reached, nor even nearly approached it. At length, however, the frost set in with sudden and keen severity. In a day or two after, a temporary thaw followed, and was speedily succeeded by a considerable fall of snow, which lay on the hills above the county town, and around the mountain of Tinto, to a great depth. The frost again became intense, but was of brief duration; for, returning from a wedding party at an early hour on the morning of Saturday, it seemed to me to be increasing in bitterness; but, on rising from bed after a short rest, I found torrents of rain pouring down, the wind blowing a gale from the westward, and the air unnaturally warm. In the city the thaw was instantaneous, and almost magical in its operation, sweeping in a few hours the streets of their accumulated ice. The gale increased as the day wore on, and the rain descended without intermission till evening, when the fury of the elements seemed to abate. About nine o'clock on Saturday evening, there was almost what the sailors

* *Anglice*—Inundations.

call a "lull," and every one thought that the storm had entirely ceased.

Although dwelling in a quarter of the city remote from Isabella's home, many of my evenings, as might have been expected, were passed there in the delightful anticipation of the approaching time when all our hours of leisure should be spent together. The business of the week concluded, I hastened to seat myself beside my untiring betrothed, who would hardly cease to ply her needle, or lay aside her work, even when my arm, hanging over her chair, and perhaps even intruding upon her waist, interfered with the swift but ever graceful motion of her hand in sewing. My request itself, that she would be idle for a time, was but half conceded. But then—it was with preparations for her new station—household comforts for her future husband—becoming garments for a young wife—that she was occupied! And she could speak and look—oh! speak by snatches, and look in glances, as she raised her eyes from her task—when so employed—more beautifully as it seemed to me, than any other who had nothing else to do, and whose only object was to attain admiration.

Thus seated, we perceived not that the wind had again risen, and the rain begun to pelt against the casement, until I made my first threatening motion for departure. This of course preceded my actually effecting it about an hour; but during that time it was evident that the storm had resumed all its violence. Besides this, we were told that the river was rising, and that those who lived near it were deserting their houses; but the thought of danger to the place where we sat, never once occurred to us. Eleven o'clock arrived, and, with a reluctance I was loath to exhibit, and could not then account for—but which was the same sensation the very brutes feel at impending calamity—I bade my Isabella good night, and proceeded to my

distant home. It was in vain that I sought by occupation to weary myself into sleepiness, when I had arrived there. The tempest increased, and with it my restlessness and agitation. To bed, however, I went; but certainly not to rest—for as the watches of night wore on, the gale became a hurricane, and came in such terrific gusts of violence as, at each of them, to threaten the destruction of every thing that opposed its fury. In the midst of these, and even louder than its voice, was heard, ever and anon, the crash of some chimney that had given way, or the brattle of slates and shingles torn up from the roofs of tenements, and precipitated into the street. The scream of human voices, and the yelling of dogs, followed these, and added to their horror; and, Sabbath morning as it was, the roll of the wheels of carts, hastily summoned to bear away household furniture from dwellings that the affrighted tenants deemed insecure, on account of their exposure to the tempest, to places of greater strength or better sheltered, had a very peculiar effect in heightening the impression of sudden danger and well-grounded fear. It was as if another element—that of fire—had been ravaging the neighbourhood. And it occurred to almost every one, that if that were to break out, with such a wind to foster it, the consequences would be terrible beyond even apprehension. Twice or thrice the terror led to the anticipation, and the alarm was actually but erroneously given.—It was impossible to remain in bed.

The frightful thought flashed across my brain, that the gale, setting so from the westward, and the snow melting with such unprecedented rapidity—the one swelling, and the other stemming the river—might bring its stormy waters even to the dwelling of my Isabella. I then hastily grasped at my clothes, that I might personally ascertain whether there was a chance of her suffering inconvenience. Danger I could not dream of

from the stream ; and the lowness of the site of her residence, while it might expose it to the flood, protected it from the gale. I dressed, and made for the door. It was impossible, for me however, to pass through it. Beset by an agitated mother, and screaming sisters, and younger brethren, I was taunted alternately with caring for my own safety above theirs, or for that of another individual rather than my “ born relations,” and reasoned with and assured that there could be no possible danger elsewhere, as the Clyde had never been known to rise to the height of Mr. Arthur’s dwelling-house. This I was aware of ; and hope and entreaty prevailed. I returned to my pillow ; but, it is needless to say, I could not sleep. After having, however, obtained the promise, that, with the first light of the morning, a messenger would be sent to ascertain if our friends in the lower part of the city were in safety ; and, on hearing the wind gradually abate, and the rain cease, I fell into a slumber which continued—agitated, indeed, with dreams of alternate vague delight, and dim and dreary horror, but unbroken—until far in the morning of the day, whose rays had been religiously excluded from my pillow. Once awake, however, it was but the work of a moment to ascertain that no messenger had been sent, and to prepare personally to ascertain the welfare of my future wife. By this time the day was shining as unclouded and bright as if it had been a forenoon in spring, and the wind now blew with no more violence than served to dry up almost every vestige of last night’s deluge, in the higher streets of Glasgow. The bells were ringing for church service, and the well-dressed crowds passed calmly along as I apparelled myself—with something like deliberation ! It seemed impossible that any thing could have happened to Isabella’s home, since not one vestige of all the crashing havoc we had heard appeared in the broad and sunny light of day, the few chimney-tops and slates which had accidentally

been overthrown, with a noise so disproportionate to the real danger and destruction, having been decorously removed from the Sabbath path of the church-going crowds. I began to feel at noonday almost ashamed of my midnight apprehensions, and, however rapid my pace might be as I proceeded down the High-Street, I did no more than walk. I even paused for a moment to answer an interrogatory from a passing friend—so assured, was I willing to think myself, that my fears had been visionary. The city cross was at length passed—but I ran as I approached that bend in the Saltmarket, beyond which, when turned, I could see the building that held all I loved on earth. A crowd hid its lower part from me, but a glance told that all was secure near its roof. The throng extended, as it seemed, so far above her residence, as to block up the street at the point where it opens towards St. Andrew's Square. I was but a moment in penetrating the outer rank—and finding myself, a few steps farther on, on the verge of *a vast body of sullen and muddy water, which stretched thus far up, and onwards beyond the place where had stood the opposite end of the distant bridge, that now, in vain, I looked for!* It had been swept away in the rapid and mighty current, which threw its superabundant streams thus far into the city streets. All was desolation below where I stood. I was horror-struck at the sight before me, of houses whose first floor windows, from the declivity of the descent towards the river, were almost under water, and hence the thought that Isabella and her father might have perished in seeking to escape in terror from the flood. But it occurred to me, that though it could not reach their own apartments, it might yet endanger the safety of the whole tenement, and, at the worst, imprison them, and separate her from me until it had subsided. The inhabitants who had not escaped from the shops and lower floors of the houses between the place where

I was and the river, were all crowded in the upper flats of these tenements, whose windows, crammed with a terrified population, contrasted strangely with the utter solitude nearer the street, where every opening was closed, and not a living thing was visible. The carcases of drowned domestic animals, filth, and fragments of furniture, floated around; but, beneath the second story of the houses, vestige of animated being there was none. Boats could not be procured from the harbour, and carts did not then, as now, in similar emergencies, ply through the stream; indeed, the water was much too deep for them, even if they had had a dry spot to resort to after passing through it. The wailing of women and children, driven from their houses, and the chattering inquiries of idlers asking for particulars, which those who knew were too deeply affected to communicate, prevented my eager questions as to Mr. Arthur's and his family's safety being answered. At length I found one who said—blessed words!—that he could assure me that they were still in their own house—and in a security their elevated position insured them. But then, he told me also, that it was but three or four hours since it became impossible to reach them, by the increase of the flood; so that my delay—my confidence—my hope—had exiled me, during her danger, from my sweetheart's side! Had I hastened at an earlier hour to assure myself of her safety, I should have shared her imprisonment, and been with her in case of peril! This was indeed a bitter reflection.

After as careful a survey of the position and depth of the water, as my perturbation and self-reproach would permit, and being assured that a boat was hourly expected from some quarter or other, I judged that if I could procure a horse I might ride so far down as to obtain a glimpse of Mr. Arthur's windows, and perhaps see Isabella at one of them. A proffer of about as much as the value of the brute, procured me the

loan of a miserable creature from a carter, who unharnessed the animal; and on its naked back I rode into the water, till it reached my knees and the girths of the hack, who then would go no farther. I however attained my purpose. The jeers of the crowd, and the awkward spluttering of the animal, unaccustomed equally to water and to being rode upon, attracted to the windows all who could spare a thought from their own fears. Isabella opened the casement of her room and looked out. A glance showed *me* that she was safe, and *her* that I was an object of, not uncalled-for, merriment to the gazers. I perceived this myself—but not till the wave of her 'kerchief told me that all was well, and the arch nod of her head showed she was sufficiently at her ease to smile. I returned to the shore, as I may call it, happy—yet, shall I confess it, almost angry too.

The waters continued to rise—and, as the wind had abated, it was obvious that the melting of the snow was now the cause. Of course, it was impossible to guess at what hour there was a chance then of their subsiding. I hesitated for a time whether to exhibit any further violence of anxiety to reach Mr. Arthur's, or to wait for the expected boat which was to be employed in carrying provisions to the besieged, who might need a supply. As I paced to and fro upon the margin, on which the rising waters still seemed to encroach, the delay of its arrival at length became intolerable. The day wore on—the churches emptied their crowds, to throng to the scene and return again to sermon, with a tranquillity which I envied. At length, chafed into contempt for even the titter of a hundred gazers, or the deprecatory smile of my mistress herself, I retraced my steps to the Trongate, and pursued its westward course towards the Broomielaw, anticipating the possibility of procuring there a boat and a couple of rowers from one of the vessels in that

harbour. In my anxious haste, I had forgotten that the same river which leapt over its bounds at a higher part of its course, was not likely to confine itself within them, so much farther down its channel. As I might have anticipated, I found the scene at the Jamaica-Street bridge—which the elevation of its roadway enabled me to reach—one of wider desolation, and far more awful grandeur than the circumscribed one I had left. Placed on its centre arch, and looking upward, it seemed as if some mighty transatlantic stream, and not an island river, rolled along in terrible depth and irresistible might, between banks whose edges were steep and abrupt, indeed, for, defined only by the fronts of the far-separated lines of houses which stood many hundred feet distant from its usual channel, but close beside which it now rushed furiously by in boiling eddies or clay-coloured waves, fearful in their silent, unfoamy turbulence, which no wind stirred up—as is the angry malice of a man, for whose fury we perceive no present cause. Beneath the bridge, the water roared with thundering turmoil, and, all of it that could not escape through the roomy arches, curled up into yeast by the resistance of the abutments, raged noisily and fiercely through the ornamental circular openings placed above them. Looking down the stream, where, if there was less turbulence, because there was greater room for expansion, the prospect was not less terrible and uncommon. Between the houses far remote from the breast-work of the harbour and those on the opposite shore, still more widely separated from the broad and level bank of the river, by a pasture park and road, there was but one vast channel for the sea-like stream that filled it—brimmingly. The water was seen even to extend far up the streets, which, on either hand, opened laterally from what seemed now but the stone edging of this gigantic canal, or vast basin; and the long line of vessels, secured to

their usual rings and fastenings on the quay, and riding either close to its front, or over its top, as their cables gave them space, looked but a large fleet at anchor in the *middle* of the stream. At the moment I turned my face westward, a little sloop had broken from its fastenings with apparently but an old man and a boy on board, and was reeling down the eddying current in drunken-like whirls, while the ear shrunk from the screams of the helpless extremes of existence on board of it, as did the eye from their peril—a peril from which they could escape only by the miracle of their bark being speedily driven on the level shore, or running foul of some larger vessel which could stand the shock. Of yawl or pinnace, there was not a vestige in sight. Every thing without a mast that was not swamped, had been hoisted up into snug security on the deck of the larger vessels they attended; and to my hurried, and, I fear, incoherent inquiries whether I could hire a boat and some rowers to proceed to the Saltmarket and carry me to a building insulated by the water, I only procured, in answer, the stare of vacant astonishment, or heard vulgar jesting and the slang of fresh-water-sailors. It soon became obvious, even to myself, that it was altogether hopeless to expect to effect a communication with Mr. Arthur's family by such means, and there was obviously nothing for me but patience—a sufficient punishment for my morning procrastination. I strained my eyes to watch if there was any perceptible fall in the height of the water, and almost blessed aloud a person who assured me that he thought it had begun to ebb, although even my eagerness could not perceive any mark of its recession.

I returned again to my station, in the street where Isabella lived. The waters had *not* subsided; but the wind had again risen, and at six o'clock—it was now four—the tide would be full, and, consequently, the flood greater. In my absence, I

learned with regret, but without self-reproach, that the expected boat had arrived from the Forth and Clyde Canal Basin; but, after carrying assistance to many sufferers, had swamped upon a bulk, hidden under water, and it was not thought worth while to cart another from such a distance. For some hours, then, even under the most favourable circumstances, it was evident that no exertion on my part could enable me to overcome the obstacles which separated me from my beloved; and, exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, and cold and hunger, I was prevailed upon by some friends who had now joined me, to retire to a neighbouring tavern for some refreshment. Night was now closing in, but it was in the unclouded beauty of a rising moon, and with the clear atmosphere of a returning frost, so that I was cheered by the hope, on my part, and certainty on that of others, that, ere nine o'clock, the passage to the foot of the Saltmarket would be practicable. Some of my companions even asserted that that street would be almost as soon drained as the bowl in whose brimming contents they pledged my mistress, and the wish, at the same time, that I might never suffer so much from drought as I had done from moisture. Though anxious, I became almost cheerful; but was again at my post by the time of high water. And there, to and fro, did I pace, marking and measuring the recession of the slimy flood, whose retreat had now obviously, though slowly, begun. At eight o'clock, I conceived it possible to reach the entrance to Mr. Arthur's dwelling, by driving a cart through the water. When the owner of it, however, found that the flood reached above the trams, he refused to proceed. Another hour of feverish watchfulness was mine, and another attempt, although nearer success—because coming closer to the mark—yet did not reach it. At length, just as the first chimes of the ten o'clock bells were inducing the few uninterested stragglers who

lingered upon the spot to turn homewards, a loud cry was heard to proceed from the lower part of the street, near to which we could now advance. Lights were seen at many windows; casements were hurriedly opened; and, in the tenement for whose security alone I cared, a singular bustle and confusion was observed. Suddenly there ran along the line of gazers that defined the dry street from the water, the broken whisper, whence communicated I have never learned, that the foundations of the houses farthest down had been sapped and were giving way. The flags of the pavement, it was said, were starting up upon their ends, and the screams were occasioned by the inmates observing fearful rents in the walls of the buildings, from the lower flats of which the water was now hastening with rapid and destructive suction. I *saw* nothing of this, for I waited not to look. It was enough that I had *heard*. Throwing myself into a cart, I seized the halter of the horse, and, hardly waiting for the driver, forced it onwards through the still deep, though now receding flood. The water was over the flooring of the vehicle before it reached the gateway leading to Isabella's dwelling; and was up to my breast as, at one bound, I leaped over the wheels, regardless of the snorting capers of the affrighted horse. In one minute I was under the archway leading to the house, and in utter darkness; but I half stepped half floated onwards towards where, as I guessed, was the entrance to the stair. In one moment I was up to the eyes—plunged into a hole, occasioned by the breaking up of the pavement; in another, dripping at every lock, I had struggled, I hardly knew how, but instinctively, to the staircase, and was above the water-mark on its steps. A second showed me a frightful rent in the wall of the stair; and, almost with but one bound, I was by the side of Isabella. Less alarmed than I, she was, however,

like all the inmates of the building, greatly terrified, and anxiously waiting the assistance for which her father was by this time making signals at the window. A word served to explain that the means of succour and escape were near at hand, in the cart, which I had ordered to wait my return. The old man was grateful; my beloved silently but fondly submitted to be lifted up in my arms; and, followed by the servants carrying papers and other valuables, I proceeded down to the still half-choked up archway. As we went onwards, a loud crack from the timbers of the building, and a visible widening of the rent, before noticed, together with the fall of masses of plaster from the roof, increased their terror, and quickened our speed. Bearing aloft my precious charge, and exclaiming that I should lead the way, I plunged into the water, which now reached no higher than my middle. Taking care to avoid that side where I stumbled as I entered, I cautiously moved on, pressing my dear burthen to my breast, with one arm, while the other served to pilot me along the walls with—I still remember—unhurrying care. The father and domestics hesitated to follow, and the lights they held in their hands threw a dazzling glare upon the dismal waters, as I turned round to inquire the cause of their delay, and encourage their progress—when, in one instant of time, I was plunged into a dark and narrow gulf, which had yawned open for my destruction as I advanced! I felt myself sink in a moment, and graze against the sides of the chasm as I descended; and *she* was with me—clinging to me—locked in my arms! One dreadful scream from her—a gurgling groan from myself—and the feeling of intense pain in my temples for a breath—is all that I remember of this dreadful hour. Dim recollections I have, indeed, of flaming torches—coils of ropes and iron-spiked drags; bleeding temples, and draughts forced down my throat; oaths—exclamations—wailings and tears; but

these I dare not think upon; for I *was* mad, they tell me, for a time—when, weeks after, I inquired where I lay—and for my Isabella. I then learned that it was presumed she—more severely bruised than even I had been, in the descent to the cellar beneath the gateway, whose arch was broken—had sunk with me; while her body had not instantaneously risen to the surface of the horrid gap, as had mine; and thus she had perished—half stunned and half drowned—beneath this low-browed vault, and amid these slimy waters! Her father died broken-hearted. It has been my award to live so. Lunatics are mad when the moon is at the full; I am so only when again the hateful waves of the spate are in the streets of the city, and, it may be, sapping more foundations—and drowning more earthly hopes of happiness and other Isabellas! It is only then that I can utter her name, or tell her fearful and untimely fate.

THE STUDENTS AND THE HAMS.

“ La Faim chasse le loup du bois.”
French Proverb.

Is there a man who ne'er hath said,
 “ 'Tis pity cash and learning are not brothers ” ?
 There is not one, since he whose wealth's his head,
 As well as all that throng of monied others,
 Who in their lives have little else e'er read
 Than bankers' drafts,—regret that 'tis not prevalent,
 To make these twain “ exchange, or be equivalent.”

There were, some twenty years ago, a party
 Of youths, whose spirits—if not meals—were hearty,
 Who barracked in one miserable alley,
 From whence, at class hours, full of lore, they'd sally—
 —'Twas the sole thing of which they had repletion!
 In frosty mornings, when, God wot, their knowledge
 Was all they had upon their craving stomachs,
 They briskly pocketed, for use at college,
 Their Bacon—Verulam, not Cork—and Bannocks,
 And seasoned these, for relish, with Ambition.
 They were, in short, most miserably poor,—
 Though not as scholars—no ! for they could speak
 Of Oboli and Drachmas. To be sure,
 They never mentioned money but in Greek !—

Their arithmetic was profound, yet rusted,
 Since their "Addition" (they were little trusted)
 Weekly was exercised on three and sixpence,—
 The full amount of each one's sep'rate expense;
 And their Subtraction could not take away,
 With all their skill, one meal from one a-day;
 So, be you sure, their faces looked as sharp
 As hucksters do at half-pence with a harp! *
 It chanced, however, that they all had shoes,

Though 'tis not wonderful that these for mending
 Yawned now and then, as wide as peers, who choose
 Among *canaille* to play the condescending.
 A cozy cobbler, when he mended these,

Struck, 'twill be seen, his lapstone and their fancies;
 For in his kitchen, many "kitchens"†—cheese,
 Puddings, hams—ay! hams—that to see but once, is
 Ne'er to forget, hung round, as if the Hooks

That held them were as racy's Theodore.
 And those, that thus were ever in suspense,
 Yet were not lean on that pretence,

But smiled as fat and ruddy as before,
 Or even as those that on the lower shelf,
 Though *cut*, looked jollity, like Curtis' self.
 How to contrive to share in these tid-bits,
 Was then the study of these hungry wits.
 They were, be't known, all students of Divinity,
 And so could not, in Logic or Latinity,
 Find out a sophism to ease their conscience,
 In robbing Lap. of what at least roused one sense;

* Irish halfpence are of less value, with their musical obverse, than British ones, with Miss Stewart's half-length figure on them.

† *Anglice*—Relish.

Till time seemed wasting,
Without their tasting :

When one at length hit on the scheme of dreaming,
That they were seated round a board, all beaming
With such good things, and pressed upon to eat
By the smug soler of their peeping feet.
From this foretaste it was not a great stride
To think, awake, of doing something similar,
Until at last their mouths got even more wide
At sight of them, and plundering thoughts familiar!
Patience and principle at length, one cold night,
Were starved in to surrender, or a bold fight;
And, hunger-driven, out marches all the crew,
With scarlet faces, but with noses blue.
It was agreed the thinnest—(he, you'll guess,
In girth was but a walking-stick, or less)—
Should clamber slowly down the cobbler's chimney,
And find a ham,—although the light was dim; nay,
Though there was none,—by smelling, and creep up again
To the expectants, hoping once to sup again.

Down pops—much sooner, and in blacker guise,
Than he had wot of—this sixth-part of thief;
But his descent, as well as being brief,

Was noisy too, which made old Lapstone rise,
And, half asleep, seize, with a muttered “D——!”
Both the lean student and the fat hog ham!
What could the preacher do in such a pickle?
'Twould have been folly at a lie to stickle:

So, in the dubious light of a small candle,
As thin's himself, he thought him of escaping,
By setting Lap. aghast and gaping;

And, making of his strange descent a handle,

Announced himself, in terms extremely civil,
As being—what?—O! why—in short—the Devil!
Lapstone, for once, knelt, and implored his Grace,
To take his ham and Highness from the place.
The bidding was a good one, so the student,
Now having 'vantage, thought it would be prudent
To take the offer,—knocked the cobbler down,
As gently as a lot by Christie; *
And made his compeers at their supper own,
A fib is useful in a case of nicety!

* The auctioneer immortalised by Miss Edgeworth.

THE HESITATION.

“ Did we but know how oft upon the brink
 Of change we’ve stood, without our toppling o’er,
 We should not tremble so to take the leap !”
Wentworth.

“ There is a deep nick in time’s restless wheel,
 For each man’s good : when that nick comes, it strikes ?”
Chapman’s Bussy D’Ambois.

UPON the moonlit bank we sat,
 The moonlit bank above the sea ;
 Beneath our feet a verdant plat,
 Around us—all tranquillity !

Above us, with a meek-like pride,
 The castle’s ruins, silver grey,
 Looked o’er the far receding tide,
 Which crept, like summer friends, away !

Blue was the cope of arching sky,
 Spanning the little world of light
 Stretched out before the gazing eye,
 Which almost asked—Could this be night ?

The murmur of a quiet wind
 Seemed sweet, as low breathed sound could be ;
 Yet other whisper, to my mind,
 Was sweeter,—Mary spoke to me !

I said not aught to her of love,
 So child-like was her beauty still;—
But, from the regal moon above,
 I turned to her, with wayward will!

It had been all unkind in me
 To wake a pulse I needs must quell;—
Yet that was done,—for I could see
 What looks, that try to hide, but tell;—

As from the rock that girt the shore,
 The rugged rock wooed by the sea,
She leapt, to where I—sped before—
 Watched for her step with waiting knee.

An instant in my arms she lay,
 “*My Mary*”—I had almost breathed;
But the fond moment passed away,
 —And only this true lay bequeathed!

M.

TO A BIRD.

FLEDGED minstrel of the greenwood, stay!—
 No spoiler's here,
 With fear
 To dim the piping clear
 Of thy wing-wavy, and sky-soaring lay,
 Oh, stay!

Oh, stay! while to thy dim retreat
I sadly come,
 With dumb
 Unrustling step; though some
 Bound with a gladness in their very feet,
 Unmeet!

Unmeet, if thou shouldst startled be
 From off the bough,
 Where thou,
 With thrilling sound, doth now
 Woo thy coy mate to share the sheltering tree
 With thee!

With thee! oh! in the wild-wood green
 Aye to abide!
 The tide
 Of human pomp and pride
 Rolling and roaring far from the quiet scene,
 Unseen!

Unseen! but not unheard, my voice,
 Clear as thy own,
 With tone
 High into Gladness thrown,
 Again might syllable, with cheerful noise,
 " Rejoice! "

Rejoice!—the sound unechoed falls
 Upon my ear
 Like Fear,
 With stealth-step, answerless and drear,
 Gliding in shade of abbey walls
 And palls!

And palls! Be *mine* the sear leaf wan,
 Beneath the tree,
 O'er me,
 Which weepeth them in Autumn free;
 Shedding a grief, it may be truer than
 Thine—Man!

Thine, man! who but to come the way,
 From its own haunt,
 And chaunt,
 Affrighteth, like a spectre gaunt,
 The native owner of the topmost spray—
 —Away!

T. ATKINSON.

GLEN-LUSKIN, *March*, 1832.

THE SEA.

THE Sea—the Sea! Oh! beautiful art thou in every mood,—
 When mirroring the quiet sky, to holy calm subdued;
 When every wave is like a pulse, and full of gentle life,
 Or when each whitened drop of brine is chafed in noisy strife!

When spreading measurelessly o'er, where gazing cannot go,
 Or clasping round beloved hills, with arms that fondly throw
 Their tideful twine so close, they clasp the isthmus green in twain,
 And clasp an islet to the breast of ocean once again!

I love thee when I see thy step, far up the mountain glen;
 When I hear thee laugh, in jolly mood, at bulwarks built by men;
 When, with fond regret, I trace along the weeping beach thy track,
 Although—unlike whate'er I've loved—thou fondly wilt come
 back!

Yet more, yet more, when on thy breast—no timid gazer nigh—
 Encircled by embracing waves, in dreamy mood I lie;
 Yet more, yet more, when to thy depths I leap with childish glee,
 And bubble up to day again—as dandled fond by thee!

Yet once again I love thee, thou broad and glorious Sea,
 When, o'er thee proud, my tyrant barque is bounding far and free,
 And thou, in stormy merriment, art playing with its prow,
 While a frown, that growls away in smiles, is on thy shaggy
 brow!

Oh! yet, fair sea, my love for thee is deeper than thy deeps;
When, from thy kiss, my little skiff, in maiden coyness sweeps,
And, woman-like, thinks every wave it leaves behind it, flies,
When 'tis itself that fleetly wings to seek some distant prize!

To me, on thy still open page, how oft hath wisdom shone
Amid the gloom of storm or night—companion'd or alone:
The million sparks my restless oar strikes from each yielding fold,
How like they are to promises—as bright—yet scarce so cold!

And then—and then, thy lofty waves that stride upon the strand,
Like a warrior on his pawing barb,—long ere they reach the land,
How many shake their horrid plumes, with yet a harmless frown,
For, straining forward far, they break and melt in frettings down!

'Twill thus be with the armed hosts that war against the Right,
And thus shall break in pieces small, the terrors of mere Might;
While even Napoleon-waves, that rush far up the patient shore,
Must seek a silent rest upon't,—their noisy terrors o'er!

P. W.

LINES ON PLACING IN MY HOUSE MY MOTHER'S
PORTRAIT.

My Mother!—Blessings on that art divine
Which makes again thy much-loved presence mine;
Not only in the visions that pass by
The waking fixedness of my mental eye,
(There thou hast ever had the honoured place
Which now awaits this shadow of thy face;)—
But in a guise that, for a time, can stay
The hand which writes on every thing “Decay”—
Which upon thee hath track'd the prints of woe,
And made young sorrow's furrows deeper show!

Oh, Mother of my heart! even as thou'rt here—
But limned on canvass—thou art passing dear;
And thus I welcome thee to grace the home
Which thou should'st ne'er have, wayward, wandered from!
Take, then, thy place of honour and of pride,—
Alas! but on my walls—not at my side!
—No more of this!—regret itself may cease,
If distance calm our fervours into peace;
And now, where thy loved semblance hath its place,
There will I oftenest turn my brightening face;
Yea, too, when prisoned grief steals forth in sighs,
Bend the moist gazing of my longing eyes!

Smile on me, then, my Mother, even as now,
 And wile the shadows from my wrinkling brow!
 I will—I have forgot thou e'er didst frown,—
 This canvass and my heart the thought disown!—
 Ah! could I too forget, with that which was,
 How oft my fiery passions gave thee cause!—
Now, thou wilt only smile upon thy boy,
 With all that's left thy widowed heart of joy;
 How small that portion is they only know,
 Who've traced thy virtuous life through one long woe,
 Whose bitterness lay near the stream's young source,
 —What wonder, then, it poisoned all its course?
 Yet as that rolls, methinks 'twill flow more clear,
 And thine be recompence—nay, joy—even here:

And—(I, too, paint—and may my pictures be
 As like what will be, as is this to thee!)
 Lo! thy fair locks, to honoured whiteness blanced,
 But yet thine eye's intelligence unquenched,
 Lapp'd in the comforts of a green old age,
 I hear thy fluent speech calm down to sage;
 While round thee cluster branchings from that bough,—
 The only one thy stem will send forth now.
 O! couldst thou live, till round some son of mine,
 The wreath I ne'er myself can win, might twine,
 Then should I lay thine honoured head in dust,
 With but the pang of parting with the just!

But when this soothing vision melts away,
 And all that skill thus shows is turned to clay,
 Then, oh, my Mother, how my bursting heart
 Will daily bless the love-inspired art,
 Which gives the image to the earthly eye,
 Of all that God hath gathered to the sky!

I love thy likeness, Mother, as 'tis here;
But then I shall thy very shade revere :
Yet may it be long, long before this Head
Is treasured as a relic of the dead !

T. A.

THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND TERMINATION

OF

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

~~~~~“ A strange eventful history!”  
*Shakspeare.*

“ Banditti saints disturbing distant lands  
And unknown nations—wandering for a home!”  
*Thomson's “Liberty.”*

## THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND TERMINATION OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

It is a common error to confound the two departments of study which, upon the broad surface of the past, record the progress or mark the operations of Time. Chronology is only an instrument of admeasurement; History ought to be a test of appreciation. The former has been poetically termed "the memory of the world:" it makes us acquainted with facts and occurrences in the order of their succession. The latter has a higher province: it teaches us to investigate their causes, and points out their immediate consequences, and the remoter results which accrued from these. The effects of great events are rarely confined, in their operation, to the country in which they occurred; but of their more expansive influences Particular History can seldom take a review. General History supplies the deficiency, but fails to excite that interest which is ever the attendant of locality. An extended survey, and a minute examination, seem to be as difficult of attainment in this department of study, as they are, by many, deemed impracticable, at one and the same moment, in physical researches.

The History of the wars, termed, from the symbolical badge worn by those engaged in their prosecution, those of the Cross,

Croisades, or Crusades, to the interest of romantic adventure and local association, however, superadds the quality of affording an opportunity for making one of the most extended surveys of society and manners, and of the results which spring from great events, that any philosophical disquisition can possess. It is at once general and particular. It is fraught with more than the usual interest of the latter, and carries with it all the instructive qualities of the former. Although these contests are, in a greater or less degree familiar to all, either through the medium of traditionary and romantic story, or the graver chronicles of contemporary and succeeding narrators, a separate and compact detail of their origin and progress is yet almost a desideratum in our language, and scarcely supplied in another tongue by the voluminous work of Michaud.\*

For inquiry and speculation, they furnish a theme which cannot easily be surpassed. In tracing the progress of Europe from barbaric ignorance to enlightened refinement; from the Cimmerian darkness of the middle ages, to the noonday light of the present time, it is impossible to pass on without feeling the importance, and pausing to review the effects of those confessedly stupendous instances of human folly, bigotry, superstition, and crime—the wars of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries,—so impiously misnamed “Holy.”

Writers of all countries are agreed in their opinion as to their injustice; but a wide difference of sentiment prevails regarding the inquiries which have been instituted into their results. One class aver that they retarded the march of improvement, deepened the gloom of superstition, and rivetted, for a while, the chains of the human mind. Another

\* This was written before the appearance of Mr. Stebbing's excellent compendium, and even before the perusal of Mill's flowery but superficial volumes.

deduce from them consequences diametrically the reverse of these; and attribute to them the rapid advance which knowledge and freedom have made since their era, while they confess, at the same time, that such ameliorations were not in the contemplation of their projectors. In short, one party conceive that, as they had their rise in bigotry and superstition, their effects preserved a strong paternal likeness; and that evil, with little countervailing good, resulted from them: a second, that, upon the whole, they were beneficial to mankind, or admit that, though they had bad consequences, these ceased almost with themselves, while their advantages even yet survive, are felt, and ought to be gratefully remembered.

To reconcile such contrariety of opinion would neither be easy nor of advantage to the cause of Truth. To form a judgment for ourselves, from actual examination of the historical details, is a method which must immediately suggest itself as the wisest and safest for arriving at a well-founded and rational conclusion. And this we shall now attempt, at least in so far as we are enabled to do so by an investigation of the first and, with one exception, most important and striking, but, at all events, most characteristic though least known of these expeditions.

During the last quarter of the eleventh century, Europe had rung with the angry reclamations of the head of the Catholic Church, and the Emperor of the Romans. Excommunications and threats, insults and defiancees were rapidly exchanged between them. Faction was in arms, and the Pope and the temporal Sovereign of Germany divided the western world. This controversy agitated for a while the inert and cumbrous mass of which society, in that age, consisted. The topmost branches of a huge tree were shaken, but the trunk remained unmoved. The body of the people remain disinterested, because

ignorant spectators. Debasing superstition and brutish and unlettered apathy, froze up the mental, and shackled the physical energies of man. The feudal system had begun to totter; but its trembling as yet only served to gall and distract the hapless wretches round whose necks its chains were rivetted. Every petty baron was the absolute monarch of his little territory—the unrestricted lord of the lives, liberties, and property of his serfs. He waged war, and coined money; tried prisoners, and sealed their doom. His castle was the stronghold for plunder—whose acquisition was his amusement; his business, the destruction of life and the invasion of property. The clergy were his tools and the sharers of his spoils—seldom exhorting the people but to combat; oftener at the head of a band of desperadoes than of a procession of penitents; and more frequently seen in contact with the lance and glaive than with the crosier and crucifix. Learning slept. Chivalry graced the courts of monarchs and the tilt-yards of barons, but its more ennobling influences were unfelt and unseen beyond the narrow precincts of these.

The empire of the successors of the Caesars trembled and shrunk before the fierce strides of the disciples of Islamism. Greater luxury and refinement reigned in the Byzantine territories, than among the Latins or the Teutonic nations. What was termed Learning, in the East, was still, though but coldly, cherished; yet the vigour of intellectual power, as well as the strength and spring of young existence, was even there visibly awanting in letters.

The sun of Saracenic glory set with Almamoun, the son of Al Raschid. Its still lingering beams were at this period obscured by the factious warfare of those emirs and governors who owned a nominal obedience to the caliphs, though they were in fact their masters.



Such was the aspect of those countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the Bosphorus, during the last decade of the eleventh century. These features were speedily to undergo a change; at least, the energies of the world were soon to receive a new direction, and a violent impetus.

It is a natural, noble, and romantic feeling that which prompts us to hold in reverence the very soil upon which illustrious men have trod, and the scenes amid which they have sojourned. The external face of nature seems to speak of them, and every rock appears to have a conscious remembrance of their presence. Illustrious and important events consecrate their localities. Athens and Rome are only heaps of ruins; but Demosthenes still fulmines from beneath the porticoes of the one, and the eloquence of Tully seems yet to be heard in the Forum of the other.

If the recollections associated with patriotism and literature, then, are so animating, how much more grand, lofty, and impressive must those be which have their source in the religious feelings of our nature, and in which our reason, our gratitude, and our admiration mingle. A race of warriors and kings may render a scene memorable, but faiths are more durable than dynasties—a present pious aspiration more powerful than any recollected worldly association. The Capitol and the Acropolis are remembered; the mount of Olives and Gethsemane are revered. Jerusalem is the home of the heart; Palestine the mother-country of Christians.

“ Over its acres walked those blessed feet  
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

God was flesh within its bounds; its paths have been trod by the world's Saviour; the bodily voice of the Eternal hath

sounded on its shores ! Sentiments of deep attachment to the Holy Land have prevailed from the earliest ages of Christianity. St. Jerome tells us that pilgrimages to it, prompted by an exaggeration of such feelings, began to be practised immediately after the Ascension ; and, according to St. Augustine, in foreign climes even its dust was held in holy reverence.

Palestine, a barren rocky territory, one hundred and thirty-five miles in length, beneath a scorching sun, destitute of fertility, and now almost without vegetation, has yet, from the associations connected with it, been a favourite residence of Christians since their Master's time. Jerusalem, its metropolis, was, about the eightieth year of the Christian era, destroyed by Titus. Fifty years after, it was partly rebuilt by the emperor Adrian ; and the shrines of Venus and Apollo held worshippers where the incense of the Levites, and the prayers of Christians had ascended. The latter class were notwithstanding tolerated, it is true, within its walls, but their faith made few proselytes till it was embraced by Constantine, and until his mother, Helena, visited the holy places of this oft devastated city. By her command the rubbish which enveloped these was removed ; and the wide bounds of a spacious church circumscribed and protected them from the ravages of time and the gaze of the vulgar. The fourth century saw Christianity triumphant in the Hebrew capital ; but in A. D. six hundred and forty-seven, it was captured by the Saracens. Alternately under the dominion of the caliphs of Bagdad and of Cairo, for nearly three centuries it experienced the usual fate of conquered territories which become a subject of contention :—change of rule was but variety of oppression. In the year nine hundred and sixty-nine, the Egyptian dynasty remained in possession of it, but was in its turn superseded by the Seljuk Turks, or Turcomans, a wild race of hardy mercenaries, who had been summoned from their native hills by the

caliphs of the Abassidian race, to wage war against those who were the decendants of Omar. When success crowned their arms, with the faithlessness characteristic of mercenaries, they turned them against their employers—and were victorious. In one thousand and ninety four, the Egyptians dispossessed them, and they in turn gave way to the hordes of Ghengiz Khan. Forty four years before that period, the Christians had erected a temple for their religious service, with an hospital for the reception of the pilgrims, who still journeyed to the sacred spot. During the enlightened reigns of the caliphs Al Raschid, Almamoun, and Motassem, the Christians enjoyed perfect immunity; but that dynasty was at length dethroned, and its empire eventually overthrown. Hakem, a succeeding emir, in the wantonness of power, destroyed the church of the sepulchre; and the haughty Turks, who had not the same fondness for literature as their Arabic precursors, judging of all Christians by the weakness and effeminacy of their neighbours, the Greeks, took every opportunity to oppress and trample on the believers in that faith. Nevertheless, palm-bearing pilgrims from every country in the world, thronged to the Holy Land;—what had at first been voluntary devotion, came at length to be deemed a necessary sacrifice; and every tribe and kindred of Christendom had of its numbers some who crowded around the undiminished, itself re-producing, “*real*” \* Cross—the discovery of which had been announced to the world; or who, when that palled on the credulity of Europe, thronged to light their tapers at the pretendedly miraculous flame which then appeared, and it is said, still appears on the vigil of Easter, with healing power in its lambent flashes. The gift of tongues

\* Lord Mahon, in a paper recently read before the Society of Antiquarians, has brought together, with great research and skill, all that is really known respecting this relic.

would have been useful to the ministering impostors, but Venetian gazettas and Greek byzants formed, in those days, a language universally understood. Even women flocked in crowds, and Ingulph tells us of a troop of seven thousand individuals of both sexes, who journeyed with scrip and staff to and from the holy sepulchre, many of them endeavouring to bear from Palestine, on their return homeward, something, in the shape of Turkish paras, more valuable than relics, in exchange for the merchandise which they had carried thither.

The Christian sojourners were often shockingly used, and infamously robbed by the profligate Turks, who, in turns, possessed the city; but the pious Moslems respected their motives,—themselves holding Jerusalem in as much reverence as did either Jew or Gentile; and the mosque of Omar, as the latter did the hill of Calvary. Travellers are prone to exaggerate; and the accounts which those who visited the Holy Land on their return gave of their sufferings and treatment at the tomb of Christ, attracted general sympathy. Twenty years after the establishment of the power of the Seljuk Turks in Jerusalem, and when the miseries of the Christian sojourners in that city were at their height, Peter of Amiens paid it a visit. In his youth, as a warrior, he had served under the banners of Eustace de Bouillon, and had married the descendant of a noble house; but being now old and poor, he sought, in his advanced years, for happiness, honour, and distinction, in the character of an anchorite and priest. From his affectedly solitary life, he received the appellation of “Peter the Hermit:” but the bustle, of society was, in reality, preferred by him to the quiet and tranquillity of solitude. He was meagre, thin, and emaciated in person, and diminutive in stature; but his imagination was strong and fervid. He fancied himself an envoy of heaven, and declared himself called upon, in a vision, by the Most High, to

go forth into the world as an apostle and a wanderer. Clad in russet weeds, he arrived in Palestine, after a painful and perilous journey; for,

“ A true devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble step!”

and communed, with the patriarch Simeon, on the oppressions which his brethren suffered.

The support of the Christian nations of the world, it was thought by these venerable fathers, would establish their faith on an imperishable foundation, and cause the citizens of such states to be, in future, respectfully treated by their Paynim foes. The Greek Emperor, Alexius, could afford no assistance; but Latin nations possessed both the will and the power to aid them. An invasion of Palestine then was determined on, and Peter repaired to the successor in the papal chair of the ambitious Gregory, and implored his countenance in the scheme of preaching through Christendom, for the purpose of rousing the nations to arms against the enemies of the Cross. The idea of such a war was not altogether new, for so early as the year nine hundred and eighty-six, Gerbert, archbishop of Ravenna, afterwards Sylvester II. addressed letters to “The Church Universal,” urging its members to the prosecution of a similar scheme; but these led to no other result than a predatory descent of the crews of certain of the barques of Pisa on the Saracenic shores. In one thousand and seventy-three, Manuel Comnenus, the seventh Greek emperor of that name, supplicated the then Roman Pontiff, Gregory, to aid him in the defence of his territories. Fifty thousand men were equipped for the purpose; but the expedition never reached, nor, indeed, sailed for its destination, Constantinople,—for Palestine was not in reality its aim.

Urban II. received Peter with open arms, and, after consulting

with Bohëmond, the prince of Tarentum, but a baron of Norman descent, he acceded to the requests of the Hermit. The latter, dressed in a coarse woollen shirt, and hermit's mantle, with a rope round his middle, traversed the greater part of Europe, preaching to the people, and exhorting them to arm against the infidels of the East. His eloquence was wild and fervid; and it was listened to with a corresponding enthusiasm. The flame was already kindled and sympathy warmly excited, when, in one thousand and ninety-five, the Tuscan and Lombard ecclesiastics, by order of the Pope, met in general council at Placentia, and added dignity to the force of the general sentiment. Two hundred bishops, four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars there received the ambassadors of Alexius Comnenus, and were unanimous in their opinion as to the necessity of the contemplated war. Towards the close of the same year, a still larger and more enthusiastic assemblage took place at Clermont, the capital of lower Auvergne. Individuals from all parts of France and Germany flocked to its deliberations, which were held in an open square, for no apartment could contain the throng,—the crowds, indeed, being forced to abide in tents, &c. On the eighth day of their sitting, the Pope addressed them from an elevated platform, and by his forcible appeal to their piety and their passions, wrought up their enthusiasm to the highest pitch. When he had concluded, cries of “Deus Vult!” “Deus le Vult!” “Deus el Vult!” resounded from every mouth. “It is the will of God!” was re-echoed by all; and Urban ordered that these words should be their battle cry. “God wills, my children, said he, that you should redeem his favoured land from pollution. The weak and infirm will remain in Europe, the rich will succour the poor, and my benediction shall be with you! Let every one wear on his breast or back the sign of the Cross of our Lord, for he who takes

not up his cross and follows him, is not worthy of him." Thus concluded the head of the visible church, and groans, acclamations, tears, and applause, were the responses of the throng. The multitude knelt, Cardinal Gregory petitioned heaven for their prosperity, and the Pope absolved and blessed them. Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, was the first who received the sacred badge; and the proceedings concluded, by declaring the Truce of God—as a general agreement to abstain from private wars had been termed—perpetual, from the evening of Wednesday till the morning of the succeeding Monday, in each week, and after bailing the announcement of the accession to their cause of the powerful Raymond, Count of Thoulouse.

The fifteenth day of the succeeding month of August had been fixed upon as the time for setting out on the expedition; but such were the crowds that gathered to the standard of the Hermit, that he thought such delay to be unnecessary.

Of the motives of those who thronged round the banner of the Cross, various explanations have been given. The fervour of pure religious enthusiasm, though powerful in many, and the ostensible one with all, was far from being either the paramount or universal incitement. Terror drove thousands to take arms, for the belief was universal that the "latter days" were come, and that the end of the world was at hand. Meteors, fiery crosses, and other portents, flamed in the midnight air, and seemed to threaten the reluctant with the vengeance of insulted heaven. To the estimated numbers brought from their homes by the influence of piety and fear, may be added, too, a considerable portion, who, from the mere love of the profession of arms, and the exhilarating excitements of warfare, were well pleased to find such an opportunity for giving scope to their propensities. The mere hatred of the disciples of the prophet and of all scornors of Christianity animated numbers, a portion of whom even gloried in the

prospect of a crown of martyrdom, and bade adieu to their homes without a sigh, triumphing in the thought that their ashes would repose in the hallowed earth of Palestine. The ambitious and daring, too, had their hopes. A band of three hundred Norman pilgrims, on their return from a former devotional visit, had turned aside from their route, and won for themselves a kingdom and its wealth:—the ancestors of Bohēmond had reigned in Naples, why might not better armed adventures gain as fair a prize in the wild and romantic lands of the East, which tradition and fancy had painted rich as Avarice itself could wish for? The immediate temporal inducements too, which were held out, were urgent and powerful. The debtor who carried the Cross was freed from the importunities and proceedings of his creditors; the loan raised for his equipment paid no interest during the borrower's absence; nor were taxes to be exacted from the properties of the emigrants, within the same term. The serfs of fœdral lords might, in despite of their liege superiors, alienate their lands for so holy a purpose as to join the banners of the Cross; the mercy of the ecclesiastical law displaced the severer rules of civil codes, in regard to all who so left their homes; and a full and plenary remission of sins was besides proclaimed to the holy warriors. Never before had an army such need of the latter boon as that which assembled in obedience to the decrees of the Council of Placentia! Robbers, murderers, pirates, and monsters, stained with every crime, hastened, in the thought to wash away their guilt and win the approbation of their offended God, to engage in the sacred contest!

These facts and considerations explain in part the causes and nature of the vast assemblage which the papal tocsin called together. Fulcher tells us, that six millions of individuals took the Cross, but of these it is impossible to doubt that many were forced to join the cause at the command of their liege lords;



and that many more crowded to the ranks, as the only alternative for avoiding the oppressive exactions to which those who remained behind were forced to submit. Fashion, too, doubtless had its votaries, and assisted in adding to the numbers, as also that feeling of shame which the able bodied must have experienced when they saw, in despite of all difficulties and prohibitions, even the softer sex, arming for the contest, and disguising themselves to escape detection and, its consequence, detention. Such, indeed, was the mania, that the very frame of European society appears to have been dissolved, and the ties of charity broken. In short, in the words of Princess Anna Comnena, “the western world seemed broken up, and ready to precipitate itself upon the wealthier east.” Nations, rather than armies, were assembled, and in the spring of one thousand and ninety six, this living mass of enthusiasm was ready to proceed to its destination. The first division, consisting of twenty thousand foot, and only eight horsemen, was led on by a Burgundian gentleman, called Walter, and, from his poverty, surnamed the Pennyless. The horde proceeded on their route through Hungary, and were warmly welcomed by its Christian king. The Bulgarian subjects of Alexius were less hospitable, denying, by his representative’s orders, the necessary supplies of food. A quarrel was the natural result, and the French Croisaders—for from their symbol and object, such they termed themselves—were destroyed in a church to which they had fled for sanctuary. But Walter escaped from the flames, kindled by revenge and national dislike, and reached the Greek capital. Meantime, a rabble composed of men, women, and children, in families and tribes, accompanied the fanatic Peter on the same errand, and by the same route. Agricultural cars and the domestic oxen, shod for the occasion, bore whole families and their household wares to the expected *el Dorado*; and the children of the wanderers,

we are told, whenever they approached a large town, eagerly inquired if that was the long looked for Jerusalem? The horde passed the southern frontier of Hungary unmolested; but on reaching Maelville, the recollection of the contests which their precursors had been obliged to sustain with the inhabitants of the district, roused their revenge, and the unoffending town was taken by assault. Neither age nor sex was spared. Carloman marched to the relief of his subjects, and Peter hastened to cross the Säve. His passage was opposed, and his ranks thinned in the contest which followed. On reaching Nissa, the pilgrims were hospitably treated, but returned evil upon the heads of their benefactors. The citizens rose in arms, and ten thousand of Peter's rabble fell a prey to their revenge. At length, passing through Philippopoli, they reached Byzantium, and joined themselves to Walter. Alexius lavished favours upon them, yet they showed their gratitude by pillaging palaces and churches, with the spoil to procure themselves additional means of intoxication and excess. They were, at their own request, at length transported across the Bosphorus; but in Bythynia, they renewed and aggravated their offences. Crime is the companion of superstition; and it is not surprising that a rabble who had sanctified a goose and a goat, and believed these inspired by heaven to lead them, should have given themselves up to the vilest excesses. The efforts of fanaticism are daring—almost to a proverb. Peter had led thousands from their homes, and they had till now implicitly obeyed his mandates. At this period, however, the commands of their leaders were disregarded, and even religious edifices became their prey. He deserted them and returned to Constantinople. A party of them, chiefly Frenchmen, after ravaging the country to the very walls of Nice, and capturing and for a time possessing the fortress of Xerigord, to avoid in turn the horrors of a siege, embraced Islamism

without reluctance, and were received with open arms by their Turkish foes, who, in the meantime, entrapped the main body into an ambuscade; and, of their immense numbers, only three thousand escaped the Moslem scimitars. The bones of the slain were collected into a mighty monumental pile, to serve as a warning to future invaders. The most beautiful of the women were reserved for the seraglio, and the scattered remnant were enabled, by the aid of Alexius, obtained through the intercession of Peter, to return to Constantinople. Shortly after the Hermit's departure from Europe, Godeschall, a German priest, headed a band of fifteen thousand fiery zealots, in their journey from Lorraine, by the route the former Cross-bearers had pursued. In their crimes they equalled their predecessors. A young Hungarian was impaled alive in the market place of a town, to gratify their cruelty. His insulted countrymen demanded redress and revenge; and, dispossessed by treachery of their arms, the pilgrims were indiscriminately massacred. Few escaped to give a recital of their misfortunes and sufferings. The fourth division of the Crusaders, which issued from Flanders, France, and England, expended their holy fury on the wealthy Jews of Germany, thousands of whom fell beneath their weapons—thousands of them, too, it is said, immolated their wives and children to save them from pollution, and evaded the cruelty and avarice of the holy robbers, by throwing themselves and their treasures into the Moselle. Satiated with Hebrew blood, two hundred thousand individuals, of whom only three thousand were horsemen, hurried on to the south, and their path was marked by rapine and its attendant crimes. At Mersbourg, they forced the passage of the Danube, and assaulted the town, but, cowardly as they were cruel, a panic seized them—they were repulsed, and the stream was for weeks dyed with the blood of the slain. The small remnant who survived returned to Europe, and many

joined the ranks of the regular chiefs, who were now arming their vassals for the consecrated war. So horrible had been their barbarities, that thus, without exciting a single regret for their fate, perished a quarter of a million of wretches, whose warfare was not dignified by one single act of a redeeming character! Of the two hundred and seventy-five thousand who actually marched from Europe, but very few survived the perpetration of their crimes.

While the bones of the first Crusaders whitened on the plains of Bythynia, the chivalry of Europe was girding itself for the contest. The gallant and the brave now occupy the picture of the historian, and, bigotted as were their views, stand out in the foreground with freshness and relief, from the odious atrocities of the undisciplined hordes who were their precursors in the field. As many chiefs as marched to the Trojan war, assumed the Cross of their Lord, and swore to redeem his sepulchre. Tasso tells us, that on glancing around their blazoned titles,

“ Godfrey we see, who burned with zeal to chase  
From Zion’s walls the Pagan’s impious race,  
And, while religious fires his breast inflame,  
Despised all worldly empire, wealth, and fame.  
Tancred we see his life no longer prize,  
The insensate victim of a woman’s eyes.  
And Boemond too!” \*

Godfrey VI. Lord of Bouillon and Duke of Brabant, was the chief most distinguished for his valour, moderation, and wisdom, among those who assumed the Cross. He possessed many of the attributes of a hero—brave, but courteous and gentle; enterprising, yet wise in council and calm in judgment; his ardour won the love of the young, and his gravity of deportment

and sincerity of religious feeling, gained him the respect of the aged and the wise. A lingering fever was consuming his strength when the expedition was planned, but the enthusiasm of the hero overcame the physical weakness of the man, and he "dight him" for the combat with alacrity; led his own bauds and those of his brother Baldwin, of his relation De Bourg, and of many other knights high in fame, who were proud to march beneath his standard. The troops under his command proceeded in an orderly manner to the frontiers of Hungary, where he was met by the ambassadors of Carloman; and Godfrey's brother became an hostage for the good conduct of the forces. What they received from the Hungarians they paid for, and, unmolested, arrived at Constantinople, where Alexius refreshed them after the toils of their long and tedious journey.

The brother of the French king speedily followed with the pilgrims of northern France, England, and Flanders, in his train. Hugh, Count of Vermandois, such was his name and title, was brave and accomplished, but lofty and proud. He commanded the admiration of his followers, but seldom won their love. Stephen, Count of Blois, one of the most powerful of French barons, whose castles, minstrels were wont to say, were as numerous as the days of the year, accompanied him; as did also one, not his inferior in power, Robert, Count of Flanders. Robert of Normandy, the eldest son of the Conqueror, and rightful heir to the English throne, also attached himself to the army of Hugh. He was, however, then better fitted for the convivial board and gallant tournament than to rule a turbulent people. The Norman and English Crusaders were under his command.

The armament of Hugh pursued a new route: it crossed the Alps with the intention of embarking at some Italian seaport; but after receiving a consecrated standard from the successor of

St. Peter, it allowed its strength to be enervated by a too long indulgence in the luxuries of Italy. At length embarked, two dangers awaited the chiefs and their forces. Alexius was alarmed at the preparations of Europe, and trembled for the safety of his own sceptre amid the warfare that was about to take place. He ordered his fleet to intercept the vessels bearing the soldiers of Hugh, whose intentions had been pompously announced to him by a special mission. They escaped this threatened danger only to meet a second, but unlooked for and severer one. The fleets were stranded on the Greek coast; and Hugh was sent as a prisoner to Constantinople, where he was flattered and cozened into an acknowledgment and oath of fealty and subordination to the descendant of the Cæsars. Godfrey felt eager to avenge this insulting violation of the rights of hospitality, and threatened an invasion of the neighbourhood of the capital. Thither he was amicably invited, but all negotiations failed, from the duplicity of Alexius, who endeavoured to draw the Latin forces into an ambuscade, and the city was actually besieged. The troops of Baldwin had begun to enter it as conquerors, when Vermandois consented to become mediator, and was successful in appeasing the anger of the irritated Godfrey, who, at length, was prevailed upon to take the oath of homage to the Grecian monarch, as a means of securing to his army the necessaries and comforts of which it stood so much in need. Alexius adopted him as his son, and styled him the champion of his empire.

In the month of March, one thousand and ninety seven, Godfrey resumed the prosecution of his original purpose, and, with his troops, crossed the Hellespont, and encamped at Chalcedon. The count of Flanders had previously joined him, after having, with his followers, been captured by the Grecian galleys; and when he had followed the example of Hugh and

Godfrey in swearing fealty to Alexius. In the November preceding, Bohëmond, Prince of Tarentum, had sailed, in company with his relative Tancred, and a numerous train of followers from Italy, to carry on the purposes both of his own ambition and the holy war—for the prosecution of which he feigned an anxiety that he did not feel. He was stern and hypocritical; treacherous, but valiant. He had some of the virtues and all the vices of a tyrant and pirate: to the profession of the latter he had been bred. The young Tancred, on the other hand, was the very mirror of all that was noble in knighthood, accomplished in gallantry, and courteous in chivalry. Native dignity sat on his manly brow, and his noble presence and valiant bearing extorted the applause even of his enemies. After encountering some perils and obstructions, the forces of these two knights reached their immediate destination—Constantinople. Here all the arts and blandishments and briberies of an eastern court were called into play to procure the oath of fealty from Bohëmond and Tancred, to the Grecian monarch. With the former they were successful,—but his price was enormous: the honour of the young and gallant cavalier was never sullied. To avoid the degrading ceremony, he passed the Bosphorus, disguised as a common soldier; and thus exhibited a proud contrast to the servility of his elder coadjutors and superiors in rank.

Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, was the next leader who joined the assembled armies. Lord of the fair and smiling plains of Provence, his proud but cold ambition yet spurred him on, in the hope of winning an empire in the east. The Bishop of Puy, the Prince of Orange, and other dignitaries followed in his train. His troops passed through Lombardy and Dalmatia, where, alarmed by their numbers, the natives harassed and distressed them. When they arrived within the boundaries of the Greek empire, their reception was not more friendly, though

the outward semblance of respect was worn. Raymond declined the offers of Alexius, which were to be in return for the homage the latter wished to receive. The crafty Greek dreaded his power and independence, and gave secret orders for the destruction of his host. His troops were attacked at midnight, and panic and slaughter spread through their ranks; yet before the close of the combat, they were victorious to their utmost wish. Immediate and exterminating war was threatened by Raymond, as a punishment due to such perfidy; but he was dissuaded from his purpose, and even at last—through the skilful diplomacy of the Emperor, who flattered his envy and ambition, by offering to establish him in his councils as a counterpoise to the overgrowing power of the Prince of Tarentum—induced to yield a qualified allegiance to the subtle monarch.

After the assembled forces of the chiefs had advanced into Asia, and had left behind the blandishments of the Byzantine capital, they were joined by the squalid remnants of the Hermit's forces, as well as by the abler and more vigorous troops of Robert of Normandy and the Count of Chartres, who had passed through Constantinople with their forces, after paying the necessary homage to its royal master.

In the month of May, one thousand and ninety-seven, the assembled legions, to the number, if we can credit contemporary chroniclers, of seven hundred thousand soldiers and pilgrims, were reviewed on the vast plains round the city of Nice. One hundred thousand of these, we are told, were knights, mounted on gallant steeds, and clad in mail, attended by their train of squires and men-at-arms.

It was soon determined to besiege this city, the strength and art of the fortifications of which astonished the leaders of the Cross. Their forces were stationed round different parts of the wall, according to the commander's rank, and each party separately,



and, without combination, urged the prosecution of the attack. The resistance was manly, and the carnage great on both sides, without the Christians making much progress in their efforts, till the Lake Ascanius, on the shores of which the town is situated, was blockaded by the vessels of Alexius, whose forces were advancing to the spot, without, however, intending to join themselves to the Latins. On the twenty-fourth of June, in spite of two attacks by the Sultan Killidge Arslan, on the rear of the besiegers, who had fortified with success the hill of bones, the remnant and the memorial of the fate of their predecessors, the garrison found that further resistance was useless, and consented, through the intrigues of Alexius, to capitulate to his forces, rather than to those of Godfrey. They took possession of the town, and the men whose blood had been shed in its siege, were permitted only to enter, survey it, and pass on. The discipline of the Crusaders during the time they lay before the city, it is agreed on all hands, was strict and unexceptionable. Friendship and religion were the bonds which restrained the licentiousness of the soldiery, and, after the example of their gallant and pious leader, they all held their temporal advantages in common. But the aspect of the camp was soon to change in that feature. The chiefs, with one exception, here renewed their oath of fealty to Alexius. The noble Tancred alone persevered in a refusal to consent to that degradation.

On the third day of July, the followers of the Cross took their departure from Nice, and bent their steps towards the Holy City. On the banks of a river, in the valley of Gorgon, the Sultan whom they had repulsed, unexpectedly, and with vigour, attacked a detached portion of the troops. Tancred and Bohëmond were at their head, but they were panic-struck, and the Turkish force was overwhelming. In vain the former performed prodigies of individual valour,—his forces gave way;

but at this critical moment, reinforcements arrived from Count Raymond and other chiefs, and the day was retrieved. The Crusaders, animated by the exhortations of the women who accompanied them, charged to their ancient battle-cry, and routed their foes. The gorgeous spoils of the field amply repaid the dangers of the day.

The march through Phrygia, which, after a repose of three days, they commenced, was fraught with misery. The country was desolate, the soil sterile, the season summer, and the climate baneful to European constitutions. In one day, five hundred soldiers perished. Water was worth its weight in silver, and the first stream the troops arrived at, they plunged into it with the ravenous eagerness of savages, and experienced all the evils of a too sudden transition from the extreme of scarcity to unguarded plenty.

While the army reposed from its fatigues at Antiochetta, whither it had arrived, a portion of it, under the command of Tancred and Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, was dispatched to achieve the conquest of Cilicia. Tarsus, its chief city, fell before the victorious army of Tancred, who had first arrived in its vicinity, but Baldwin, on his arrival, claimed pre-eminence. This was indignantly rejected by his young compeer, and open hostility, with varied success to the parties, was the result. Baldwin at length relinquished the contest, left Tancred in full possession of the disputed territories, and, returning to his brother, then ill from a wound received in hunting, rejoined the main body of the Crusaders at Marascha, whither they had arrived, after passing through Iconium and Heraclea. His reception in the camp, however, was such as his ambitious and selfish conduct merited. He retired in disgust with a few followers, and Pancrates, an Armenian prince, and fought and plundered his way to Edessa, a Greek town, nominally dependant upon

Constantinople. At that time it was threatened with invasion by its Turkish neighbours, the Ortokites, and the inhabitants hailed Baldwin and his band as deliverers. Upon their solicitation, their aged duke, Thoros, with a singular ceremony, adopted Baldwin as his son and successor, and placed the resources of the state in his hands. The venerable man soon after fell a victim to popular fury, and Baldwin was seated on the throne of the little territory of Edessa.

While these events were taking place in Mesopotamia, the main army was advancing towards the Syrian capital, which, after they had been saved from annihilation in a Turkish ambuscade before Antesia, by the valour and foresight of Tancred, the troops invested, on the twenty-first of October, one thousand and ninety-seven.

Antioch, washed on its western side by the Orontes, was carefully fortified and well garrisoned with a body of Turks and auxiliaries, commanded by a grandson of the celebrated Malek Shah. Its formidable appearance somewhat dispirited the Latin chiefs, but the mode of attack was at length determined on. The operations, however, were so unskilfully conducted, that, after three months had been consumed, the city remained uninjured. Plenty, even to profusion, had prevailed at first, but a frightful famine soon desolated the Christian camp. The price of a kid was increased twenty fold, and even human flesh became an article of food. Pestilence, the train-bearer of Famine, soon made its appearance, and the cavalry were reduced from being seventy thousand strong, to a thirty-fifth part of that number. Desertion lent its aid in thinning their ranks, and cruelty and licentiousness,—in all ages, equally the offspring of extreme luxury or absolute want,—caused the conduct of the army to show in painful contrast to their behaviour before Nice. Now, indeed, Godfrey was ill, and confined to his tent, and Bohëmond

was at liberty to cause some Turkish prisoners to be roasted alive, and to threaten to use their mangled carcasses as food. Peter the Hermit, the original instigator of the expedition, here gave a memorable instance of his cowardice: he was detected in an attempt to escape, along with some others, who had pretended equal zeal in the cause; but it is gratifying to add, he was reluctantly forced to return. The Fatamite Sultan, hearing of the famished state of the besiegers, sent an embassy to their camp from Cairo, supposing that they would, in the condition in which they then were, be glad to make peace on the terms he proffered, which embraced, among other boons, full and free permission for every Christian to visit and even reside for a month in Jerusalem unmolested. The haughty Latins disdained the offer, and treated the embassy with all the outward pomp and show they yet were masters of; and Raymond and Bohëmond, about this time, met and totally routed an army of relief, which the neighbouring potentates had sent to the succour of Antioch. They gave no quarter to their prisoners, and, in brutal mockery, shot their heads and mangled limbs within the walls of the beleagured city. After five months of gradually increasing privation had elapsed, Pisa and Genoa generously forwarded reinforcements and provisions to the besieging army. The welcome tidings spread through the camp, and gladness again beamed on the faces of the emaciated soldiery. The besieged, taking advantage of the temporary confusion consequent, sallied out, and a dreadful battle ensued. They were at first victorious, but the Christians rallied, and turned the scale of triumph. Their chiefs, more particularly the beloved Godfrey, performed here deeds of prowess, equalling those of the wildest fictions of romance. The son of Baghasian, the commander in Antioch, and two thousand of his troops fell on the plain; but the victors again sullied

their laurels, by perpetrating the vilest and most unmanly cruelties upon the persons of the prisoners and the remains of the slain. Dissensions and quarrels on the most trifling subjects, too, began now to prevail among the chiefs, and desertion again thinned their ranks and disgraced, particularly in the person of the Count of Chartres, the holy cause. Stratagem and perfidy at length procured for the Crusaders what all their bravery could not win. An Armenian, named Phirouz, entered into a correspondence with Bohëmond, and, for a stipulated sum, on the night of the third of June, opened one of the gates of the town to the troops under his command. The Norman's banner, in the morning, floated over the battlements, and all the soldiers of the Cross, with the affirmatory cry of "God wills it!" rushed on to the massacre of the garrison and inhabitants, who had so long defied their utmost efforts. The most savage cruelties were indiscriminately perpetrated, and neither the infant nor the aged, the helpless nor the fair, were excepted from the general butchery. When murder had glutted itself, plunder concluded the scene.

For his services in procuring an entrance to the city, Bohëmond had stipulated for the sovereignty of the conquered town and principality: this was acceded to him, but his empire was not long an undisturbed one. The whole Moslem nations, on the fall of Nice, had taken alarm for the safety of their common faith. The Persians were the first who took up arms, and the monarch of that country despatched Kerboga, his prime minister and ablest subject, with a powerful force to the relief of Antioch. His time was wasted in an unsuccessful attempt to conquer the newly established kingdom of Edessa; and Antioch had fallen before he arrived beneath his walls. It was, however, immediately and vigourously besieged, and in a short time the Crusaders had again to endure, and in an aggravated form, all

the horrors of famine. The strictness of the blockade could not be evaded, and the vilest filth served for food to the soldiery. Every opportunity of desertion was embraced, and the fugitives so terrified the vacillating Alexius, who was about to advance to the relief of the besieged, that he abandoned his design, and left them to apparently hopeless despair.

But superstition again exerted its sway in kindling their dormant energies and enthusiasm. Bohëmond had ordered the destruction of the soldier's quarters by fire, with a view to keep them on the ramparts, but in vain. The popular belief in a pretended vision, seen by a Lombard clerk, however, who declared that the Son of Man had revealed to him the spot where the spear that pierced his side was concealed, and had ordered him to recover it, effected the purpose of invigorating the troops. The spear was found, as might have been expected, by the dreaming impostor himself, and at its appearance, twenty-six days of misery were forgotten, and courage and confidence again assumed. The chiefs pledged themselves anew to an adherence to the sacred cause, and Peter was despatched as an ambassador to Kerboga, to ascertain upon what terms he would be willing to raise the siege, seeing that heaven had now directly, by revelation, interposed its potent aid to protect the soldiers of the Cross. Peter was received with the cold dignity his unpolished rudeness merited, and he returned to the city without receiving any satisfaction as to the subject of his mission. The warriors of Christendom heard with indignation the contempt with which their envoy had been treated, and prepared themselves for an immediate sortie, sure of the visible interference of God on their behalf. The next day, the twenty-eighth of June, was the anniversary of St. Peter and St. Paul, and on the morning of it, at an early hour, the troops marched out of the city, preceeded by their priests, imploring heaven for their success,

and singing psalms of exultation and confidence. Their attack was unexpected, and at first successful; but Kerboga, who was a skilful commander, rallied his troops and threatened to prove the inefficiency of the holy lance as a weapon in battle. At this perilous moment, it seemed to the longing eyes of the Crusaders as if heaven had at length vouchsafed the expected assistance to its servants. Three figures, clothed in white, and believed to be the Saints George, Maurice, and Theodore, were seen animating and leading on the fainting squadrons, and new energy and vigour appeared at the moment to enter into all. Kerboga fled, and the victory was complete. So vast was the plunder of the camp, that it almost surpassed the ocular belief of those who had won it. Every one had enriched himself, and yet an overplus remained, which was devoted to the endowment and embellishment of the Christian churches, which were, now that no enemy was near, re-established with appropriate pomp in Antioch.

The common soldiers in a short time became clamorous to march on without delay to Jerusalem, but their chiefs thought the repose of three months necessary to recruit their wasted strength. A reproachful message was in the meantime sent to the Greek emperor by Vermandois and Baldwin of Hainault. Alexius received it with contempt, while the brother of the French king felt too happy in the opportunity that the mission afforded him of leaving an enterprize of which he was heartily tired, and of returning to his native country. The ease which now succeeded the former toils of the Crusaders enervated them, and licentiousness reigned paramount and uncontrolled in the so lately devout city. Pestilence brought up the rear, and daily swept hundreds away; but few of its victims were so deeply lamented as Adhemar, Bishop of Puy. To employ their soldiers, Raymond and Bohëmond led them severally to the capture of some rich

towns in the neighbourhood of the city. Albara and Marra fell into their hands. While besieging the latter, the troops resorted to the frightful means, for saving themselves from absolute famine, of brutal and undisguised cannibalism ; and when it was conquered, they even surpassed their former selves in the commission of atrocities. A deadly feud now subsisted betwixt Raymond and the Prince of Tarentum, and the purposes of the expedition were for a time sacrificed to the gratification of selfish ambition and private revenge. Raymond at length set out on his journey, occupying Tripoli and other towns on his route ; and in March one thousand and ninety-nine was followed by the main body of the army. During the stay at one of their resting places on their route, the reality of the revelation of the lance, of which the Count of Thoulouse had been appointed keeper, began to be doubted, and new miracles were deemed necessary to confirm the original story. Peter, the Lombard Clerk, its discoverer, to prove the truth of his assertions, agreed to walk into a large fire as an ordeal, and perished in the trial.

At this period, the Caliph of Egypt, on the one hand, and Alexius on the other, endeavoured to retard or stop the march of the Crusaders on Jerusalem by negotiations and promises, but in vain. As the chiefs, by slow marches, drew near to the sacred city, their firmness increased, and they even resisted the tempting opportunities which the dissensions in the Caliphate held out to them, of enriching themselves by the conquest of Egypt. At length the wished for prospect opened to their view,—and they beheld JERUSALEM! Every danger and privation was now forgotten ; each bosom glowed with rapture, every heart thrilled with an overwhelming sense of happiness and joy. Jerusalem! was echoed by thousands of tongues, and at the repetition of the sound many a withered and toil-scarred cheek was bathed in holy and reverential tears.



It was on this spot their Divine Master had suffered for their sakes, and there his glory was made visible to men. The splendours of chivalry and knighthood, and the weapons of war were all thrown aside, and humbly and reverentially the warriors, in the guise of palmers, and bearing their distinctive symbol, advanced towards its sacred precincts. This scene of lofty enthusiasm, would serve, in the eyes of a poet, to expiate all their previous atrocities and crimes; but sublime as was the spectacle, the *feelings* of a moment cannot, in the eyes of the impartial historian, not to speak of the moralist, serve to counterbalance the *actions* of years.

The city was approached; but it had yet to be conquered. It was garrisoned by forty thousand men, well appointed; and the necessity of a regular siege soon became apparent. On the seventh day of June, one thousand and ninety-nine, it was invested. Various attacks, conducted with greater gallantry than prudence, had been made, and various engines of destruction had been used with but indifferent success, when a horrid drought began to prevail throughout the camp. It was looked upon as a direct punishment from heaven for the crimes and impiety of the army, whose manners and morals were frightfully corrupt. Fear produced a temporary reformation, and a procession round the walls of the city was determined on. To the melody of psalms and hymns, the army paraded before their contemptuous foes; and on the following morning, the final assault was begun. Powerful machines had, a few days before, been constructed, and by them, breaches were effected in the walls. The attack was made, but the resistance was tremendous. Greek fire, boiling oil, and many other missiles of destruction were poured from the ramparts on the Christians below. The fate of the day was suspended, as it were, when another miraculous appearance cheered the fainting children of the Cross. St. George, placed on the hill

of Olivet, seemed to wave his bright sword, and summon them to the charge. The visionary signal was obeyed, the walls were scaled, and the Red Cross banner was seen to float in triumph over the prostrate Crescent. Letoldus de Tournay was the first Christian who stood a conqueror within Jerusalem, his brother followed, and Godfrey was the third in succession. Even the women could not be restrained from joining in the glorious combat; and at three o'clock, on Friday the fifteenth July, one thousand and ninety-nine,—the day and hour of the crucifixion of our Lord,—the ostensible object of the war was accomplished, and the sepulchre of Christ redeemed from Paynim possessors. The vanquished Moslems fled to the sanctuary of the temple; but there, horrible to relate, ten thousand of them were massacred! The streets were inundated with a flood of human gore. Indiscriminate carnage prevailed, and even the pious Godfrey's nature appeared to change, for his sword was stained with the blood of the helpless and the innocent. The city, once in his possession, he instantly, however, threw off his slaughter-stained garments, and, clothing himself in humble weeds, on naked feet, he walked to the sepulchre of his Redeemer. All the troops and their leaders followed his example, and, stripping themselves of their armour, swore before the altar to sin no more!

The plunder of the city was considerable, and enriched the conquerors: the public property was reserved for the endowment of churches and support of the poor, while the buckler of each warrior, hung at the portal, served to point out the domicile and chattels which he had secured for himself.

Horrid fanaticism, and not, as might reasonably be supposed, the heated passions of the moment, was the cause of those atrocities, at the bare recital of which man now instinctively shudders; for, on the day succeeding the assault, three hundred

Moslems were murdered in cold blood, though Tancred had given them a standard as an assurance of protection and safety. They were unbelievers, and that was deemed a reason sufficiently powerful to justify their immolation. Every hiding-place was then searched, and not even a woman or a child would have escaped the remorseless butchery, but for the cupidity of Raymond, who saved a few of the inhabitants from immediate death, to inflict upon them the more lingering torments of slavery. If the Crusaders were prodigal of the lives of their enemies, neither were they very careful in the expenditure of their own. More than eight hundred and fifty thousand human beings perished in the enterprize, before they succeeded in capturing Jerusalem!

Only the grossest neglect, mismanagement, and ignorance, could have produced such a shocking result. Alexander the Great overran and conquered Asia with thirty thousand men, a smaller force by ten thousand than sat down before Jerusalem, and in a briefer space of time than the Crusaders took to advance to that city. Famine and delay were *their* deadliest enemies, and these they brought on themselves by their selfishness and ignorance. In perusing the details of their wholesale destruction, we hardly feel one emotion of pity for their fate.

But it is now necessary to review the civil arrangements which took place at the foundation of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. The surrounding territory, with the capital, was soon raised to that dignity; and the laws, religion, and language of the south of France, became domesticated in Palestine.

On the twenty-third of July, Godfrey of Bouillon was, by the unanimous voices of his august associates, raised to the throne of Jerusalem; but he declined wearing "the golden round of Sovereignty" in scenes where his Lord had borne a crown of thorns. To defend, and not to rule the city, was the

summit of his ambition. His reign was short but unsullied. In three hundred and sixty days from his elevation he was no more. He lived beloved and died lamented. The muse of Tasso has immortalised his name. The representatives of the church, on the death of Godfrey, artfully claimed that the sovereignty of Jerusalem should be vested in their persons; but their applications were disregarded, and in opposition to the equal rights of Raymond and Tancred, Godfrey's brother, Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, was called to the throne. He had no scruple to wear a diadem; perhaps rightly thinking with old Fuller, that "a crown might be refused with pride, and worn by humility." He did not sully it. His kingdom acquired strength and dignity under his sway, till in April, one thousand one hundred and eighteen, when engaged in invading Egypt, he was summoned to his ancestors. The last wish of the expiring monarch was, that Baldwin de Bourg, his relative and successor at Edessa, should be named to succeed him: this wish was granted, and Baldwin II. reigned till the time of his death, which took place in one thousand one hundred and thirty-one. During his sovereignty, he added largely to the extent of his dominions. Fulk, Count of Anjou, an adventurer who had married his daughter, became his successor, and held the sceptre till one thousand one hundred and forty-four. His son Baldwin III. succeeded him, when thirteen years of age. He reigned till one thousand one hundred and sixty-two. From the accession of Godfrey, till the death of Baldwin last mentioned, the state was involved in constant hostilities. The cities of Ascalon, Tyre, etc. were besieged, and on their fall were added to its territories. The monarchs were enabled to carry on these wars from the constant accessions of men which the news of the success of the holy cause induced to crowd to the sepulchre of Christ, that had been redeemed at such a price. Three supplementary Crusades took place during

the period from one thousand one hundred till one thousand one hundred and sixty-two, in which the proudest names in Europe were conspicuous. The Counts of Vermandois and Chartres returned to retrieve their fame, and the Counts of Blois, Burgundy, Vendome, Parma, Nevers, and Auxerre, successively led on legions to the Holy Land, as did also the Dukes of Aquitaine and Bavaria, and the Marchioness of Austria. Their united forces might amount to four hundred and forty thousand men, most of whom perished miserably in the wilds of Asia Minor. Siward, the Norwegian prince, too, sacrificed thousands of his followers at the siege of Ascalon. A prodigal disregard of human life is, indeed, the one grand and common pervading feature in every part of the picture of the First Crusade—the history of which concludes with the accession of Baldwin, the son of Fulk; but the reign of that monarch also comprises the commencement of the Second, the narration of which, and the succeeding enterprises, less striking in their peculiarities, and astonishing for their magnitude, have yet in some respects been made so familiar to posterity, through the medium of Romantic narrative, and laborious chronicling, as to render it necessary here to enter into their details. In the former, whether affecting the veraciousness of History, or openly wearing the gay livery of fiction, its writers have sought to hide, beneath the glare of chivalrous pomp and splendour, the repulsive features and wearisome details of a protracted and barbarous warfare; while in the latter, these have been relentlessly dwelt upon with verbose exactitude. Altogether, a brief history of the *first*, and, because such, most characteristic and influential of them, seems at once the most important to the general reader, and that with which it is most needful to furnish him. We have here attempted to supply it.

## A BUNDLE OF WISHES,

WHICH ALL MAY READ, BUT ONLY ONE CAN COMPREHEND.

Oh! for the minstrel witchery,  
     The glorious power of old,—  
 The dear resistless treachery,  
     Which *then* out-tricked even gold!  
 I mean the wiles of Poesy,  
     The sweet deceit of Song,  
 That stole the proudest maiden's heart,  
     And won more than the strong.  
 Oh! for the shepherd's pipe of Greece—  
     The cittern, reed, or lyre!  
 In place of quills, from kindred geese,—  
     A Choir—instead of Quire!  
 Oh! for the Harp of younger time,  
     Which rung in hall and bower,  
 When Chivalry was in its prime!  
     —Were I a Troubadour!  
 That I might woo—perhaps, too, win  
     That young and peerless queen,  
 On whom to gaze it seems a sin,  
     So pleasant it hath been!

But she is rich, and I am poor ;  
And that, in modern time,  
In any one who seeks to soar,  
Is a most heinous crime !  
She little dreams, while she may smile,  
With condescending glance,  
And nothing more—that all the while  
I'm in a doating trance !  
I dare not look my love to her,  
Nor mint her thrilling name ;  
Yet could she read my bashful air,  
Perchance she would not blame !  
—But how to teach her thus to guess  
At what my silence aims,  
Surpasses, faith ! I must confess,  
My very happiest schemes !  
Shall I, with sidelong ogling squints,  
Seek but to catch her e'e,  
Till it discern the true love prints  
Itself hath made on me ?  
Shall I—But no, the days are gone  
When minstrels had a chance  
To meet a high-born maid alone,  
Let alone in the dance !  
The barrier now 's no castle walls,—  
These I could climb or leap,  
Whate'er the chance of sprains or falls,—  
'Tis slippery, though, and steep :  
I mean the bounds 'twixt rich and poor,  
The bondman and the free,  
The *morgue* that shuts the dining door  
On such a wight as me !

What's to be done? Like knight of old,  
A "Mirror" of each "Grace"—  
I sent, that she might there behold  
My heart—and her sweet face.  
And now, my last resource, I'll send,  
—Thanks, Franklin, for the hint,—  
This rambling odd enigma *penned*,  
To be made out in *print*!



## SIX SONNETS.

## I.—THE SHORE AT EBB, IN TWO PARTS.

AND it hath left thee, then—the faithless sea!  
 Though, Ariadne-like, thou seem'st to woo  
 Its wayward fickleness, and still pursue,  
 In shelving sandiness, its far retreat!  
 —Such it hath been, and such it still may be,  
 With those for whom *my* bosom's pulse can beat—  
 The more I followed, they the further flew!  
 But, ye deserted shores,—again to you  
 These tidal waters will at eve come back;  
 But what, in this lone heart, can e'er renew  
 The springs of freshness—which have left a track,  
 Arid and stony as the rugged path  
 The mountain torrent takes and leaves in wrath?—  
 Ah me! no second flow the ebbing spirit hath!

## II.

DISTANT the day,—but in its coming sure,  
 When the deep basin of this little sea  
 Shall like th' encroaching sands behind it be;  
 Which the waves leave by fits—and thus inure

The shore to absence—which it must endure,  
 When they desert it, never to return!  
 —Thus from the bosom, as it waxeth old,  
 Creep its high feelings, and its pulses bold,  
 While sordid Caution—ashes in the urn!—  
 Fills the void space where noble fires did burn!  
 But see how closely verdure treads behind,  
 Flooding the vale with its own waves of green!  
 —And there's an herbage in the ripened mind,  
 Where Passion's ebb and flow have once the wildest been!

T. H.

## III.—TO A LADY,

ACCOMPANYING "THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES."

FAIR LADY! wilt thou deign, to one unknown—  
 And who must ever be so unto thee!—  
 To stoop and lift the chaplet he hath thrown  
 Upon the altar of the "Graces three,"  
 While, lowly kneeling, with as bent a knee  
 As that of worshippers at Dian's shrine,—  
 To you he gives such homage as might be  
 From subject to a Queen? Oh! deem not mine  
 The intrusive gaze of admiration rude!  
 Seldom I view that radiant face of thine—  
 Where Beauty ever basks in smiling mood!  
 But yet, methought, I saw thy image shine!  
 While looking on the "Mirror" of each "Grace,"—  
 And send that now to thee, that thou Thyself may'st trace!

O.

## IV.

I ROSE from Wordsworth's bright and holy page,  
 With feelings calm as was the midnight hour,  
 Which had crept on unnoted—such His power!  
 Dim gleamed my taper, in its uncropped age,  
 Whose feeble glimmer could not warfare wage  
 With the pure radiance from the moon sent down,  
 (Each dew-drop glittering in't—pearl for a crown  
 Of mighty potentate!) From forth its cage,  
 Of many wired cases, my soul leaped out,  
 And, ranging the deep blue expanse of heaven,  
 It hailed the symbol with a voiceless shout,  
 Which there of Nature's minister was given.  
 —Dim is the lustre earth-born Art supplies,  
 To that whose source of light is in the skies!

M.

## V.—THE LIMNERS.

OH! for the skill which can transfer the form,  
 Hues, lights, and shadows of such scenes as this,  
 Till, to recall them, needeth but a wish,  
 And they are ours in sunshine or in storm!  
 —In such a shape oft hath Desire been dressed;  
 But something answers in the Poet's breast,—  
 “Words are thy tints—with *these* true Nature show,  
 Though Colour's self should fade from Iris' bow!  
 Thy sunset glories, Claude, may be forgot,  
 Turner unpraised—and Williams known no more:—  
 Loch Ketturin fades not on the page of Scott;  
 With Harold, look on Greece's glorious shore!

Wordsworth and Wilson, are the hills not theirs?  
 —The Bards—the Bards!—they are Creation's heirs!”

A.

LOCHGAIR, *August*, 1831.

## VI.

HAIL, Silence—slumbering in thy awful strength!  
 This is a throne for thee, where all around,  
 —Clear mountain top, and marbly lake profound,  
 Winding in noiseless coils its snaky length,—  
 Seem thy domain! From the awakened ground  
 Steams the moist incense of its morning praise  
 To the young Day—now sending courier rays  
 Which herald its ascent; yet noiseless all,  
 But for this panting, and my foot's faint fall!  
 —Awake from 'neath these shadows terrible,  
 That fold in blackness yet, like a vast grave,  
 Each westward hill-top, inaccessible,  
 O, breath of air!—or ripple of a wave!  
 —Lo! on the mountain-tops see Morning smile,  
 Gladdening the grandeur of thy gloom, Glen-Goil!

S.

LOCHGOIL, *August*, 1831.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE CAIRN ON A MOUNTAIN  
NAMED "THE BISHOP'S SEAT."

READ while you rest, ye who have hither climbed,  
 Led by an impulse all have one time felt,—  
 The universal passion of the hills—  
 To stand with but the arch of Heaven above,  
 And, as if midway to 't, look down on earth!  
 This lofty place of rest is strangely named  
 The Bishop's Seat;—oh! how unlike the stall  
 Where full-fed Prelacy may slumber soft!  
 Yet hath it been so called, because 'tis beautiful,  
 And fretted o'er with Nature's cunning carving!  
 Round it the turf is softer than the seat  
 Souls have been lost to place the body on;  
 And then, 'tis lofty as Ambition's wish,  
 And looks upon a little world below,  
 Sleeping in sunshine, while the ice-breath'd wind  
 Frets round its cold domain in sullen pride;  
 Then, higher yet before it mountains climb,  
 Whose summits look more beautiful than this;  
 As doth the Arch-Episcopalian Crown,  
 To him whose mitre hath a meaner peak!  
 Yet once again, 'tis strangely termed,—for here  
 No bulky priest hath ever sat him down;  
 Yet, were mine office to exhort mankind,

Oh! what inspired homilies might I  
Speak, with the soaring sound of highest stance,  
And win from every towering hill around,  
The loftiest earthly props to loftier thoughts!  
As 'tis—while thus upon the cairn I place  
My tribute-stone, to heap what serves to mark  
This, 'mid the wilderness of peaks around,—  
I leave a record—and descend again,  
As, reader, so must thou—to yonder vale,  
And from the soaring thoughts and sounds of song,  
To the flat way which leads us on through life.  
Place, too, thy mite upon the beacon heap,  
To guide another straitward to the spot,  
And, if thou writest not—read at least a lay!

T. A.

## THE DEATH OF MURAT.

[The following lines are little more than a versification of some passages in a touching narrative of the last moments of the *ci-devant* King of Naples, printed some years ago in Blackwood's Magazine.]

" My hour is come ! Forget me not !  
 " My blessing be with you ;  
 " With you my last, my fondest thought,—  
 " With you my heart's adieu !  
 " Farewell—farewell, my Caroline,—  
 " My children's doating mother,  
 " I made thee wife, and Fate a queen,—  
 " An hour and thou art neither !  
 " Farewell, my fair Letitia,—  
 " My love rest with thee still !  
 " Louise and Lucien, adieu ;  
 " And thou, my own Achille !"  
 With quivering lip—but with no tear—  
 Or tear that gazers saw,  
 These words, to all his heart held dear,  
 Thus wrote the brave Murat.

Then of the locks which, dark and large,  
 O'er his broad shoulders hung ;  
 That streamed war-pennons in the charge,  
 Yet oft with fondness clung

Around his forehead broad and high—  
Which, more than diadems,  
Beseeemed the curls, that lovingly  
Replaced their cold hard gems—  
He cut him one for her—for them—  
'Twas all he had to will;  
But, with the regal wealth and state,  
He lost its heartless chill!  
The iciness of alien power  
What gushing love may thaw?  
—The agony of such an hour  
As this—thy *last*—Murat!

“ Brother—though foe—a soldier asks  
“ From thee a comrade’s aid,—  
“ They ’re not a warrior’s only tasks  
“ Which need his blood and blade!—  
“ That upon which I latest gaze—  
“ That which I firmest clasp,  
“ When death my eye-balls wrap in haze,  
“ And stiffens my hand’s grasp,  
“ With these love-locks around it twined,  
“ Say, wilt thou see them sent—  
“ Need I say where?—Enough!—’tis kind!—  
“ To death, then, I’m content!  
“ Oh to have found it in the field—  
“ Not as a chained outlaw,—  
“ No more!—to Destiny I yield—  
“ With mightier than Murat!”

They led him forth—’twas but a stride  
Between his prison room,



And where, with yet a monarch's pride,  
He met a felon's doom.  
"Soldiers!—your muzzles to my breast  
"Will leave no room for pain.  
"Strike to the heart!"—His last behest  
Was uttered not in vain.  
He turned him to the levelled tubes  
Which held the wished-for boon;  
He gazed upon some love-clasped pledge,—  
Then volleyed the platoon!  
And, when their hold his hands gave up,  
The pitying gazers saw,  
In the loved semblance of a wife,  
Thy heart's best trait, Murat!

SELIM.



OLD GOLD WITH NEW SUPERSCRPTIONS;

OR,

SPECIMENS OF A NEW EDITION OF JOHNSON.

*A.* The key-note of all knowledge—the first sound infancy utters—the latest pain permits us to articulate. In the Scottish dialect, with an apostrophe, it stands for what it really is, in every tongue—the *all*. It was the earliest whisper of language—the human noise which Echo made her first essay upon as it rushed over the lips of man, so soon as they had given way to the earliest respiration of existence.

*To Abash.* A lost attribute of virtue,—supposed to have gone to heaven in search of some missing star.

*Abduction.* The Irish method of wooing an heiress.

*Accent, provincial.*—A music which often deepens pathos—heightens humour—and gives additional force to truth;—but wit, like gentility, renounces it.

*Acrostic.* Verses, with but one word of meaning in them. Deprived of their *initials*—they would be even more *endless* than they are.

*Age.* A crime to which no one will plead guilty, even on promise of pardon: a quality in rich uncles, and port wine, and stupid books.

*Allegory.* A round-about road to wisdom, now shut up by the trustees of taste.

*Amanuensis—Transcriber.* One who commits errors—in a neat hand, and who believes in the separate existence of words. His ear and his eye never converse with his understanding.

*Anagram.* That which could make Galen an Angel.

*Anatomy.* It was once a law in the Chelsea Hospital of Ava, that candidates for admission should excel in tight rope dancing. Anatomical knowledge, by a similar enactment, is required from surgeons in Great Britain.

*Anon.* Buy and buy—a proper name for the most voluminous of all authors.

*Antithesis.* A point—to attain which, many, like fox-hunters, care not what they leap over.

*Applause.* To all but players something unsubstantial, as the *smell* of a dinner, or the *sound* of a shilling.

*Asbestos.* Whatever substance Truth is written upon.

*Attempt—Essay.* Terms banished from modern literature for the crime of modesty, as wit is dismissed on a charge of indecorum. Disquisition and dissertation supply the place of the second of these: the conviction of unquestionable success makes most authors consider the first as obsolete.

*Auburn.* A colour nobody can describe, and of which there are no specimens in Syme's Nomenclature—but a great many in love lockets: the name of a village where Apollo delivered lectures on Political Economy.

*Augur—Augur.* Reader! it is *you* alone who can *divine* the difference betwixt what penetrates deal-boards—and futurity.

*Aurigraphy.* Writing with gold—a plan by which rich dunces may become great authors.

*Austerity.* That which effects for its wearer what ice does to the puddle and the pool—hiding either its shallowness or its depth beneath the crust of frigidity.

*Aurora.* A lady who opens the gates of heaven, as the old woman unfolds those of the church-porch, so early in the morning that modern poets have never been able to get up to see, and therefore wisely refrain from mentioning her.

*Author.* Another name given to any one who can sign his own.

*Autobiography.* The *tees* of gossip, which it is hoped may be read when it is found that that cannot be listened to. Positively the last appearance of old players and their carpenters.

*Avoirdupois.* A term which is no longer of weight in society. Like Buonaparte, it lost its own dignity when it assumed an Imperial one.

*Bagpipe.* An ancient pneumatic machine for making a noise;—the forerunner of some modern journals,—being filled with puffs; a barbarous instrument men are positively rewarded by some for still playing upon.

*Balcony.* A place for flower-pots to stand upon—romantic damsels to lean over—and lovers to climb up to.

*Ball.* A thing that can turn round—men and women's heads, by making them kick their heels.

*Balloon.* A silk bag with gas in its belly, and an ass at its tail.

*Bamboozle.* To address compliments to a jury, a plain woman, or a rich fool.

*Banister.* A disused name for stair-railing—and a much missed one in play-bills.

*Beard.* A trophy boys long for every hour from twelve to sixteen, and men curse every morning from twenty to fifty.

*Bending.* The "first position" in the march of promotion.

*Cat.* An animal old maids love,—because it gives out *sparks* when it is rubbed.

*Damages.*—The gilding of horns, and *Court Plaster* for tweaked noses.

*Dancing.* That action which is to motion what music is to sound, and eloquence to speech—a movement to which misses are trained for leading bachelors near man-traps, as decoy-ducks tempt wild ones into the snare.

*Debt.* “The solder of society;”—for men tolerate each other for what they owe each other.

*Deserts.* What fortune *does* to merit;—seldom what she *gives*.

*Dividend.* That fraction of the amount of that which folly, roguery, or misfortune has robbed you—which these choose to let you have back as the price of permission to do so again.

*Dowry.* A name for those arithmetical sums, the real value of which is generally about one-ninth of the supposed.

*Dun.* A more accurate *time-keeper* than ever Halley made.

*Envy.* The oxidation of the soul; but it is only the meaner minds and metals that rust.

*Face.* Not only the title-page of a man—but often, too, the table of contents.

*Faction.* Any body of politicians who do any thing opposed to any of the notions of any of us.

*Fan.* An almost forgotten instrument, which was wont to winnow away the frowns of our grandmothers.

*Fascination.* The air and manner of one’s mistress.

*Hair.* The foliage of the human tree. The drapery of a fine woman’s face, and that part of what is connected with their brains, which youngsters most carefully cultivate. The only crop which many *thick* soils can produce, and one that fifty thousand people in Great Britian live by cutting.

*Imagination.* That power which can create without substance, paint without colour, and kill without crime.

*Jury.* Twelve men; seven of whom must be of one opinion, and five of none.

*Kissing.* The lovers employment of lips when words won't pass over them; the poetry of contact;—and the dram-drinking of boyhood.

*Libel.* What any body feels to be true, but fears to have known.

*Lover.* One who loses himself—to obtain possession of another.

*Moment.* A flap of the wing of time. The life of a thought.

*Nose.* The seat of one sense which snuff-takers gratify at the expense of the other four—and common-sense besides. The tell-tale of conviviality, which will accompany one into his cups, and yet be the first to blush and blab about the matter.

*Originality.* The only thing impossible of attainment by perseverance; a mark no one ever hits by aiming at it.

*Pain.* The primum mobile of life, since, to escape from its incessant pursuit, is the secret of all our actions.

*Pen.* The lever of Archimedes.

*Physic.* Any preparation which we swallow with reluctance at the bidding of our fears or physicians.

*Pun.* The paper-currency representative of, but not always convertible into the bullion of wit.

*Quack.* A title which the Faculty assume the power of conferring on all who kill without their permission.

*Quick.* To the snail, the pace of the worm—to the worm, the stride of the man—to man the speed of time between the hour of receiving a favour and the day of returning it.

*Robbing.* Of all arts, that one which admits of being done in the greatest variety of ways.

*Tavern.* An *independent* territory, where a shilling makes you a sovereign. A place where dinners are more cheaply bought by coin, than elsewhere by complaisance.

*Violin.* An instrument which a man seldom arrives at perfection in playing, till he is too deaf from age to hear his own notes.

*X.* A cross looking letter, which will permit nobody to take its name in vain at the beginning of an English word—and yet excellence itself could not be obtained in our language without it.

*Yawn.* An enjoyment never to be indulged in in the presence of a sweetheart or a patron. A thing impossible to do in reading our lucubrations.

*Yes.* One of the syllables of fate—a peg upon which destiny hangs the hopes of lovers.

*Yielding.* What mistresses are when they utter the preceeding short word.

*Zeal.* The best palliation of error—and the most efficient ally of right.

*Zenith.* A point at which Reputation often tumbles over a very small stone.

*Zuinglius.* A name Fame has refused to echo, for no other reason than its harshness—euphony being an influential consideration with that lady.



## THE BETTER LIGHT.

WHEN Daylight died in Night's embrace,  
 I saw, across the silent sea,  
 A beam, as if some radiant face  
 Shone through the gathering gloom on me.

The love-lit lamp I hailed with smiles,—  
 It beaconed me to home, I thought;  
 Alas, 'twas distant miles, and miles,  
 The home my wayward Fancies sought!

Still brightly burned the glowing flame,  
 And onward—onward was my path,—  
 What though its light in flickerings came?  
 —'Twas such as oft the Beacon hath!

I knew, or thought I knew, 'twas so,  
 The Pharos give its guiding ray;  
 Alas! it soon but served to show  
 The rocks that all around me lay!

'Twas not the Beacon's steady gleam,—  
'Twas but the balefire's lurid glare ;  
Though bright—as fleeting as a dream,  
And leaving deeper darkness there.

Yet with a struggle, as of death,  
I sped, till to my dazzled eye,  
The lighthouse beamed across my path,  
And I could see the haven nigh.

When, lo ! the lovelier lamp of heaven,  
In silent softness slow unveiled ;  
And,—as from high were Angels driven,—  
All meaner lights shrink wan and paled !

'Twas with my love as with my barque,  
Allured at first by one false star ;  
Next following what was still but dark,  
—Now raised to yon bright heaven afar !

## THE BROTHERS.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

“ Truth at a point—the temper at the edge.”—*Belario and Ismene.*

BETWEEN the hostile camps there ran  
 But a still and noiseless river;  
 Yet there was peace 'twixt man and man,  
 As if Ocean had severed them ever!

Trumpet and drum were silent all,  
 And, in sleepy folds, the banner  
 Hung drooping, like Victory's funeral pall,—  
 No breath in the Heaven to fan her!

For martial note and battle shout,  
 The cheery hail of foemen  
 Was heard, as they pledged in their friendly bout;  
 And the shriller talk of women.

For the soldiers yesterday who fought,  
 And to-day exchanged this token,  
 In the same fatherland may a lineage be sought;  
 And by them the same tongue is spoken.

War hath its truce—the racing horse  
A brief moment given to breathe it;  
And nations pause, in their maddened course,  
To wipe the sword—ere they sheathe it!

'Twas at such a fitful stop in strife,—  
Like the gap 'twixt the flash and thunder,—  
That two armies turned, as with but one life,  
To gaze at one thrilling wonder.

The stream is headlong, the shores are steep,  
Yet the waters are deeply brimming ;—  
But see! where each bank is cleared at a leap :—  
Ha!—that is gallant swimming!

On through the rapid!—heavens! they meet,  
Where the torrent hath yawned for others;  
See! they embrace! What means this feat?  
What means it?—they are Brothers!

## ON TEARING IN PIECES A LETTER.

THOU epitaph of buried love, why should I hoard thee yet,  
 As misers do the idle bonds of many a cancelled debt?  
 —Away! I give thee to the winds—less wild and wailing they  
 Than the tear-blotted words, which here speak more than rage  
     could say!

Thus, like the heart that poured o'er thee the lava of its love,  
 In thoughts whose burning agony might make the confined move;  
 And like the heart on which these fall, as hailstones fall on fire,  
 —Rent—wildly rent—I fling thee far; yet not from me in ire!

No! 'tis enough the Ruined One hath into words distilled,  
 The maddening fear—born—*doubts* no more—which poisoned  
     while they thrilled.

Oh! never in her bitter cup mix the last horror—Scorn;  
 For who can hate, far less despise, the flower he once hath worn?

And as I sow the stony earth with thee in many a shred,  
 Thus with hot tears I water it, and envy thee thy bed.  
 Would that this broken heart were laid within the hiding fold  
 Of kindred dust—as passionless—but oh! not half so cold!

Thus I outlive the sense of life, and freeze into decay,  
With but the pulse of memory, which will not pass away!  
And Passion, which made marble once with life its potency own,  
In me its triumph consummates—and chills a man to stone!

'Tis done! from forth the lingering clasp—unconscious still that  
strained

The last sad relic of a love, destroyed—but not disdained  
Speeds—on the formless wind away—the disembodied Power,  
Which in that word “FAREWELL” once lurked;—but now passed  
hath its hour!

—Thus, idly thus I thought—I said:—’Twas vain;—that never  
dies!

Lo! where to breast the lowering wrack in vain the fragment  
tries.

—Back like a dove it comes to me! THE WORD hath still its  
spell!

Oh! many a fond “Remember me” is hid beneath “Farewell!”

THE LAST LETTERS

OF

STERNEWORTH.





## THE LAST LETTERS OF STERNEWORTH:

A SELECTION FROM THE PAPERS OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

[IN the preceding narrative describing the adventures of "A DAY IN BALQUIDDER," the patient reader who travelled to its close would observe that certain papers were alluded to, which had been left in the chief hostel of that territory by some youngsters who had been there some time before on a shooting excursion. Of these I, Percy Wentworth, the pilgrim—one of whose diurnal peregrinations was there described—did honourably possess myself. They were of a very miscellaneous description, and were huddled together in great confusion. I could not guess at any other reason for their being there, than that—in case pasteboard failed the party—they, as waste paper, might be useful, as, in a similar case, the MS. of "The Man of Feeling" was on the brink of being used—for gun-wadding; for there were as many undischarged tailor's-bills as love-letters among the mass. Of the latter—whether real, or merely got up as an exercise in translating from the German, perhaps while one of them was resident in Deutchshland, (from whence, it seems, he had just returned,)—I have made a selection, which I now submit to "a discerning public."—*P. W.*]

## LETTER I.

STERNEWORTH *to* AGNES.

FRANKFORT, — — —.

CAN your doubts of my sincerity be real, my Agnes? I will not believe myself the object of one suspicion—the subject of even a single lingering vague fear. Deem not this presumptuous confidence. It is but the allegiance which I owe to the majesty of Truth. There is in *That*, a power which no dissimulation, however it may counterfeit, can obtain. The base coin may look as fair as the royal mintage itself; but will it wear as well? Have not my truth and faith stood the test of time—of misfortune—nay, more, even survived the withering of some of those charms which first inspired that love that these attributes have but expressed? Ask of memory, my Agnes, what years—what griefs—aye, and what *annoyances*—(which brush away the earliest bloom of beauty as surely as, if less obviously, than sterner causes)—have been, and now are past, and are only felt in the scars upon the heart, and seen in the paler hue of the cheek, and the dimmer light of the eye—since first we met? To me—that is, to Love—you are not less beautiful than then. Familiarity hath not weakened the force of your charms upon *one* heart? But why? That heart became yours from the first throb it gave in your presence; and every feature—every line of your form is to me as it was then—the creator—the preserver of my love. Age may come—disease will come—sorrow hath come—and who shall say that *they* have no power to work a change? Yet can that love, called into existence by the mysterious influence of deep sympathy with, and for all

the charms of soul as of form—the one irradiating the otherwise cold beauties of the other—and therefore seen and *felt* at the same instant of time that the eye took in the delicious outlines which another sense than that of sight—*touch*—but for the presence of that vivifying principle, could almost as well appreciate—can that decay?—Can it decay, when the physical medium—the animal index—the bodily form—lovely though it may have been—yet still but a beautiful atmosphere through which beamed the soul—has lost the freshness of novelty, or even the efflorescence of youth, so long as the power which it exercised—the sway which it possessed *must* exist, because living but in a sympathy, flowing, it is true, through these channels—yet now communicating with its source, by other and unvarying means—the unity of kindred spirits—ascertained—*felt*—*fixed*—*proved*? Had your personal attractions alone created my passion—that passion must remember the cause of its existence, even when remembrance is all it can exhibit. But till you cease to be pure, noble, proud, daring, lofty in soul; warm, fond, tender—constant in heart; powerful, original, intelligent in mind; intuitively elegant—deeply sympathetic—truly enthusiastic in taste; affectionate, judicious in feeling; devoted, fond, faithful in love,—need you doubt that that mastery over my heart, which nothing less than such a combination could have attained, and which there is not an action of my life since it was established, but has proved to exist,—must continue to exercise its influence—must make me ever—ever love you? Agnes! you *do* not doubt my sincerity. You cannot, if you wished to do so! Belief in that is now placed beyond your wish—your will. Whatever return you may make for it, you never more can be sceptical as to its existence. Why then affect to be so? Is it that you think there is a music in these re-echoed protestations? Rather, Love, deem that there

is a beauty in my reiterated proofs. Do you ask for these? Look at me—watch me—hear of me. Not what I say to you be the standard; not what I do for you—not what I act before you be the test;—but all, all, all I think, or do, or suffer, wherever placed—for all these are animated, prompted, or sustained by one pervading essence!

I cannot talk of love. I hate professions. I declare by acts—prove by deeds—attest by conduct. Not lofty and daring achievements—not heroic sacrifices—not martyr-sufferings;—these you needed not—these were offered not—were not required—and had no room for being shown. But in the unbroken connection—the unvarying uniformity—the close-linked affinity—the absolute identity of every, even the most trivial look or act, with the one great spring of volition which they obeyed,—these were my proofs—these my only professions! Know me—and you shall know that I love you.

Hath this cohesion of minute evidence, proving such absolute allegiance ever been broken? Even while you thought it shook,—as when we have quarrelled, and for weeks existed apart, and without communication,—did not the very violence of the concussion prove to you the strength of the emotions which could create, as well as the durability of the fabric which could withstand them? Fire rends the earth whilst it quakes—but fire, too, melts the rock which cements the building that reels, but does not topple over in the shock!

But, again, how could I have ever dared to tell you that I loved you, placed as we were, and have remained, in circumstances which still sever us in all save heart; but that I could not resist the impulse. Was that like simulated passion? What were the perils—what the chances of success, in making such a declaration? Was not pride opposed to me? Were not ties of kindred—claims of affection—duties of rank—to use the phrases

of the world's vocabulary—all existent barriers that fenced you in from the possibility of lowly love—like mine—meeting with aught but the repulse of indignant anger—the retribution of offended pride—the frowns of disturbed dignity—the punishment of defeated arrogance and presumption? Yet I braved them all;—and why? because I truly—deeply—madly, as it seemed,—loved—loved! Circumstanced as you and I were, to have not concealed—to have said that I did, was to prove, beyond all that other evidence could show, that I did do so. It was found to be enough. You loved me in return. In spite of all that would have kept dissimulation on my part at a hopeless distance, and even weak passion at bay—you loved me. What was there in me but Love only to inspire it? Yourself—yourself is then the proof of proof that I do love! It is not that you credited—for the state of belief may be and is produced by skill as often as by reality—but that you *felt* that I adored you;—and, doing so, you could not choose but love—or else you deeply lied;—and then you have deceived yourself far more than me! If you love—have loved me, this is the proof that I have loved you first; else how could you have ever entertained that emotion, despite of every human and apparent obstacle—our different stations—our disparity of years, though I am yet young—our—but why enumerate where there was not one exception; but where Fate had opposed *every* thing as it seemed to Love? Agnes—dearest—and best—you cannot—you do not doubt my faith, or fear the non-existence or the weakness of my love!

Torture me no more, then, with saying that you do so—yourself with trying to think that you do. Be confident and be confiding. What I have shown that I could not but become—I have, in showing that, proved also that I cannot choose but *continue* to be. I loved—I do love—I must still love—these are the tenses of my heart in all its moods. Refuse, not then, to

return my passion, and to prove that you return it. To doubt is death to me. Why, when the heart is mine, will you, in that lingering loftiness of pride of station, which love banished, but that still seeks for recal, refuse to listen to my counsel—accept of my advice? You wince at my reproofs—for I love so truly and sincerely as to dare even to reprove. You withhold—as you have done till it ceases to be a trial of what is already proved, but becomes a test of what may be stretched beyond its tension—pride,—for even the humble have that;—and of patience, which even the lowly may lack—you refuse the reward of affection—the aim of pure and lofty love. Be mine in all—as you are in heart! Let me know as well as believe that you are so; and then I shall cease to hint at doubts which your conduct cannot but inspire, and you will cease to affect fears which it were blindness and folly to credit that you feel,—fears as to the love—the faith of your devoted

STERNEWORTH.

## LETTER II.

STERNEWORTH to AGNES.

How is it, my Agnes, that my love for you makes me at once the proudest and the most humble of beings? The contradiction is more apparent than real, however; for it is in my thoughts of others—and of myself, that I am proud, just because I am your lover; but in every idea which *exclusively* revolves upon you, for the same reason, I am humble as humility. This prostration of self is not, however, the meanness of servility: it is but the obeisance of gratitude. I have said this much before, and yet you again ask me what I have received to be grateful for? True it is, that if for a moment we use the currency of

the world's language at the false value custom hath assigned to it, I have not yet a woman's favours to boast of, nor to be grateful for; but, with what can I repay the grace of your earliest notice of the boy—the kindness of your condescensions to the youth—your admission of love for the man, situated by fortune as you were—apart from—and beneath your sphere, as was I—but with the deepest GRATITUDE? Yet there is a pride in such humility—a loftiness of port in the soul, while there may be a downcast expression in the eye, and a feudal-like fealty of love in the heart, just as the principle of life or nourishment, to even the creeping plant or hanging willow, must first hold its upward course before it can communicate the power of flexibility to their drooping leaves and branches that seek the ground. Wonder not, then, if in my soul there may be mirrored back, and reflected somewhat even of the loftiness of your own. You are at once the author of my humility and of my pride; and the coldness of the one which leads you to doubt the sincerity of my passion, and the boldness of the other that, as in my last, dared to “presume”—upon the existence of “attachment” upon your part “even without reference to a declaration of it”—discrepant as they may seem—and to you almost equally—(what shall I call it?)—offensive (—is that the word?) owe their existence.

You own, in the first part of your letter, that my questions and challenges and proffered proofs have about them an air of sincerity such as almost convinces you that I love. This would have been but a laboured conviction, and a formal confession, if the close of your dear, and now almost kiss-obliterated note, did not speak more sincerely. There, Agnes, my own Agnes!—there are written with trembling fingers the words whose very tremulousness of form in their letters give precious evidence of the sincerity and yet the modesty of the emotion which im-

pelled these pretty instruments to trace the record of their mistress's—"conviction!" You have said again that you believe I love you; and next to knowing that you love me as warmly and as well in return, is the happiness of having thus triumphed over your real or affected scepticism.

You have not repeated your expression of wonder, at the *close* of your letter, that I should talk of gratitude. 'Twould have been mockery, after this sweet and precious confession to do so. Mighty as is truth—convincing as is sincerity—prevailing as is earnest simplicity—shall I not yet feel grateful that these found in you a willing listener and a ready believer;—nay, more, shall I say a watchful—perhaps an eager looker for and observer? With the united firmness of the sternest assurance, and of the fondest faith, I knew that one day, these would do the work of carrying conviction to your doubting heart; but that heart has anticipated the progress of time and the triumph of the slow, but conquering march of these over—it may have happened—the ruined relics of a fidelity that pined away unnurtured by Belief—by generously meeting their advance, while yet they had but, as it were, prepared for their march—and by crowning them with the laurels of victory, where the conquered bath as much of triumph as the vanquisher! Agnes! can I be any thing less than grateful? I add that emotion as a fief to my love. It is its feudal slave; but yet cannot increase its power, though it may swell its train. My love must live, but it cannot be more potent as it becomes older; nor will it ever know the decay which age brings to every other thing, till Time hath fully done its work with

STERNEWORTH.



## LETTER III.

STERNEWORTH *to* AGNES.

MY AGNES,

You have, in telling me that I was beloved, conferred upon me a proud privilege which I am already about to exercise. Start not! It is one that even your friendship, in some degree, made mine before; but which your love now renders an interest and a duty to me. I plunge at once into my subject, for well you know that circumlocution, where I am earnest, or finesse where I am sincere, are equally hateful to me. I cannot condescend to do good by art, and smile to see't succeed. Diplomacy I loathe. If you can think me worthy of your love for any one peculiarity of character more than another, after my enthusiasm, which is a sort of originality—and that is being superior to prejudice—it must be for my single-hearted and simple sincerity. This may sometimes make me rude; but it is the guarantee that I will not be dishonest.

Well, then, I know what I should hazard in uttering the single word which will follow this, did I address a being less noble and exalted than yourself. But to one beneath your standard of soul, I never could or would utter that word. It is—"WARNING." Beware, love, beware—not of loving—but of that indiscriminate giddiness which appears frivolity to many—and—and—more than levity to a few. Nay, dearest, which has—married to the malignity or envy of enemies—given birth to the hateful thought which I have lived to hear uttered—that it was not impossible that—that—Heaven and Earth!—that that levity was but the index of impurity of thought—or the result of indiscretion in conduct!

Need I say that my blood boiled at the moment when my ear tingled with these hateful sounds? Need I say that I scorned the aspersion and the aspersers, when I have since called thee "*my beloved?*" Purity—spotless purity alone could win my heart. Nothing beneath its standard can retain it—I believe you—I *know* you to be this—for I adore you!

Satisfied, then, on this point, you cannot—you will not, in the generous, though haughty scorn which belongs to lofty and insulted dignity, spurn at me, for even hinting that there are those who dare to insinuate that, with reason and upon fact, their sentiments are different from mine. Have I not said that my only word should be WARNING? I dare hardly permit myself to ask whether I have ever perceived, in aught that you have looked, or said, or done, any indication of a levity which was, without the aid of malignity, susceptible of an interpretation injurious to my perfect and unbroken admiration of your mind, heart, and conduct; or to the consistent purity of all these, as even others might see and judge of them. It is treason to the state to imagine the death of the king: it would be so to Love and you, to doubt for a moment that you are less than my soul's worship shows that it holds you to be. Yet, Agnes—yet,—writing this after long—painful, and, at last, calm deliberation and reflection—and with a staidness of mind—and, as my letters will show—of hand, too, seldom felt or seen in the fervid pages I have penned for you—I again repeat—"Be warned—and being so, be armed." Leave not a jot of space for slander to batten on. Sacrifice, it may be, somewhat of enthusiasm—something of pleasure—much of even darling freedom to—what shall we call them?—the prejudices of others, and the peculiarities of your station. And, oh! my Agnes, be to even the jaundiced eye of Envy itself, if not so worthy of admiration—so deserving of love,—not one whit less spotless or untainted in thought as

in conduct than you are to your fond and faithful, though watchful and jealous

STERNEWORTH.

#### LETTER IV.

AND ACCOMPANYING VERSES.

STERNEWORTH *to* AGNES.

I NEED have been supported in my bed, Agnes, if to tell you that I am ill were all my purpose, in now writing. You already know that I am so—for your inquiries as to the progress of my disease—by *messengers*, I am assured, have been frequent and regular; nay, the cooling fruit and wholesome conserves which I have a dim recollection of relishing, when naught else of nourishment could pass my fever-parched lips, I learn derived the charm that made them, even while I knew not the cause, as balm to me, from having been your gift—the evidence of your remembrance of me as of your household skill.

Agnes, for all this—I thank you—honestly and warmly thank you;—and it is quite possible for thanks to go far in repaying such attentions, delicate and touching as they are—provided that these be as hearty and as sincere as now are mine. For a nobler species of sympathy—a deeper devotion—a more courageous evidence of interest, if not of love,—gratitude—boundless gratitude itself could form no return; and I feel that life and its language would be equally weak for demonstration of what I would have felt, had circumstances permitted, or had you seen it proper to dare to exhibit that intensity of sympathy which I trust it cost you an effort to stifle—as with me, and

which, if you had been circumstanced as was I—it would have passed human resolve to restrain! I would on this delicate topic, my own Love, wish to speak with all the frankness and open sincerity which is simply natural and irresistible, when holding converse with you—yet with that lightness of allusion which should refer to intuitive perceptions rather than dwell upon obvious difficulties. But passion—my old and sternest foe—steps in and by fits would try to rouse me to—what, my Agnes?—to doubt—doubt of thy sincerity!—asking me or prompting the eternal question, “had she so loved you as you worship her, could she have remained an hour absent from your bedside, far less never have visited it?” In vain, with an effort at calmness, do I reply to myself, tormentingly reviewing the painful discrepancy of our situations—the severity of your circumscription—the eyes of watchfulness, and the glances of envy which wall round every thought, as it were, of yours, which would otherwise show itself in graceful and liberal action. Still the doubt recurs—and still would seek to seal itself upon my soul—now assuming the poetical garb of fancy, which depicts the high-souled woman of lofty station by her love lifting up the humblest to her own heart’s altitude, and, amid the most unpropitious circumstances, and under the most scowling differences, and the sternest looks of those who guard the distinctions of society, lighting the straw-roofed cot of the peasant boy by the radiance of her smiles, and cheering the lonely desolation of his pallet by the watchful companionship of a tenderness which could smooth the roughest pillow till it seemed the softest down;—now recalling the truths of history—the legends of romance—and the hallowed lays of song to tell me how often this has been done;—and, again, completing its circle of ratiocination and example by convincing me that I should myself have done so.

In such a mood as this, I penned to-day the following lines—the fervour of which alone can excuse their rude and disjointed nature ;—and the fact of their being rhyme, palliate the freedom with which the versifier has expressed an anger, or spoken out a doubt which can never remain longer than the time of its utterance, in the bosom of thy adoring

STERNEWORTH.

ACCOMPANYING VERSES.

I am alone :—yes, Agnes, lonely ! Thou  
 Companion'st not by even thine image now ;  
 Midnight's dim watches speed their silent way  
 Unheeded onwards to another day.  
 My pillow's softness woos my cheek's caress—  
 And yet, 'twere vain the couch of sleep to press !  
 I cannot sleep ! 'Tis not that burning pain  
 Thrills through each limb, and pants along each vein ;  
 That fever sits upon my forehead bare,  
 Couched in each wrinkle of an early care,  
 And drags the lids, that seek in sleep to close,  
 Back, till the eyeballs start from all repose.  
 No ! 'tis not these—for these at length might cease  
 Their weary watchings, and permit me peace—  
 The quiet of languor—if my heart could pause  
 Thus throbbing wildly—THOU, the secret cause !  
 Oft hath thy presence to its motions given  
 A heaving haste—as if 'twould climb to heaven ;  
 But thy cold absence now the beating speeds,  
 While, at each pulse, it pants, and faints, and bleeds,—  
 Pants for thy presence—mourns my perished trust,  
 And bleeds to find thee thus so coldly just.  
 And this is Woman's friendship—Woman's faith !  
 —Of Woman's love I speak not, no, nor saith,  
 On claims to these—(alas ! a thing like me  
 CLAIMS nought but freedom of idolatry !)  
 Reproach one muttered word ; but I did think  
 Thy sympathy would not so coldly shrink

In silent absence from the slender task,  
After a sufferer's fading health to ask ;  
Or shun the spending of one kindly look,  
On him whom health and spirits had forsook !

Ah ! had it been—which heaven long, long forfend—  
That thou wert ill—alone—without a friend,—  
Heavens ! how beside thy bed I'd anxious watch  
The faint wish faltering from thy tongue to catch,—  
To note each heavy roll of that bright eye,  
Till once it shone in wonted brilliancy !  
Or, if less blessed,—apart from thee to pine,—  
How should I read in every look a sign  
Of fear, or—no,—of undecaying hope,  
And weigh, like gold, each syllable would drop.  
From those who saw thee—wearying even speech  
In asking what but prophecy could teach !

Hath it been so, my Agnes, e'er with thee ?  
—I ask no answer—'tis enough for me  
That I must ask—and asking, feel and fear  
That thou canst deem some other thing more dear  
Than even the love, which, yet, I fondly trust  
Lurks in thy breast. Believe ? Ay, that I must,  
For when a sceptic feeling of thy faith  
Chills me with more than passing terror's breath—  
Pulse ! cease thy beatings—heart ! give but one swell—  
Then break—thy master's honest love to tell !  
Yes, Agnes, yes ; be cold, be false, be proud,  
—'Twere vain to seek in stoic calm to shroud  
The pangs to which not injured honour's sting,  
Could add—for me—one wild imagining,—  
Or aid their curse, or hasten on the close—  
Pain's last dropped venom in the lightest throes !  
'Tis vain to speak—'tis but the tongue of Hell,  
—A doomed one I,—could mutter my Farewell !

## LETTER V.

STERNEWORTH to AGNES.

*Saturday.*

IF thy frank statement of the reasons which withheld thee from seeing me in the hours of sickness, my Agnes, needed any other state of mind than that which I ever feel for thee, to give it justice and impartial consideration, or even favourable interpretation, it has been fortunate in reaching me when the delight of again experiencing the sensations of health, predisposes me to believe any thing I should desire were true; and gladdens, with the sunshine of April, the gloom of December; with the verdure of Spring in the forest glades; the dinginess of Winter in the city's purlieus. But it needed not this restored elasticity of mind, as well as of body, for it has added to the vigour of both. Thy very seeking to show that it cost thee the consideration of a motive, and the weighing the result of an observation to refrain from being near me, is enough. It perfects my recovery, for it re-assures me of thy love.

I am myself again. My heart bounds like a young fawn, and my limbs, in wild exuberance of gesture and action, seek to show that they have not forgotten their office. Yesterday my pulse was as regular—my eye as calm—my skin as moist—my lip as ruddy as now, to the Physician's eye and finger—yet I was then only "convalescent." To-day I am extravagantly healthy—superabundantly well. Your letter came this morning. The sun is breaking through the gloom of the shortest day while I write. I shall sally out. Nay, I this blessed afternoon shall revisit the haunts of social merriment, and drain the first cup of kindness and generous wine—to Thee!

Ah, that I could write my looks of happiness—pencil my glances of pleasure and contentment—sing upon paper the irregular snatches of glad melody—stolen scraps of yours—which are now running over my lips!

But yet—there was a sigh as I had just finished “la ra ra lara la la!” We are separated not merely by miles, for these are nought to a man who feels he could ride a hundred before breakfast, or swim ten after supper—but by the promise which you have spontaneously—and yet, I own it, necessarily given to those whose character and age, and, above all, whose relationship to you, secures from one unkind word from me—nay, more, from even my wishing that, for the time, the reliance they place upon you should be broken or violated—even in thought. We cannot—dare not meet till —, and then, adored! and then I shall kiss what now I write, and imprint what now I pen—that I am still thy devoted

STERNEWORTH.

## LETTER VI.

STERNEWORTH to AGNES.

*Saturday Night.*

As I said I should, my beloved, I went out to dine on this the day on which I received, and replied to your last. It was to the house of Sprozerr that I proceeded, and there found Mangergart, whom you know; and two others, of whom you have only heard, seated and waiting for dinner. They seemed rejoiced once more to have me among their circle of sociality. I was in such exuberant spirits as even to forget the littleness of Mangergart's character, and the poor and petty means of



depreciating me, as well as others to whom he took a dislike, or felt a rivalry to which I was too well aware he had resorted—and accordingly cordial hilarity *seemed* the pervading spirit of the day. For a length of time it really *was* so. We were mutually agreeable and happy. All at once, however, and, as it then seemed, without premeditation, Mangergart alluded to you, and shortly after made direct mention of your name, which he pronounced in a tone that at once roused even more attention in me, if that be possible, than its enunciation usually occasions. Perhaps this real or fancied peculiarity of emphasis which I observed, and the effect it produced upon others, gave a colour or a force to the remarks following it up, which it was not meant by those who made them that they should possess. At least I hope such was the case, and that it was rather in my watchful eagerness to defend my soul from harbouring one thought injurious to you, than in the aim of the speaker to weaken my esteem, or depreciate you in the eyes of others, that I felt as if such were intended. Yet, dearest, something there was dropped which did admit of explanations unworthy of you, without supposing that violence of interpretation, or more than the usual amount of conversational envy, which Mangergart and many of the women mix up with even their praises of others, so superior to them all as is my Agnes. I shall be as explicit as I can. Mystery I abhor, and circumlocution I seek to eschew. It was not indeed said, but it was evidently sought to make me believe that you—who so coldly, if so prudently, refrained from visiting me in my solitude and sickness, lest your motives should be misconstrued, or the tongue of scandal seize upon the act of condescending kindness and cover it with its slavery venom;—that you, who in thus refraining, hazarded my doubting your love rather than that envy itself should suspect your perfect propriety,—on a recent occasion—and while I was far from the

sphere of self-observation, or chance of oral communication, regarding it—scrupled not to pay an evening visit—accompanied indeed by an individual whom you have known long enough to discover his coarseness of mind—to the house of a gentleman, almost a stranger to you, and, uninvited, seated yourself at his fireside in his absence. By the connivance of his servants, you examined the rare prints you professed to be the object of your curiosity, and neither felt nor exhibited embarrassment when the landlord of the house on returning home discovered you and your party in his *Salle a manger*, so employed! Nay, that thus caught in indulging at the risk of such a surprise a puerile curiosity, you sought not by a speedy, but graceful, retirement to make it evident that though that object was attained, you felt that you had paid dearly for it in needing to make the apologies you did; but rather seemed to enjoy the *rencontre* to which it had led, and, without a very great deal of difficulty, was persuaded to resume your seat, and complete your survey of the portfolios and cabinets of the host thus so unexpectedly honoured. I need not, my beloved Agnes, say that I disbelieved this—that is, that I refused to credit every part of the statement which would not admit of an explanation—or which even in simple narrative would not acquit you of all blame, save that occasioned by the most trivial, and perhaps unavoidable and accidental circumstances. Indignantly I did so—and more than indignantly repelled the—what shall I stoop to call them?—sneers be it then, which this “chivalry,” as they were pleased to term it, on my part, gave them a pretext to utter. I scorned their insinuations—for I knew your worth;—and demanded the name of the slanderer who had communicated the different points of observation and animadversion to Mangergart—if indeed he had an informant. This—which I doubt—I shall on Monday know—for on that day he has promised to satisfy me. The result you

shall speedily learn, my cherished Agnes, although to you, and your own spotless thoughts, it may be of little moment what Slander's self dare say. But, dearest, remember that I can believe in these thoughts only as they are exhibited in action. Mine is faith—yours consciousness. To that deep and devoted Faith, which would almost revolt at Truth, if it ran counter to its fond believings, deign but one word of assurance—one sign of its acceptance, and its being felt only as an homage which is your *right*, and I am thy happy, as much as I am

Thy devoted

STERNEWORTH.

## LETTER VII.

AGNES to STERNEWORTH.

*Sunday, Noon.*

My own Sterneworth did his Agnes no more than justice in refusing to credit those parts of the statement which he heard that would not admit of an explanation which must acquit her of all blame, save what might be occasioned by accidental circumstances. Yet she thanks him for it, knowing well the insidious skill of Mangergart—and *now* feeling sensibly that it could not have had a better subject for misrepresentation than the occasion alluded to. Yet, dear and noble Sterneworth, was not “indignation” out of place, and, on your part, rash, thus to be shown, until you had learned from me all the particulars of that *mal apropos* visit, and compared them with his narration? Your warmth of passion and your zeal in love, sometimes, you have yourself said, hurries you into indiscretion, of which you afterwards repent. I pray heaven this may not

be an instance in point, for, after all, dearest, stripped of *verbiage* and embellishment, to what does all that you have heard of your Agnes amount? She seeks to gratify her curiosity as a woman, and her love of the arts as an amateur, by inspecting a collection of pictures and engravings through the usual channel visitors of sights resort to—the tacitly permitted privilege of upper servants to show them—in the house of a gentleman, whose acquaintanceship she might at once have commanded, had she chosen to submit to the introduction he had besought. She is accompanied by such mere acquaintances as her exclusive friendship for you permits her to gather round the ordinary intercourse of rural society, while far from her Sterneworth, and her city companions. True, it is evening when this visit is made, for which, if there were any reasons, they must have been so trifling, or the distinction of time then deemed of so little moment, that they are now truly and quite forgotten. Perhaps it was that the churlish or undesirable proprietor was more likely to be absent from his treasures then, than at the usual hours of amateur inspection. And absent he was. He returned, indeed, somewhat abruptly, I must own; and the panic of your Agnes, dear Sterneworth, would have been quite diverting to you, had you seen her confusion when he was announced. A single glance that passed between him and my “coarse-minded” Cicerone, however, served to convince me that he had learned from the latter that there was a chance of our honouring him with a visit—and what then could a lady do,—but act as one, however offended she might feel at the schemer of the trick, which thus had misled the host to regard his guest as having tacitly consented to his introduction in so unceremonious a manner. I was angry with Cheval; but surely that was no reason for gratifying his low humour, which desires nothing so much as to witness the

embarrassment of others, by exhibiting any, on my part, at this juncture. I was perfectly composed. To have appeared, the first surprise over, so terribly confused, or really angry, as I felt I was, would have been to divert the schemer,—astonish his friend, who, after all, is not so horrid as I thought—and show myself destitute of that elevated self-possession, and that *tact* which a certain flatterer has often whispered to me, were traits in my character that he admired—nay, even, to use his own forcible language, were “elements of his love.” Yet I regret the visit—for it has given you uneasiness, and—shall I confess it?—inspired me, since I received your letter, with strange fears which you only can allay by speedily writing me the assurance that you are well, calm, and still as loving and true, as, at an early day, and in her own person, will endeavour to convince you is your own

AGNES.

## LETTER VIII.

STERNEWORTH *to* AGNES.

*Sunday Evening.*

YOUR messenger, Agnes, has arrived, and your letter is before me. I thank you for your zeal, and him for his speed;—and the best way I can show how I appreciate both, is, by instantly replying to the one, and putting anew in requisition the other. He will again be with you in a few hours with the “assurance” which you desire—at least in so far as regards my health. As yet I am tranquil, too. Every thing was arranged before your letter reached me, or perhaps I could not so steadily have gone through the task of selecting and destroying my papers—the willing of my few effects—and the asking the forgiveness

of an insulted Deity, for a deed which He forbids, but which I am dragged by destiny to perform. I know not how it is, but not one of all these acts could I so calmly have performed as I have done, had I previously perused your ingenuous confession of folly, and ingenious palliation of it—Do you? Ah! Agnes, thou art a most exquisite story-teller. No! thou hast not lost thy *tact*! Self-possession still is thine—and long, long may it remain so! Mine is gone for ever. Thou wilt excel in romance, Agnes. How bewitching thou art in a narrative, when thou hast but the most slender materials for a story;—and then, for Love, the prime ingredient of a novel, who could surpass thee in describing and—*professing* it! To win golden opinions from all, you have but to look and speak—to get them from men—and women, too—whom you will never see, you need only to write. Your first story should be “In a series of Letters.” It is a good old fashion, and decidedly the most natural way of letting the thoughts, feelings, expressions, and actions of a knot of persons, whose store of these are connected and interwoven with each other, be known and made visible to the curious in human history. Any one may be supposed able to arrange a bundle of correspondence; but who, without forgetting all probability, can know so as to describe every thought, and narrate every act of the personages of the tale he seeks to tell! The dramatic fiction of the wall of a house being removed, so that whatever passes inside may be seen, is nothing in improbability to the theory of ordinary story-telling. Yes!—letter-writing is the way—and then, Agnes, it is your *forte*. What glorious and burning epistles you have penned—full of pure fire, touching simplicity, or exquisite skill—and womanish enthusiasm and devotion! Those you have sent to me would of themselves make, with a few miscellaneous ones interspersed, a delightful and interesting novel. To be sure, that would as yet

want a catastrophe, and the variety of an epistle or two, of a kind which women seldom see, and therefore cannot accurately copy. Agnes, I will furnish you with both. The original of one, and a transcription of another of this sort of correspondence, I send—by the bearer of your *last* to me. Of the winding up, you will be in possession, to-morrow at this hour, for by that time will have been decided the fate of

STERNEWORTH.

#### LETTER IX.

*Copy of Letter from STERNEWORTH to MANGERGART, enclosed in the above.*

*Saturday Evening.*

SIR,

You can hardly have misunderstood the nature of the demand I made for your authority, in making the scandalous statements regarding the conduct of the Lady Agnes Rosenmuller which this afternoon you uttered in my presence. You promised to “satisfy” this demand. That can be done only in one way—or at least by the choice of one of two alternatives—the retraction, not alone of the statements you made—I care not upon whose information—but also the most ample apology for the commentary of your own which accompanied these, and identified you with their malignancy, while they increased it—or the arranging with my friend a time and place of meeting on Monday, where not only the insulted honour of a lady of spotless character and conduct, but the outraged feelings of one

bound to defend the purity of both of these, may have the chances of fate to be avenged.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

AUGUSTUS STERNEWORTH.

## LETTER X.

MANGERGART to STERNEWORTH.

*Saturday, Midnight.*

SIR,

You seek for a quarrel—and your friend will inform you that you may be gratified with a fight. I shall be perfectly disengaged on Monday morning at six, and in the Park, beyond the Monument, when your love, and the lady's reputation, may have the "chance of fate to be avenged." If you mean that in their being so, I must be killed—it is all very well—if that will do;—but I fear that even then the work will be rather incomplete, since, by choosing a phrase so much stronger than the established one, "in such cases made and provided for,"—namely, "vindicate,"—you entail upon yourself a task somewhat more herculean than even the assertion of the "spotlessness" of the character of a lady, whose name is in every body's mouth—in seeking to "avenge" each syllable that has been uttered about a very clever and eccentric young woman, who would rather forget her rank and standing in society—as *you know*—than cease to be talked of by the public, and admired by plebeian fools whom her condescension flatters. Of a truth, this



“avenging” is a most blood-thirsty resolution—and Professor Hufeland’s Tables, in next Gottingen Almanack, will show how terribly it has diminished our population in The Hanse Towns—unless, indeed, I hit my man again on Monday, which, hitherto, I have never failed to do in such cases. But “*Place aux dames ! Mon Chevalier !*”

Your Servant to command,

ALBERT MANGERGART.

## LETTER XI.

STERNEWORTH to AGNES.

*Monday Morning, 5, A. M.*

IN one hour, my adored Agnes, it may be too late to ask thee for that forgiveness which now I implore. Yes, beloved, as the crisis of fate has drawn near, the storm of anger has passed away; and he, who, but a brief time since, taunted thee in the bitterness of a proud though broken heart would now pour forth at thy feet the forgiveness and the regrets of that heart, which, while it feels that its numbered pulses are well nigh told, would willingly spend their latest beat in blessing thee! Yes, my Only Loved—may the God of goodness bless thee, when the lips which utter this prayer and the hand that writes it are lifeless and cold, as I feel they soon shall be. These lips are not unworthy of such prayer—that hand of such an office;—for in the sublimed though burning purity of a holy yet passionate love, they have been—ah how often!—pressed unto thine, as if, like Israel’s Prophet, they there had found a “hallowed fire” to “touch them”—and that hand has been deeply vowed to thee—has clasped thee to my heart, until it paused, as ’twere, its own

fond beatings, to watch and tell and number thine, while in dear neighbourhood both panted near each other!—But that hand, too, in an hour shall be lifted up against God's law, man's life, and my own soul's safety! Yet what else can I do? Honour, my other self, and Mistress tell me! It must—It must be so! Thousands have died, red with the blood of fellow men, for the “good cause they fought for!” that holy saints will say have gone to heaven.—Well,—was e'er there nobler, better cause than mine,—the honour—fame—innocence of thee;—the pure allegiance of my subject heart to its sole sovereign? Away—mailed knights and plumed chiefs, who for proud kings have drained your blood—and died—and been be-sainted and be-shrined! You threw your lives away for worse than nought—and took from others what ye as recklessly gave away. I go forth the avenger of virtue—the punisher of malice—the retributor of envy—and welcome be death if these, my ends, be but attained!

I am upheld, my Agnes, by these thoughts—and I trust also by others, not less elevating, though more calm. I need them all; for, to pause for a moment, and amid the whirl of the one, and the fearful importance of the other, to say—“I shall never see my Agnes again”—is more than courage, screwed to even stoicism, can sustain.

I dare not dwell again on *that*—but even while the fatal bullet sweeps through air, I'll think of thee, beloved: and when its work is done—and speedily I know it will be done—my spirit on a breath will return to its Giver, passing o'er the lips which thou hast kissed so often—in the effort to articulate thy name. My latest look will be towards Heaven—an imploring one it must be, for mercy to myself—for blessings upon thee! Could I but know that thou hadst pardoned me, I should then be almost happy in that terrible moment!

But Farewell—Farewell—Farewell! The sealed packet

which accompanies this, thou wilt not open, Dearest, until to-morrow. Again—My Agnes—and again—Farewell!

Still am I thine. Thy

STERNEWORTH.

## LETTER XII.

WILHELM SCHMELTER *to the* LADY AGNES ROSENMULLER.

—, *near* FRANKFORT, *Tuesday Forenoon.*

MADAM,

IN conformity with the dying request of my nephew Augustus Sterneworth, I trouble you with the statement of a few particulars regarding the untimely end of that unhappy and misguided individual, whose memory notwithstanding is still so dear to those whom nature and relationship have connected with him, that they dare not assume the power of deviating from the fulfilment of his wishes,—even where they may hold opinions different from those he cherished, as to their propriety. He fell by the hand of Albert Mangergart on the morning of yesterday, at a quarter past six o'clock, according, as I am assured, to the established laws of honour, so called, which regulate the procedure of duelling. He was carried on a litter to my house, which is a considerable distance from the place of combat, and arrived there much exhausted at seven o'clock. In two hours—of terrible suffering they were—he was in the presence of his Maker, whose forgiveness for his rashness he implored. Yet, although perfectly sensible, he would vainly persist in mixing up with his beseechings for what his condition so much required, other matters, and another name that should have been far from his repentant thoughts. It is not my purpose, however, to run farther into reflection; but I proceed to do the duty of telling what I saw or heard of. The wound was in his left bosom,

and the surgeon, on probing it, believed that the bullet had lodged in the region of the heart. His adversary escaped unhurt, from a dexterous motion of his person that enabled him to evade the course of the missile which had been steadily aimed by Augustus, with whom courage and firmness were characteristics at the moment of severest trial, as they had uniformly been in all previous time. In conformity with his own desire, he will be buried privately to-morrow—his papers have been found arranged; but on being questioned previous to his dissolution as to his memorandum of the disposition of effects alluded to in one of these, which I felt it to be my duty to send for and examine before life was extinct he refers to a document transmitted to you, which I have to request, as his heir and representative, that you will send me for inspection. I would wait upon you myself could my feelings permit me to look with calmness upon one who, so young, titled, and said to be so lovely, yet stooped to seek the heart of the enthusiast who is now no more; and thus drove him to the dreadful death he met with, in defence of a reputation, of which the owner is so careless, in comparison with her desire for the admiration and applause of even the most humble,—whose hopes she heedlessly elevates only to cast down, and nurtures but to wither. I seek not to be harsh, however, where I am so deeply grieved: May thy God forgive thee! I will try to do so—but it will be no easy task, while I remember, and I know not if I can ever forget, that I was uncle to Augustus Sterneworth.

I am,

MADAM,

Your servant to command,

WILHELM SCHMELTER.

*To the* LADY AGNES ROSENMULLER, }  
 ———, *near* FRANKFORT. }

*Memorandum found among the papers, of the* LADY AGNES  
ROSENMULLER.

*Tuesday, Midnight.*

I HAVE arranged every thing. Recollection has clung to me even as Reason passed away. I shall place this note so that my Guardian may perceive it when he will be summoned by my maid, Charlotte, to-morrow. At noon she will become alarmed at my long slumber, and seek for entrance into my chamber; but before the door is forced, he will have read it, and the packet I shall place beside it on my cabinet. That will be the sealed one Sterneworth speaks of in the letter which is now tied to my left side. It is his will. There I am made sole heir of all he had—his papers and his library. Both are valuable, and will bring money. Let it endow a school where useful knowledge may be taught. Such will be the noblest monument to the martyred Augustus. *My* fortune—fortune?—but no!—money cannot found an institution to teach women sincerity—and to point out to innocence itself that its follies are often as mischievous as the crimes of guilt! My fortune—it was my bane—my Sterneworth's murderer. No—no—*that* was myself. My wealth! Print with it the story of my folly—and my fate, and let every young heiress, who could love, yet is too proud at once to wed some noble being who will not woo, till he have won his fame, or made his fortune, have a copy of it. I dedicate it to them. Now—now—the lancet—nay, the knife—'twas Sterneworth's—and it shaped the instrument which embodied his burning lays in words! It is sharp enough—and will sever the arteries of my arm without difficulty. Sterneworth,—I come! Cold-hearted world, adieu!

AGNES.



## A SPRING DITTY.

FAREWELL to the blaze of wax candles,—  
 Adieu to the lustre of gas!  
 And then your half dances—half stand-stills,—  
 They 're but as a memory that was!

Good bye to your glasses of jelly,—  
 To Sandwiches, thin as my frill,—  
 An acre would not fill one's belly!—  
 Oh! adieu to the waltz and quadrille.

The latest of Hart's endless "Sets" all  
 Have died on my surfeited ear;  
 Three months since—and were they not pets all?  
 Yet *now* I their echo can't bear!

The look of an orchestra's frightful,—  
 A true concert song I abhor;  
 All that Winter, indeed, made delightful,  
 In April can charm me no more!

The sun now gets up in the morning,  
 At the hour I was wont to lie down ;  
 And its roseate tints are adorning  
 Even the smoke-wrinkled face of the town.

The breeze is abroad, like a rover,  
 And gaily goes kissing the flowers ;  
 The Winter—the Winter is over,—  
 The Spring and the Summer are ours !

Oh!—for plumes of the ostrich, wave o'er me  
 The green leaves and blossoms of June !  
 —Paganini himself would but bore me,  
 When the laverock's\* voice is in tune.

I'm off to the glen and the mountain,—  
 The stream, and the far-sounding sea ;—  
 Or at least I'm the weary days counting,  
 Heaven knows!—when I fairly shall be !

CASTI.

30th April.

*Anglice*—Lark.



PIECES FOR MUSIC.



## CONSTANCY ; OR, PRAY, WILL IT LAST ?

I CARE not, if true, that her heart is as light  
 As her step, if as modest it be ;  
 If her eye upon others can beam with delight,  
 Shall I shrink when it sparkles on me ?  
 Nay, prate not !—enough 'tis I bask in its beams  
 For some hours of an else gloomy day !  
 Shall I chase from my pillow what soothes me in dreams,  
 Since they pass with the morning away ?  
 No ! o'er the bright present they're fools who would cast  
 The shadowing question of—Pray, will it last ?

Did Mahomet want for his heaven a recruit,  
 You admit that in Jessie he'd find  
 A black-eyed bright beauty at once that would suit,  
 —“ If ten minutes she were of a mind ! ”  
 Well, well—if the fragrance that's wafted along,  
 From the breeze rifled sweets of the rose,  
 Is to pass by another, it surely were wrong  
 With a wise shrug to turn up my nose !  
 No, no ; o'er the present they're fools who would cast  
 The shadowy doubting of—Pray, will it last ?

✱ A FAREWELL SONG.

THE barque is on the foaming brine,  
 With sails now flapping free ;  
 Which bears me to another shrine  
 Than where I worship thee !  
 Yet from the altar of my heart,  
 Warm incense still shall rise,  
 And thou, Beloved, wilt have a part  
 In each day's sacrifice !

Oh ! had I bowed unto my God  
 With but as humbled knee,  
 And to His shrine had I but trod  
 As oft as turned to thee !  
 Then the wild thoughts which tear my soul  
 Had slept in silence still ;  
 And I had learned the stern control  
 That curbs a fiery will !

But now, when purer love than thine,  
 —But ah ! not half so warm,  
 Waits but a look, and it is mine,—  
 —It hath no power to charm !  
 My pagan heart still fondly clings  
 To what it knows untrue ;  
 And, had it even wishing's wings,  
 Would but return to you !

G. W.



## A FAREWELL SONG.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by R. Webster.

VOCE. *Andante con Expressione.*

PIANO

FORTE.

The barque is on the foaming brine, With

sails with sails now flapping free Which

bears me to another shrine Than where I worship, I worship

thee Yet, from the altar of my heart Warm

in-cense still shall rise, And thou, Belov'd, wilt have a part In  
 each day's sac-ri-fice - And thou, Be-lov'd, wilt have a  
 part In each day's sac-ri-fice!

Oh! had I turned my thoughts to Heaven,  
 When they were thine alone,  
 That peace, to holy hearts but given,  
 My bosom still had known;  
 Yea all the mem'ries, dim and wild,  
 That haunt my tomb-like breast,  
 Had, as the sorrows of a child,  
 Been lulled in dreamless rest!

But now, when purer love than thine,  
 —But ah! not half so warm,  
 Waits but a look, and it is mine,—  
 —It hath no power to charm!  
 My pagan heart still fondly clings  
 To what it knows untrue;  
 And, had it even wishing's wings,  
 Would but return to you!





## THE SOLDIER'S WOOED.

## RECITATIVE.

WHERE wave-worn rocks bestrew the shelving strand,  
 As wildly scattered by some giant hand,  
 Hark—where a sad one to the booming sea,  
 Gives her full heart this utterance—thrillingly!

## AIR.

WHY thus upon the lonely shore  
 Am I a wanderer now,  
 He comes—the loved one comes no more,  
 With gladness on his brow?  
 He'll but remember that we met,  
 As summer o'er us flew:  
 Nor needs—as I do—to forget  
 That we have parted too!

The wandering rustics mark at morn  
 My midnight foot-prints' track,—  
 A deeper stamp sad thoughts have worn,  
 Where ne'er can now come back

The tide—as here, with gushing tears,  
The by-past to efface,  
For recollection deeper wears  
Each sad though silent trace!

Upon a phantom hope he doats ;  
But ah! it is the same  
To me, as if he placed his thoughts  
On aught of meaner name.  
Ambition robs me of a heart  
Which else had all been mine ;  
But if she smile, 'twere ill the part  
Of Mary to repine!

Let me but know that he hath won  
The name he seeks to wear,—  
Too proud and high 'twill be for one  
Like me to wish to share!  
And I will calmly pass away,  
While blessing him—like flowers  
That give a perfume in decay,  
Unknown to brighter hours!

## AWAY WITH PROFESSIONS!

OH! away with professions of Friendship or Loving,  
 Whoever doubts these when distinctly their shown?  
 I want not a faith that requires any proving,  
 Like a dubious shilling—that's rubbed till it's known.  
 Why, my girl, that you love me 'twere cruel to doubt,—  
 Nay, are fond of my follies—so long as I'm by ;  
 But this flame, like yourself, dear, so often "*goes out*,"  
 That I'd not have you puff't in again with a sigh!

Be ye gay—be the star of each little horizon,  
 Or at least shine the lustre of every saloon ;  
 Only look not, from me, for the soul-breathed orison,  
 I'll keep for what beams to my gazing alone !  
 'Mid the candle-light blaze of a thousand big crystals,  
 A poor little diamond you never can tell ;  
 But that is no reason that I take to pistols,  
 Nor that you should renounce what delights you so well!

There's a story, however, I've heard of a toper  
 Who'd take small beer, or any thing,—if it was drink ;  
 He lived but for liquids—yet still was called sober :  
 That flattery's your tippie I cannot but think.  
 By heavens! 'tis too much to see women delighted  
 As well with the homage of monkeys as men ;  
 There was never a true heart beat yet but was slighted  
 For some toy of the time—but mine sha'nt be agen !

## THE WALE O' THE NORTH.

On, talk na o' townsfolk, they're lordly an' saucy;  
 An' nane o' them a' like to thee, my dear lassie;  
     They're pert an' they're pridefu',  
     They're vaunty an' spitefu';  
 Aweel!—let them e'en keep the crown o' the causey!

## I.

Their gauds an' their gay things,  
 Their trinkets an' playthings,  
 Will charm but the heartless, the silly an' vain:  
     Gie me Nature enchanting,—  
     Nae Art am I wanting;  
 An' Nature, an' Beauty, an' Jessie are ane!  
 Then talk na o' townsfolk, they're skeigh an' they're saucy,  
 Yet want a' the charms o' my ain bonnie lassie,  
     They're fickle an' heartless,  
     She's constant an' artless,—  
 Oh! wha, 'mang them a', is sae trig as my Jessie!

## II.

Her bricht e'e, that flashes  
 Frae 'neath her lang lashes,  
 Might shame a' the jewels an' empress can wear;  
     Nor would I it even \*  
     To yon star in heaven,  
 When mildly it glisten's through pity's dim tear!

\* Even—*Anglice*—Compare.

Then talk na o' townsfolk, they're lordly an' saucy :  
 Wha o' them can match wi' my dear Hielan' lassie ?  
 Their hearts they are cauldrie;  
 Their tongues, too, are bauldrie—  
 But the bield o' warm love is the breast o' my lassie !

## BELIEVE NOT THE CROWD.

BELIEVE not the crowd when they say that I love thee,—  
 Believe not my looks, if they e'er do the same ;  
 It is not that my longings are far placed above thee,  
 That I'd ne'er have thee think, with a hope, on my name !  
 But it is that I would not thy young heart were blighted,  
 By loving the loveless—as scathed hath been mine.  
 O! bestow 't where its worth will be fully requited,  
 And a part of my peace may be yet linked with thine !  
 For yours may be still—I can offer no other—  
 The zeal of a friend, and the heart of a Brother !

Oh! not on the tree that is surely decaying,  
 The rose-branch we'd graft, in the gladness of spring;  
 But, though canker may slow on its heart-core be preying,  
 The ivy in safety around it may cling !  
 That flower is not loved which is rashly transplanted,  
 While yet all its charms are 'twixt budding and bloom ;  
 But that breast is the calmest which once wildly panted,  
 And purest the bosom where hope hath its tomb !  
 Then be thine, if thou wilt—I can proffer no other,—  
 The warmth of a Friend, and the love of a Brother !



## THE ODD CORNER.—No. II.

## I.—ANOTHER “BEAUTY OF SHAKSPEARE.”

THERE is a peculiarity in those passages which we find in collections having the title of “The Beauties of Shakspeare,” which I am not aware, has ever been sufficiently noticed. They almost invariably exhibit two sorts of excellence—that of the class, and that of the species, as it were; or a collective and a separate beauty at the same time. In short, they resemble a quiver full of arrows—or a bundle of rods. Aimed together, their force is prodigious; while every separate portion, which goes to make up the whole, has an individual precision, a pith and a point—a sharpness and a power, which, as well as the amount of force in the aggregate, we in vain look for, at least to the same degree, in any other writer.

## II.—VARIETIES OF FLATTERY.

THERE is as much baseness in fawning on a mob as in flattering princes—“with a difference,” as Ophelia says; for the latter pay for the degradation and sacrifices of self respect, in patronage, power or hard cash, while the former more cheaply get acquittance by applause—which, if the result of an appeal to their passions—the case supposed—addresses itself to even a baser class of motives than those to which cupidity or the love of pomp belong.

## III.—RECLUSE AUTHORS.

THE most of recluse Authors are like asparagus—their head is the only thing valuable about them.

## IV.—PREPARATIVES.

SOME one—D'Israeli, I think—remarks, that readers must come prepared for the book they sit down to peruse, just as men require to be hungry before they can relish a meal. But this is no more than to say that you must have an inclination to read. Hunger simply craves for food. It is taste—the result of cultivation, in short, which prompts the desire for particular viands or for select books.

## V.—THE CRIES OF LONDON.

WHO now hears of “The Cries of London,” if the cries themselves be still in the world of sounds, and exist not merely, in a ghostly way, in the limbo of echo—a purgatorial middle-land on the road to utter forgetfulness? No toy books used to be so popular as those which portrayed to the eye of provincial urchins, the race of those who uttered them, and, through the imperfect syllabic imitations of untravelled nursery maids—who articulated the *thes* in *clothes*!—gave to their ears the melodies alike of Seven Dials, the Poultry, Ratcliffe Highway, and St. James'-Square! A plague on Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Johnston for ruining the copy-right of these valuable productions! Nay, the subject was once esteemed as one not beneath the research of the antiquary, the illustration of the artist, and even the record-



ding skill of the Mus. Docs. of the two universities; for, in 1609, a collection was published called "Pamelia," being a selection of the most musical of the cries of London, among others those of the Milliners' Girls, as "Italian falling bands" "Nun's Thread," &c. But who can now set to music, or note the music in the growl of the seller of "The Poor Man's Guardian" and "The Penny Trumpet"—or the hoarser sound of the informer, who valiantly clutches the vender of either of these ornaments of periodical literature?

#### VI.—PRECOCIOUS SENSIBILITY.

To cultivate the sensibilities much, and a taste for romance at an early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring, all will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn, every thing bleak and bare; and there will be but a drowsy residuum in place of healthful nourishment to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.

#### VII.—POOR LAWS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN Eden wrote on the Poor Laws, forty works, which he enumerates, had appeared on the subject. A catalogue of the volumes and tracts that have since appeared on the same theme, even if giving nothing more than the title-pages, would now fill almost as many volumes. Yet we do not appear to be much nearer to a distinct understanding, or to unanimity of opinion on the matter. So much for "discussion"—where circumstances rapidly outgrow even the speedily cultured and abundant crop of Political Tracts! What, then, of law making? Since the memorable 43d of Elizabeth, about ninety legislative enactments have been made for the regulation of that code—

forty of them during one reign; and yet, after all, Mr. Ricardo's method of cutting the knot, we have neither been able to unloose nor to tie better, seems the only thing now left for us to do, and to confess his correctness, when he said, "No scheme for their amendment merited the least attention which had not their ultimate abolition for its object!"

#### VIII.—AN EFFECT OF LIBERTY.

THE liberty to publish nonsense in a free state, is the cause why so little of it is enacted there, as compared with territories where the pen and the tongue are under restraint.

#### IX.—MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

MUSICAL composers have one advantage over authors—their beauties can neither be injured by time nor impaired by bad translators.

#### X.—PASSIVE APPLAUSE.

How seldom it is that our admiration of a virtuous character is more than passive, or grows into the activity of a motive!

#### XI.—LOST LITERATURE.

DR. DRAKE, in his *Literary Hours*, gives a list of all the works of the ancients which have been destroyed. Among Latin writers, we need scarcely regret any of these but the hundred and five books of Livy, the Orations of Cicero, and the Comedies of Terence. Among Greek authors, however, the ravages have been more extensive. Yet from the character of the fragments

which have from time to time been discovered and decyphered—whether by the Royal Commission at the Studj Museum at Naples, or by M. Angelo Maio, at the Ambrosian Library at Milan, or in the Vatican at Rome—whither he has now removed—it seems extremely doubtful whether the loss sustained by the moderns is worth the amount of lamentation lavished upon it.

#### XII.—“ LOVE OF LETTERS.”

SINCE gentlemen of high rank, as a Bulwer, &c. took to a hearty passion for literature, we hear a great deal less of the prate about a “ love of letters ” that used to be dinned in our ears ; just as where good honest matrimony is the fashion—unmeaning gallantry and idle Euphuism is at a discount—not to speak of Cicisbeism and Cavalier Servanteship being utterly scouted.

#### XIII.—ON A POWER IN MUSIC.

NOTHING at the same moment so directly appeals to intellect and sentiment as Music. Poetry and oratory only address these with the same, or perhaps superior force. But they turn to them *in succession*. Music takes possession of them both in the same instant—and by storm.

#### XIV.—ALLEGORY EXPLAINED.

HE who has a bad stomach is but the half of a man, because debarred from enjoying a great part of a man’s pleasures. Prometheus on his rock, and Sancho in his island, are but allegorical personations of *his* condition, who is bilious or dyspeptic.

## XV.—PERISHABLE FRUITS.

IMMORAL writings, especially if in verse, have ever been short-lived. Who now reads Rochester, Sedley, or even Vanbrugh? Nay, Congreve himself has paid for temporary popularity, obtained in his own day as much by a relish for his viciousness, as a power to appreciate his wit,—by the inimitable character of the one being now lost sight of in a just contempt for the debasing grossness of the other.

## XVI.—FEAR.

NONE but the happy fear—at least, there are those who would esteem themselves blest—if aught to them remained to be afraid of.

## XVII.—TRUE EMBALMERS.

LOVE, poetry, and romance, are, after all, the truest guides in the road to fame. Who knows half so much about Charlemagne as the whole world does about Abelard; and was there ever an empress whose name was as widely known as that of the mistress of the lover-monk?

## XVIII.—A TEST.

A WOMAN may be better assured of her beauty by experiencing the envy of her sex, than by looking into her own mirror; and of the superiority of her mind by the misconstructions put upon those actions where that is exhibited, than from the compliments of the admirers either of these secure her.

## A DREAM.

“ The starlit gleam upon the midnight’s snow,—  
How coldly fair—while all is dark below!”

’Twas eve: I slumbered on my couch,—  
A dream came o’er me, beautiful as dawn!  
Methought before me passed—(was’t fancy only?)  
Shapes, such as fabling poets feigned of old  
As dwelling in the quiet haunts of Nature—  
Dryads, like those of old Dodona’s oaks,  
The huntress Queen’s young hand-maids (chaste as she!)  
And such as gathered flowers with Proserpine,  
(Ere Dis had frightened them,)  
Phrynné and Lais, Sappho and Aspasia,  
And she who won from Priam’s blooming boy  
The meed of beauty, even the Cyprus queen,  
Who with an Helen bribed the amorous judge,  
(She too was there,)—  
All in the costume of the Golden Age,  
(The Youth of Poesy) trooped by me;  
Besides, the paragons of earthly beauty,  
Real in the Poet’s teeming fancies framed,—

As Lucrece and the Roman's murdered daughter ;  
Juliet—Rebecca—and young Edderline !  
—At length came one more fair to me than these,—  
Her cold bright forehead seemed endiademed  
With the pure halo of a chastened lustre ;  
High, calm, and pale it was, with graceful arc,  
Like Heaven's broad span of all unclouded blue,—  
O'er the long silken lash which meekly shaded  
The full dark eye that languished underneath.  
Her cheek was blanched, but all so gently done,  
That the soft flushing red of Health (Joy's sire,)  
Seemed but to vanish faintly-slow away,  
Like setting sunbeams, even while I gazed,  
And Grief's own softest signet-stamp was there.  
Her hair hung loosely o'er her snowy breast,  
Framing in golden filature the bust ;—  
—(A pearl of price within its circling ore !)

There was a humid sorrow in her eye,  
That mercifully dimmed its lustre,  
And gave a mild depression to her neck,  
Which hung with arching beauty o'er her breast,  
In attitude of an all sinless sorrow,  
Not for herself,—but for the world she pitied.

This Form I felt was part of mine own heart,  
Twined with my thoughts, and portion of myself ;  
Oft dreamt of ardently, yet not till now  
E'er so distinctly bodied forth or seen.

I then, with all the ardour of old love,  
Long cherished,—born in golden days of youth,  
And intertwined with thought—and life—and hope,—  
Sprang eager forth to clasp embodied wishings,  
In it made visible.

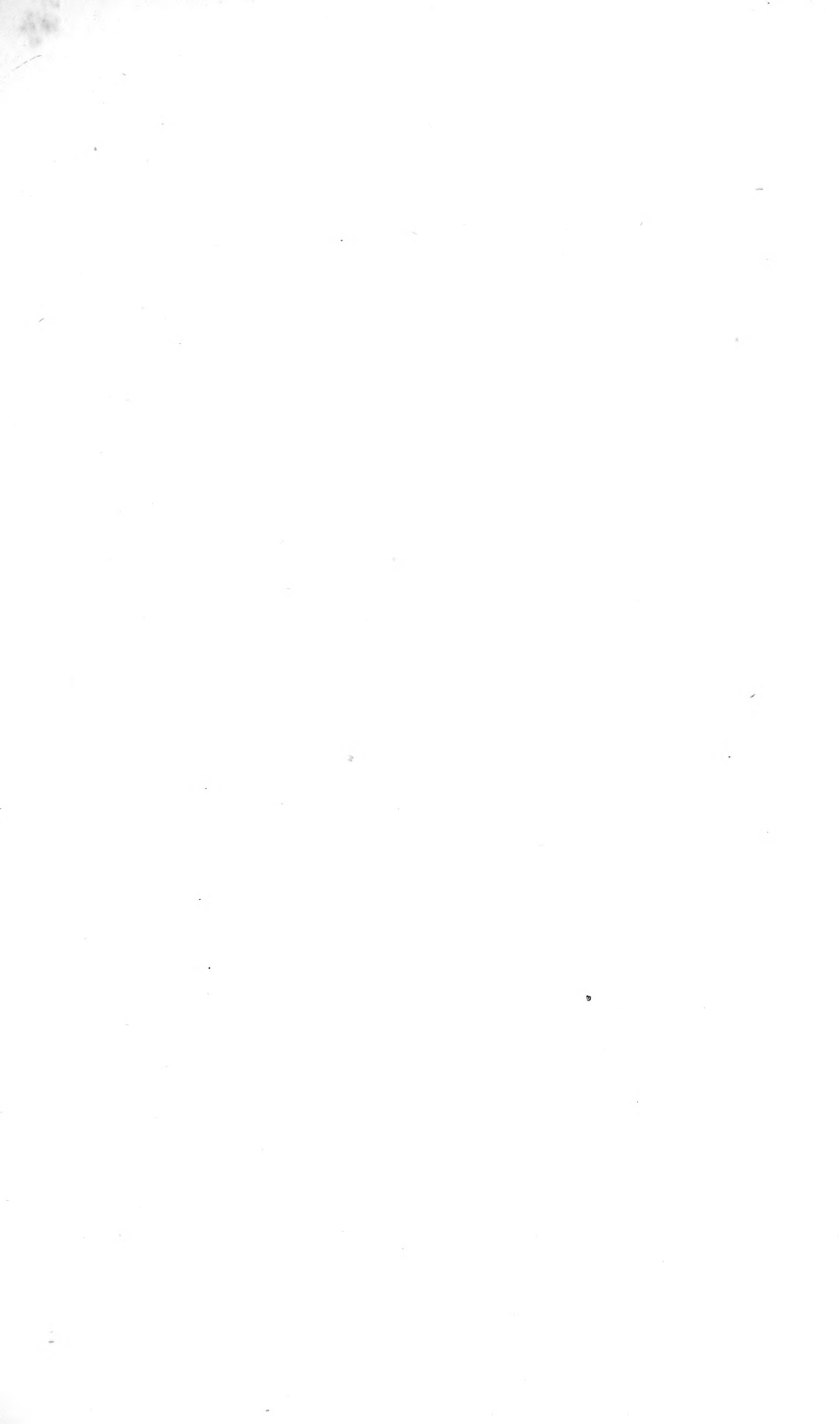
With the untired quickness of wild thought  
I seemed, while thus I sprung, to ask of Heaven  
That I might reap the harvest of my longings;  
That ached expectancy, long undefined,  
But *now* concentrated, should at last be blessed;  
And that the bright and fair creation, which  
Now stood in calm surpassing sweetness near me,  
That loveliest pattern of all beauties  
Fancy e'er dreamed of, or young poet feigned,  
Should now be mine—for ever!

The wish was granted, and the beauteous spirit  
(So said a visioned Deity)—was given  
To my dear longings, and my heart's fond wish;—  
——Lady! 'twas—Thee!

R. B. ST. J.







## THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by John Thomson.

*Andante.* A

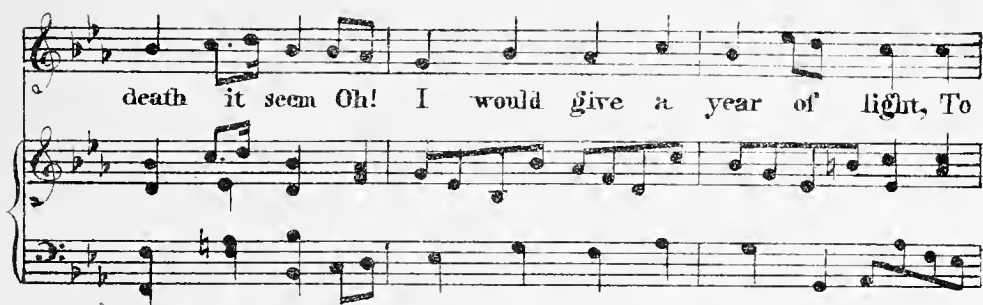
way, a way! thou gau dy day! Nor, Twi light in - ger

as for me! I love thee not, what e'er they may Whose

souls are neer more dark than thee!

But come thou dim & lone ly night And sum ber deep, till





It came athwart my soul's dark sky,  
 Bright as those spots of thrilling blue,  
 Which, as we bend our gaze on high,  
 We think we look to heaven through!  
 A form was there!—and *such* a form!  
 —A smile to dim even morning's gleam!—  
 Oh! it will bless, in calm and storm,  
 The memory of that Midnight Dream!

It sped,—too quickly sped, alas!—  
 Yet stamped its image, as it flew,  
 So deep, though other memories pass,  
 Time will its impress but renew!  
 And proudly yet I hoard the thought,—  
 Or what shall I the future deem?—  
 The hour may come such bliss will not  
 Be only a remembered Dream!



## THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

AWAY—away!—thou gaudy Day!  
 Nor, Twilight, linger as for me!  
 I love thee not, whate'er they may  
 Whose souls are ne'er more dark than thee!  
 But come, thou dim and lonely Night,  
 And slumber deep, till death it seem;—  
 Oh! I would give a year of light,  
 To live again that Midnight Dream!

It came athwart my soul's dark sky,  
 Bright as those spots of thrilling blue,  
 Which, as we bend our gaze on high,  
 We think we look to heaven through!  
 A form was there!—and *such* a form!  
 —A smile to dim even morning's gleam!—  
 Oh! it will bless, in calm and storm,  
 The memory of that Midnight Dream!

It sped,—too quickly sped, alas!—  
 Yet stamped its image, as it flew,  
 So deep, though other memories pass,  
 Time will its impress but renew!  
 And proudly yet I hoard the thought,—  
 Or what shall I the future deem?—  
 The hour may come such bliss will not  
 Be only a remembered Dream!

## THE PROUD LOVER.

HADST thou been but a peasant maid,  
 Nor basked in Fortune's shine,  
 Heart-homage I had fondly paid,  
 And wooed thee to be mine ;  
 But ne'er will I before thee bend,  
 In bashfulness made bold,  
 If thou can'st deem I e'er would spend  
 A thought upon thy gold !

Yet I'll not bid thee think the gem  
 That sparkles in thy zone,  
 Less radiant for its rich-chased hem—  
 Though—like thee—fair, alone !  
 Oh! 'tis but souls of earthly sway,  
 And hearts of meanest mould,  
 As with the worthless stone, whose ray  
 Is made or marred by gold.

There's not a coinless son of Song  
 But who would spurn the lyre  
 His fervid finger sweeps along,  
 If gilded were the wire !  
 There's not a drop that warms my breast  
 But what turns proudly cold,  
 As shrinking from the thought unblest,—  
 To woo, or wed for gold !



# THE PROUD LOVER.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by R. Webster.

VOCE

*Moderato*

PIANO

FORTE

*p*

Hadst thou but been a Pea = sant

maid. Nor basked in for = tunc's shine, Heart ho mage I had

fond = ly paid And wooed thee to be mine; But ne'er will

I be fore thee bend, My bash = ful = ness made bold,



If thou canst deem I e'er would spend A thought, a thought up-

*Ad lib*  
on thy Gold!

Yet I'll not bid thee think the gem  
 That sparkles in thy zone,  
 Less radiant for its rich-chased hem—  
 Though like thee, fair, alone!  
 Oh! 'tis but souls of earthly sway,  
 And hearts of meanest mould,  
 As with the worthless stone, whose ray  
 Is made or marred by gold.

There's not a coinless son of Song  
 But what would spurn the lyre  
 His fervid finger sweeps along,  
 If gilded were the wire!  
 There's not a drop that warms my breast  
 But what turns proudly cold,  
 As shrinking from the thought unblest,—  
 To woo, or wed for gold!



## THE HAMELY HEARTH.

THE hamely hearth, the cottage fire,  
     That burns wi' cozy glee;  
 The lamp love lights, and plain attire,  
     If hearts beat 'neath't, for me!  
 Some breasts, they say, will only glow  
     In Pleasure's gaudy halls,  
 Like waxen tapers that but show  
     Their light in festivals!  
 Be mine some silent flame, whose rays  
     But gleam for me alone;  
 My single share of yon lamp's blaze  
     Can scarce, I think, be known!

The vocal woods, the breezy hill,  
     The never silent sea;  
 Much Nature—and a little skill,—  
     The artless Art—for me!  
 The gay saloon, the glittering throng,  
     The cup, the dance, the lay,  
 Which some proud voice can tune to song,  
     Give pleasure as they may!—  
 Be mine, kind heaven! more humble joys;  
     Yet shared be even these  
 With one who would not, had she choice!  
     Another wish to please!

## GO, FLOWER OF THE SUNSHINE!

Go! flower of the sunshine!—I will not inhale  
 In the hour of thy beauty, one breath of its bloom;  
 Since I know that in darkness thy charms would all pale,  
 And, beneath the least cloud-shade, upfold them in gloom!

Not the Day-Flower that turns to wherever the smile  
 Of brightness is beaming—the east or the west—  
 Shall I place on my bosom, to blazon a while,  
 Where the Evergreen faithful and fondly would rest!

Then shine for thy hour,—in thy brightness, oh! shine,  
 Proud thing that I loved with no meteor flame;  
 When sickness and sorrow both claim to be mine,  
 Oh! why hast not thou, in thy love, done the same?

In thy love!—Yes—but, oh! it was brief as 'twas bright;  
 And now my dark soul is the darker for thee,  
 Though the night-lamp of kindness burns calm in my sight,—  
 Oh! more fair than the lustre of passion—and thee!



# GO, FLOWER OF THE SUNSHINE.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by W. Hindmarsh.

Violoncello, *Andante.*  
Guitar, *Allegro*

Go! flower of the sunshine! I will not in-  
hale In the hour of thy beauty, one breath of its bloom; Since I  
know that in darkness thy charms would all pale, And be-  
neath the least cloud shade up fold them in gloom  
Not the Day Flower that turns to where ever the  
smile of bright ness is beaming the east or the

west Shall I place on my bo som, to bla zon a while, Where the

Ev er green faith - ful and fond ly would rest,

*Len-tan-do.*

*p* *mf* *p*

Then shine for thy hour,—in thy brightness, oh! shine,  
 Proud thing that I loved with no meteor flame;  
 When sickness and sorrow both claim to be mine,  
 Oh! why hast not thou, in thy love, done the same?

In thy love!—Yes—but, oh! it was brief as 'twas bright;  
 And now my dark soul is the darker for thee,  
 Though the night-lamp of kindness burn calm in my sight,—  
 Oh! more fair than the lustre of passion—and thee!

*D. Allan Hichog.*





## A LEGEND.

“ Oh ! bear me, when dust, to the land of my birth,  
 And lay me quietly there ;  
 For not to rest in another earth,  
 Hath ever been my prayer !  
 I wished to live to see once more  
 The place where I was born :  
 My soul hath yearned for’t, often before  
 My frame was so weary and worn !”

---

—They bore him across the western wave,  
 Till he saw his boyhood’s home ;  
 And he marked the spot for his early grave,  
 With the words—“ *I come !—I come !*”  
 For he knew that Death was awaiting him,  
 As for some promised guest ;—  
 But why should we be regretting him,  
 Who hath gone to a blessed rest !

---

Oh ! my love was like this pilgrim man,—  
 It knew that it would die ;  
 But it longed to be stilled where it first began,—  
 And it could not tell for why !  
 ’Twas a wish like a fear—and it is fulfilled !  
 Here love with me upgrew ;—  
 But its altar’s a tomb,—and it is stilled,  
 And lies buried here—BY YOU !

# DRINK TO THE NAMELESS!

## I.

I CANNOT pledge, like you, a Name  
 To grace the sparkling of the cup—  
 My Love would shrink from such a fame—  
 Yet will I fondly drain it up!  
 And, while I deeply drink the draught,  
 Unmuttered thoughts will pass along  
 Which yet—when other cups are quaffed—  
 May flow aloud—half hid in song!  
 But think not I'm of Love ashamed,  
 That thus I drink to one Un-named!

## II.

She's hid within my silent heart,  
 Whose beatings only she doth know;  
 And I must act awhile the part  
 Of distant friend—or seem a foe;  
 Till, like the writing, only seen  
 When warmth calls forth to light each line,  
 A happier hour may lift the screen,  
 And, *knowing*—I may *own* her mine!  
 Yet think not I'm of Love ashamed,  
 But pledge with me—To the Un-named!

## III.

She's fair—if such *you* beauty deem ;  
    She's dark—if *you* prefer that hue ;—  
She's all, in short, you e'er will dream :  
    —Wise—Witty—Tender—Rosy—Blue !  
As innocent as is the dove ;  
    As fond in deep fidelity ;  
With but *one* failing,—'tis the love  
    She bears a wilful thing like me !—  
Who waits the time, when all unblamed,  
The Wife—the Mistress—may be Named !

## A METRICAL HOMILY ON JOHN iv. 13, 14.

“Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

DRINK, if you will, of Pleasure's sparkling stream,  
 From the rich goblets, to whose brimmings gleam  
 Eyes brighter yet than those in which they see  
 The flash sent back of their own ecstasy.

Drink of the cup which many only sip,  
 Where love hath left the fragrance of its lip;  
 Yea, quaff it, fiery as the young heart's glow,  
 Or pure and soft as yet descending snow!

Fill up the bowl that Friendship long hath quaffed,  
 Pour joy and gladness in the thrilling draught;  
 With memory sweeten 't, and, before you drain,  
 One tear drop in't, and ask—What meaneth pain?

From the home-cup the simple draught imbibe,  
 Affection gives, unthinking of a bribe,—  
 Feel the parched tongue wax eloquent, the sign  
 That Gratitude the water turns to wine!

Pledge, with a goblet brimmed in triumph's hour,  
 When Virtue celebrates its might o'er Power,  
 Words of deep fervour—links which make a span  
 Of leagues that sever man from brother man!

Drain, when the lips are burned with glowing thanks,  
 For honours won in Freedom's foremost ranks,  
 A draught that in its thrilling richness seems,  
 All that hath ever bless'd Ambition's dreams.

Or, from ideal goblets bid to flow  
 The stream of Song—to quench a world's wo;  
 And, as it pours, in that Castalian dew,  
 Quaff of a rapture Shakspeare only knew!

From the rich cistern age on age hath filled,  
 Drink deep of lore—in drops to some distilled,—  
 Bathe in the very fountain-head of Fame,  
 And steep in Lethe thy defying name!

Or,—more than all—when on thy tongue the flame  
 Of fever dwells, while chills the frozen flame,—  
 The hand of Love may on it moisture drop,  
 Whose every trickle brings thee Life and Hope;—

—BUT THOU WILT THIRST AGAIN!—Ay! more and more,  
 Even as thou drink'st; unquenched as before

Th' unsated appetite will soon return!

—Drink!—and again with fire thy lips shall burn!

—But to the fountain of Redeeming Grace,

With pilgrim footsteps seek thy path to trace:

Not upon Sychar's plain—will it be found,

Nor where the Patriarch smote the rocky ground!

Turn to thy God with humble heart and knee,

—In thine own breast 'twill spring in gushings free,—

If He the waters of His mercy give,

Then wilt thou thirst no more,—Drink, and thy soul  
shall live!

THREE NIGHTS PASSED IN  
PERTSHIRE.

“ Unbidden guests are often welcomest.”

“ The rustic life  
Is nobler than attending for a check ;  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid for silks.”  
*Shakspeare.*



## THREE NIGHTS PASSED IN PERTHSHIRE,

AND

A HIGHLAND HARVEST HOME DESCRIBED.

PERCY WENTWORTH *to* TREVYLYAN MAYNARD, *of* C.C. *Oxon.*

GLASGOW, ———, 18—.

You ask me, my dear Maynard, what circumstances have occurred to occasion such indications of buoyancy of spirits, as are perceivable in my last hasty note to you? Being confined to my chamber by a slight cold, I have no objection at once to answer that question, and so comply with your request of explaining the cause of my unwonted good humour.

I have *not* mastered another book of Euclid, as you suppose, nor finished my German studies, in good time to resume my metaphysical ones at this university: you may tell Ballard, if he inquire, that I have not done either one or other;—but I have, as I informed you in my last,—for I had nothing else to communicate,—returned from a tour in Perthshire; in which, I had a peep into another variety of “Life,” and acquired some knowledge of the traditions and manners of the inhabitants of that romantic district of Scotland.

You know, my dear Maynard, that I hold pleasure to be incomplete until it be communicated; and I think your participa-

tion in my present happiness, by being made acquainted with its cause, is the only thing wanting to make it perfect. My letter shall therefore be long; but I have less fear of it being tiresome, than I have often felt when writing to you; although while I scribble, I am pricked by the recollection of our old opinion that there are pleasures and enjoyments which, though they delight and enrapture in reality, are deuced dull when seen on paper, in a prosy description. Perhaps I am now about to furnish an additional example of this: but preliminaries are always tiresome, so—*allons!*

In the first week, then, of September, I set out alone from this city, on a pedestrian excursion, to “the Trosachs.” A small oiled silk knapsack containing some linens,—a copy of Horace and of the Lady of the Lake, with a few sovereigns, were the only articles with which I burthened myself. The weather was serene and delightful, and I was in a mood for enjoying with zest every scene or adventure that came in my way.

The road to Callendar, by the Port of Menteith, was the one I selected for approaching Loch Ketturin. On the evening of the second day of my tour, I descended towards the shores of the lovely Lake of Menteith. The sun—— but *this* letter was commenced for the purpose of giving you a sketch of my *latest* nights’ adventure in the Highlands, which, though not more pleasing than was my *first* nights’ sojourn there, are better fitted for amusing you in the description. I must therefore reluctantly keep you ignorant of my introduction to the warm-hearted inmates of a border farm, half pastoral, half agricultural called Auchyle; of my day at Inchmahoma, in company with the fair “Lady of the Lake,” in which the lovely island, so named, is situated; of my tumble into the stream of Lubnaig; of meeting an old sybil at the foot of Ben-Ledi; and of my being lost in the wilds of Glenfinlass; and carry you with me at once to the

farm house, or rather hostelry, at the head of Loch Achray, where I passed the night before I penetrated the wild gorge of the Trosachs, and sailed on the silver bosom of Loch Ketturin.

The air of the mountains makes me feel any thing rather than a disinclination for “provant,” as Sir Dugald Dalgetty has it, so, even at Ardkenochrochan, (confound the names!) I was tolerably sharp-set. When I arrived at this half-Highland-half-Lowland place of entertainment, where I spent the evening, I asked what I could have for supper, and was agreeably astonished to hear a *carte* volubly run over, in which I could distinguish “lamb-chops,” “deer’s tongue,” “roast fowl,” and “cold pye.” Where all the names were so excellent, it was difficult to choose, so I specified lamb-chops only, and left the rest to the discretion of mine hostess; inquiring, at the same time, if there were any sojourners for the night who would be willing to share the repast with me; for though I am ridiculously fond of a solitary stroll, I am far from being equally so of a solitary meal after it. I was told there were two other strangers in the house, young men; so I immediately requested to be allowed to introduce myself to them, and was speedily ushered into the apartment in which they sat—waiting for supper, as I afterwards learned. I was politely received on announcing myself. I say politely, though there was a somewhat haughty modesty in their demeanour at the first, which one seldom meets with in English travellers or tourists of their age; for, as I have said, they were both young. But I must describe them, since they will be often mentioned in the course of my letter. The elder of them was about five-and-twenty; the other but a year beyond his teens. The former (his name I afterwards learned was Reston, though I never heard him addressed but by his Christian appellation, or an endearing diminutive of it,) was tall and pale-faced, with grizzly locks, but a well developed forehead, and a fiery eye,

when it was lighted up by animated discourse. The latter was also pale-faced, but a blue-eyed and red-haired descendant of a Saxon stock; of middle stature, and voluble discourse, as I found—after one gets familiar with him. Our conversation naturally turned upon the romantic scenery which surrounded us; and, in the course of it, I perceived, that Mr. Bertram—the younger of the twain—was an enthusiast in every thing; a passionate admirer of external nature, and fine poetry; and—but this I had not from himself—a small dabbler in versification.

The other had a good vein of sterling sense, a keen perception of the ludicrous, and an occasional felicity of expression and description, sometimes appearing *outré* to an Englishman, because it was decidedly National, but sparkling, and humourous, and amusing. Supper was at length brought in—and never did a bill of fare yield a harvest so unlike its promise! But we made up in laughing for what we wanted in comfort; for the chops alone were tolerable. Off them we supped, and cracked jokes and made similies on the “*cold pye*,”—such the waiter called it—for *we* did not know what title to give it—that was placed at the foot of the table;—while its bouquet contrasted finely with the highly rarified air from the mountains, which we had that day inhaled. After laughing till I was tired, I wrote some admonitory lines with my pencil on a slip of paper, and placed it beneath its sombre crust, that the next cutter of it, in case his sense of smell was not *aente*, might still run as little risk as possible, of having a colic from eating any of the internal stuffing. A tumbler of fine whisky-punch prevented our hilarity from abating ere we retired to rest, which was not until after we had agreed to start at an early hour, and ramble round *the* Lake, together. We were up with the sun,—which that day beamed forth with a lustre and power extraordinary at so advanced a period of the season,—strolled round the

margin of the lovely Loch Achray, and returned to a Highland breakfast, as excellent as our supper had been execrable; to which, doubt not, we did ample justice.

We next procured a guide, who afterwards acted as boatman also. We were led by him through the far-famed Trosach Glen, and rowed on the no less celebrated Loch Katherine, or Ketturin,—as my Celtic lore now enables me to say, is the more correct orthography. A feeling of disappointment was strangely felt by all of us, while traversing the defile I have so often named. It certainly does not *now* equal the description of it I have read in prose, or the beautiful view of it through a Claude Lorrain glass, as it were, which the Wizard of the North has given. Indeed, I hardly think it ever could do so to common eyes, although it is not easy to speak decidedly on this point, as the mountain called Benvenue, the most sublime feature in the scene, has recently been completely denuded of the thousand pines which once beautifully softened its sternness, in their clustering—like love-locks—around its frowning brow. I have not room here to indulge myself in a description of the loch; of the gloomy bay at its foot; of the bursting beauty of its rapid expansion into a large and unruffled body of water, nor of the charming islet which reposes on its tranquil bosom, and which now possesses so many adventitious attractions in addition to its native loveliness.

We had, as we sailed, a Gaelic “croon” from our boatman, and returned through a less frequented, but immeasurably finer—no, these terms are now so misapplied, that I must not use them in this case,—through a path, then, more rugged, but also greatly more sublime, than the one by which we had approached the lake. It was once the only, as it still is the nobler, avenue to so lovely yet so wild a scene.

I must not here forget thee, thou fine specimen of the hardy

well informed, and well bred Celt, ANDREW MACLEAN; thou "glass and model" of all Highland guides! I was contented with giving thee a crown of silver; our rhyming tourist, forsooth, besides, gave thee one of verse, in the shape of a certificate, which (it was the only indication of weakness of mind that I saw about thee) thou preferredst to my convertible proof of satisfaction. Mayest thou live yet to act as guide to my first-born, when he follows his father on a hunt after the Scottish picturesque!

It was now "high noon," and we had a long and rugged road before us; so after having, through Andrew's instrumentality, got a bottle of the sublimated dew of these mountains, in other words, aquavite, or usquebaugh, and some bread and cheese, we bade him farewell, and winding round the head of Loch Achray, began the ascent of that succession of hills intervening betwixt it and Aberfoil, of which Craig Vad is the highest. The mountain track was frightfully jagged, and the heat of the day perfectly tropical; yet we climbed one height after another, with an alacrity hardly credible, which the excellent spirits we were in, and the no less excellent spirits we had with us, (of which, *Credat Judeaus!* we drank bumpers every half-hour,) together with the fine pure air of the mountains that we inhaled, all contributed to produce.

On many a heathery knoll we sat to recover our breath, drink our whisky, and forget the length of the road still before us. Long before we reached the summit of the range of hills, our "skreigh-bottle," as our guide named our spirit-flask, was as "dry as a whistle," to use another of his Doric phrases. The mountain streamlets, indeed, furnished us with hermit's beverage—sacred in pilgrim lays and legends—but we unphilosophically and ungratefully regretted that we had nothing profane to mix along with it.

You and I, Maynard, have more than once managed three bottles of claret each, after dinner; I verily believe a respirer of the heather breezes of this district might discuss a dozen at a sitting; for even I was then able to take bumper after bumper of the strongest usquebaugh, without feeling the most remote approach to intoxication.

The view from Craig Vad, though certainly very fine, is hardly so much so as the guide-books of the district would have one to believe. However, I have seen but a few landscapes that surpass it in sublimity and grandeur; so much, indeed, are these its characteristics, that many patches of quiet beauty interspersed, are lost in the vaster features which surround them. Turning to the north and north-west, the eye takes in an immense picture of hill and valley, loch and glen, framed in ranges of mountains, whose summits, even after a summer of unusual heat, still whitened by the snows of the past winter, were capped by the majestic clouds sailing along the distant horizon, which their serrated tops defined.

But I forget that this is not a quarto tour, but a friendly epistle. Without farther prosing, then, I shall carry you with us to "The Clachan of Aberfoil." Do not these words ring like the voice of an old friend in your ears?—Do not the peerless Diana—the poetical Osbaldiston—the dauntless freebooter, Rob Roy—the worthy and facetious Bailie Jarvie, all start up before you at the bare repetition of these sounds? Such is the power of creative genius, and such the influence of association!

The descent to the valley of the Avendhu, as the Forth is called at Aberfoil, is as frightfully rugged as is the ascent on the other side of the hills. The track of wheels is in many places visible; but how an animal could drag a carriage, of any description, through these wild passes, is more than I can readily

conceive, The “clachan” is but a few miserable houses, with a venerable church and respectable manse,—scattered near the only bridge over the river that is in the immediate neighbourhood. A ford was once the only way of communication between the high and low countries, which it now so much better supplies. This was probably the origin of the village, at least it is a more likely cause than even its most romantic site, or the traditions connected with its little history.

For the accommodation of the crowds of tourists who now visit this district, the Duke of Montrose has built a tolerably good inn at this place ; and here we entered to refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the early morning and toilsome noon. I had determined upon pitching my tent at this spot for the night, and then proceeding to Glasgow next day ; but was, despite of remonstrance, obliged to yield to the entreaties of my two new friends, and to accompany them five miles further west, to a farm house called Glenard, with the possessors of which they were intimate, and from whom they had a special invitation.

In vain I urged, in objection to this plan, that I was a total stranger, though they were acquaintances ; and that I was in a manner a foreigner, while they were countrymen. “Hoot, man,” was their reply, “gae wa’ wi’ your havers!—D’ye think that Heilan’ hospitality’s sae scrimpit i’ the neive, that even-down strangers wouldna be glad to gie baith routh o’ meat an’ drink to antrin \* bodies like us ; besides, that them whase caller sheets we hae rowed in, and whase aumry gear we hae aften pried, afore now, wadna mak ony frien o’ ours a hauntle mair than bare welcome ? Glenard’s a bonnie house, an’ a bien ane ; but neither bonnier than *them wha are in’t*, lad, nor a warmer

\* *Anglice*—Stranger visitors, or guests.



bield than the hearts o' its dwellers! Come awa', and mak nae mair fikes!"

Shall I confess to you, Maynard, that the strange manner in which this pressing invitation was given, and the unceremonious friendliness with which my two companions treated and spoke to me, (they talked good English while we were acquaintances only,) no less than the sly emphasis they gave to the words I have underlined, excited my curiosity so much, that I at last consented, almost with alacrity, to go to a house to which I had no invitation from its owners—whom I had never seen—and, by implication, demand provant and quarters for the night!

We set off in high glee, turning our faces to the sun, whose beams were now slanting in the west, and followed, upwards, the course of the Avendhu, which sails along in black and unrippling speed in its deep channel, down the vale through which we tracked our way, and forth from the spot where it is precipitated over a rocky ledge of considerable height, shortly after it emerges from its parent lake—Lochard. It is joined, a little above Aberfoil, by the true "Water of Forth," which rises near the base of almost the only hill in Scotland that many Englishmen know any thing about, even by name—Benlomond. At the distance of two miles from the inn, we left the banks of the stream, and the margin of the lower division of Lochard, which had just opened on us, and plunged into a wild and woody vale, the sublime solitude of which was imposing in the extreme. The lake was hid from us by some high knolls on the left; and on the right, the range of precipitous hills, which we had crossed in the morning, rose abruptly from the long stripe of level meadow that lay at their feet, on which numerous trees were scattered, in small patches, rather than gathered in groupes. Scarcely a sign of inhabitant was now visible. The latest we had seen was the woodman

cutting down, without selection, and without mercy, the whole of the trees at the gorge of the Pass, for the purpose of having them distilled into a pyroligneous acid, in a building erected for the purpose, on an adjoining field! The habitations of man were here few, few and far between; and on the face of the hills were seen the lonely summer shielings of the tenders of those flocks whose bleatings floated wildly through this valley of quiet, rather agitating than dispelling its solitude.

At length, we emerged from this seclusion, and the whole expanse of upper Lochard burst upon our enraptured gaze, with all the force of contrast, and with all the sublime and glorious accessories of a gorgeous sunset and a balmy eve. Imagine to yourself, a sheet of the most pellucid water, three miles long, and half a mile broad, hemmed in by, here, precipitous rocks, fringed with mountain ash and heather bushes, and there, by many a shelving bay with shore of purest sand, and small round pebbles, lying sparkling beneath the golden rays of the declining sun, and gently rippled by the western breeze. Imagine, for the canopy, an unclouded sky,—for a termination to the vista, a vast conical mountain, now thrown into a shade of the deepest yet most ethereal purple. Imagine all this, and a thousand accessories and hues which no description can help you to, and after all, my dear Maynard, you have but an imperfect idea of the mingled magnificence and beauty of Lochard at sunset!

Thou loveliest combination of mountain, wood, and water, which ever my eyes beheld, or my teeming fancy pictured,—and was I about to return, without having seen thee, to “the populous city,” to tell that I had gazed on Scotland’s fairest scenes! Seldom visited by fashionable tourists, thy charms are not known to half of even the devoted worshippers of external nature who pass near to thy boundaries!

But I had better come down from my high horse; not, how-

ever, before I tell you, that you must come to the North next summer, were it but to see Lochard—and those who dwell upon its banks—to whom I can introduce you. Thanks to my chance-found companions for this; for but for them I never should have seen either! New beauties caught our gaze every step we advanced. The road now wound round the border of the loch, and occasionally dipped in its pure waters; indeed, in one place the passage for wheel carriages was really *laid across* a nook of it for a considerable distance,—a perpendicular ledge of rock, of great height, jutting up from its margin, and forming a high wall on our right, as we proceeded onward. From the summit of one of these rocks, did the exasperated wife of Rob Roy, actually precipitate a person in the employment of government, to an instantaneous death below. This tradition, still prevalent in the neighbourhood, (need I remind you?) has given the hint for one of the most powerful pieces of description in the whole range of our fictitious history.

The Pass of Lochard must, at one time, have been impregnable; and, indeed, would yet afford excellent shelter for a corps of partisans. The place is still pointed out where some of Cromwell's men were worsted in the attempt to force their way through it.

On Glenard appearing in sight, my two companions burst out into the finest spontaneous jubilation you can imagine. It really did one's heart good to see those

“ Long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe,”

so delighted; besides, their carolling led to our discovering an astonishingly fine and distinct double echo, which clearly repeats

nine or ten syllables, first from the opposite shore, and next from a wood to the east of the spot where the human performer stands. "Yonder," cried the one, "is Auld Skie!"—and yonder," echoed the other, "is Glenard!" At the latter place we soon arrived. I shall take a pleasure in describing it to you now, and will send you a sketch of it when I have leisure to copy from my note-book. Glenard, then, is a large farm house, situated at a short distance from the head of the loch, of which its site commands a complete view. The hills rise in wild grandeur immediately behind it, and seem either to spread a protecting shade, or to frown angrily over it, as the feelings of the spectator, or the state of the atmosphere may chance to be. A wild mountain "burn" dashes past its western end, as if it panted to repose its turbulence in the quiet mirror-like reservoir towards which its waters hasten. Some large and fertile fields and meadows stretch away to the right and left, and gently slope towards the loch; and on these, at the period I saw them, plentiful crops were already cut. A row of tall trees stretches before the house, sheltering it in winter, without impeding the prospect it commands in the fine season; and, in fact, I know of no place where the comfortable and the picturesque are so well combined. But *I* keep you longer on the outside than you would be allowed to stand, without, at least, an invitation to enter, from some of the members of Mr. Macpherson's family. My two new friends quickened their pace as they approached their bourne, till they actually ran; and, at length, leaping into the "trance" or lobby, dragged me along with them. The noise we made, brought to the door the mistress of the house, and her eldest and youngest daughter,—the one a fine and gracefully modest young woman,—the other, a lovely little girl, the only inmates the house then contained, all the rest being out in the fields. "*Gu' de mar ha' u?*" cried the elder of the

two visitors, while he nearly shook off the hand of the matron, whose face beamed a welcome to us. "A thousand times How's a' wi' you!" said the younger, as he more gently pressed the fair hand of one of the rosy girls, and kissed the ruddy cheek of the other. "'A frien' to the Gregarach;'" in short, an acquaintance of ours, Mrs. Macpherson, that we have made bauld to bring along wi' us," said my cicerone, introducing me. "Ony frien' o' yours, Mr. Reston, will aye be welcome," was the kind reply of the mistress of the house. I made my acknowledgments with as much warmth, and as little ceremony, as ever you saw me do. We were ushered into a parlour, the very picture of neatness, hung round with proofs of the taste and superior education of the young women of the family; and were, greatly to the joy of even your humble servant, now a critic in whisky, served with bumpers of that beverage.

To tea, which was soon prepared, we three travellers sat down with an appetite which enabled us to do justice to its substantial accompaniments, goat's ham, deer's tongue, and delicious ewe milk cheese. After the meal, in conversing with old Mr. Macpherson, I picked up a prodigious mass of information regarding Scottish agriculture, sheep-farming, and the localities, history, manners, and superstitions of this wild and romantic part of the country. I am now quite at home in its legendary lore, and in my knowledge of Urisks, or goblin-men, the legitimate descendants of old Pan, and the Satyrs of ancient Arcadia, and of the poetical race, whose very name has something inexpressibly wild and beautiful in it, the *Daoine Shi'*, or *Men of Peace*. The Men of Peace!—spiritual, kind, and gentle—the doers of all good offices, and the givers of all happy dreams! Still, near Glenard, on the banks of the dark and gloomy stream of the Chon, the green knoll they hallowed, amid the surrounding brown and barren desolation, is pointed out; and still is it believed that

any too curious wight may, by walking nine times round it on All-Hallow-Eve, or Hallowe'en, as Burns has it, gain admittance, and become a denizen of *Coin Shi'an*, or the *Cove of Peace*. The ancient Highlanders thought hell must be a place of mists and storms, because these were their greatest inconveniences on this side of the grave: so did the dwellers of old in this troubled border country, where no man's shieling was secure from destruction, nor his flocks from plunder, think with longing on the "peace of futurity;" and, as mankind have universally done in all ages, embody their wishes in their superstitions. The Men of Peace, and the *Daoine Matha*, or *Good Men*, were alternately objects of reverence and envy to the turbulent Highlander, who knew the blessings of tranquillity only by superstitious tradition.

But I was fully as much amused as I was informed. The irresistibly comic extravagancies of one of the party, contributed to this. He was a most astonishing mimic, in the best, or if you allow me the term, intellectual sense of the word; for he seized less on individual peculiarities than on generic ones; and though he gave a perfect picture of voice and manner, he did what many of those who excel in becoming *outside* fac-similies cannot do—he exhibited a portrait of the prevailing and characteristic habits of thought of the *personage*, as of the class. He sketched out the Celt, surrounded by Lowland wonders, and expressing himself in broken Saxon, with a skill and tact which must needs be seen to be believed. His delineations were, if I may say so, *speaking etchings* of the life.

The evening sped on, and supper was brought in, and such a supper! The Traveller's Club, or the Rocher Cancale, will never furnish me with one I shall enjoy with more relish. On a snow-white cloth were laid sweet and ewe milk cheeses; some of the delicious trout for which the neighbouring lochs are famous;—

basons of curds, with bowls of sour and sweet cream, and piles of crispy oat cakes, together with rolls of butter, which had about it some of the perfume of the heathery knowes on which the cattle that yielded it had fed. The repast finished, we prepared to retire, and I hinted the necessity of my proceeding, at an early hour of the following morning, on my journey; but this I found I could not be permitted to do, for each of the family vied with the other in "pressing" me to stay. "Mr. Wentworth," said one of the rural beauties, "if our rustic manners do not tire you, permit me to insist on your remaining all to-morrow; for as the harvest labourers have finished cutting our crops, in the evening we will hold our annual festival of the 'Hairst Kirn,' and you can thus have an opportunity of comparing English and Highland merry-makings."

Mr. Macpherson and his sons overhearing us, added, that there was nothing but the most important business, which could induce them to permit any stranger to pass their door on the morrow, without joining the merriment, how much less a guest?

There was no resisting this; so I agreed to stay, and retired to my chamber, where linens as pure as the mountain snow, and as "caller" as the mountain air, and a bed of the down of the black-cock and the ptarmigan, assisted the fatigues of the day in wrapping me in slumber. But this reminds me of the necessity of going to bed—even without such a proof of sound sleep. I shall resume my narrative to morrow.—*Bon soir!*

---

The most refreshing repose is not always the longest, so I was up before dawn, and sallied out with my sketch-book and a volume of poetry, to be a spectator of the coronation, by the

regal beams of the morning sun, of the hill-tops which surrounded me. The loch was yet shrouded in darkness, and the first purple streaks of light were just beginning to expand into larger and redder masses in the east. I climbed an eminence at its head, where the brown and rippling stream of the Chon, leaving the sheet of water that gives it a name, brawls angrily into Lochard, as if fretted that its lonely waters should be debased by the use and intrusion of man, who has in one place fettered them to the purpose of turning a mill. Behind me rose the rugged height of Benoghrie, yet scarcely visible, and far to the west, were dimly seen the wilds of Skianuir, where the heron builds its lonely nest. Hesperus, in pale beauty, yet beamed over the summit of Benlomond, which, in the doubtful twilight of dawn, appeared, from its conical shape, like some vast regularly fashioned pyramid.

The chirp of the awakened birds, and the exhalations of the morning dews, now rising like mist from the hills, answered the rapidly dilating beams of the god of day, whose disc now became visible. Craig Vad, Benvenue and Benchochan, at their summits, were successively decked out in purple and gold, while the whole orient horizon flamed with surpassing splendour.

The "Summer Isles," and "Islands of the Blest," whose shores are golden sands, and whose seas are purple, seemed to float in the eastern sky. The streaks of light anon glided down the mountains' sides, and then skirted their base. The sun commenced his career through the blue vault of heaven, and the loch and the valley now glittered in its beams! The seclusion of Dalchone, and the sheltered beauty of Blairchulichan were lighted up with it, and the bleat of the sheep, the pipe of the shepherd, the carol of the soaring lark, and the voice, in the distance, of reapers hastening to their labour, ushered in the new born monarch,—DAY! Picture to yourself this scene, and



my feelings;—but you cannot—you cannot, lively though your imagination be! I was thrilled by the very spirit of gladness! I was drunk with rapture. Never—never shall I forget that balmy hour, and “that hour’s influence.” He who has never seen sunrise enacted in such an amphitheatre as Lochard, knows not nature, knows not devotion—devotion in its *essence*.

I threw myself down on the heath and, after a pause, pencilled in my sketch-book the following lines, which are only another proof that exalted feelings often find poor enough expression.

#### SONNET ON SUNRISE.

’Tis dawn,—the birth of day! Far i’ the west  
 Hesper, now pale, shelters with frightened Night  
 From Morn’s approach, that o’er yon mountain’s crest  
 Peers faintly yet. But see! the flood of light  
 O’ertops the summit;—its hoar sides are drest  
 In purple beauty, and the breath of morn  
 Is dallying with the heath-bell’s dewy sweets:  
 And now it leaves them, laden with perfume,  
 And o’er me steals, like memories long worn  
 In the soul’s deep recesses! There’s not room  
 For all this rapture in my breast! Now meets  
 The lake’s clear bosom with the orient ray  
 And curls in gladness! O’er its surface play  
 The new born sunbeams—bright—yet brighter—and ’tis DAY!

At this moment, a Roe dashed down the glen on my right, and fearlessly plunged into the loch. Gallantly did he breast its waters! Undisturbed and unpursued, he swam majestically over, and I saw him shake the moisture from his sides, after he

had leaped upon the opposite shore. On awaking from the reverie into which I had been thrown, and descending to the loch, I found my friend, for so I shall now call the second son of my host, a fine young man, who had been some time in search of me, strolling along its shore. After morning salutations, he obligingly pointed out, and named the most remarkable places within our range of vision. With many of these I was before acquainted, from the exclamations of recognition which my two friends uttered on the preceding night, as we advanced up the vast avenue formed by the road and loch. He mentioned that a few miles westward from where we then stood, there was a remarkable and almost totally unknown and unnoticed cascade, one thousand feet in perpendicular height! But unfortunately it is only in the inclement season, that the body of water precipitated over the ridge, is at all proportioned to the height from which it falls. After a bathe in the loch, we rambled up the glen behind the house, and explored its modest and retiring beauties. It is a sweet and secluded spot, whose solitude is broken only by the stream that rushes through it—dashing over a pile of rocks, rising perpendicularly about fifty feet from its bed. On its flower-enamelled margin, I observed there grew the *Hypericum Androsæmum*, and the singularly beautiful *Vicia Sylvatica*.

A melodious voice now echoed through the glen: it called us to breakfast, and the music of the spheres itself, my dear Maynard, would not have been a more welcome sound; for walks before sunrise, and raptures at it, somehow or other, when joined to bathing in water not high in the temperature, make one feel any thing rather than a disrelish for the realities of bread and butter!

At breakfast, the same personages attended as at the tea and supper of the preceding night. It was itself a relishing com-

bination of these two meals. Among the dainties, was delicious jelly, made from the juice of the berries of the mountain-ash, which, when we were school-boys, our parents used to fancy were poisonous! After our own repast was finished, I followed my volatile companions into the kitchen, as I had begun to enjoy highly their homely and boisterous fun, and there saw such vast platefuls of oatmeal stir-about and milk, prepared for the reapers, that I fancied they intended to supply the whole labourers of the strath with a breakfast; but, on inquiry, I found that each dish, holding, I really believe, about a gallon, was the morning repast of an individual—such appetite does labour give!

Our landlord's oldest son now announced to us, that, if we had any fancy for an excursion on the lake, a boat was ready for our reception. A party was soon formed, consisting of all the youngsters of the family, together with we three visitors, and, in high glee, it speedily set sail. The day was clear, cool, and calm. The odour of the blooming heather floated on the gentle breeze, which hardly rippled the lake, with as sweet a perfume, trust me, as ever was scented in "Araby the blest."

Gently did we glide round many a bold headland, and into many a silvery bay of sand; now in the centre of the loch, and, anon, hid behind some of its projecting capes. It was a circumnavigation of delight, and we laughed, and talked, and sang, until the sun, which I had seen rise in the east, was west of its meridian altitude. Before coming ashore, we landed on one of the numerous little islets that be-gem the bosom of the loch. It was a fairy retreat, and might have been a site for a land palace of the Naiads. Upon it a ruin was still discernable, though nearly overwhelmed with the luxuriant verdure of the place—being all that remains of a retreat which the ambitious and turbulent Murdoch, Duke of Albany, in James I. of Scotland's

time, built for himself; to which, probably, he fancied that, in a green old age, he might retire from the intrigues of courts, and the cares of state, and end a life of ambition and guilt, in an old age of tranquillity, retirement, and penitence. This hope, which he, perhaps, cherished long and often,—which may have soothed him in disappointment, and calmed him in turbulence,—was never fulfilled. He died as he had lived—a man of the world—and *in* the world!

On our leaving the boat, and proceeding towards the house, we found all the reapers who had been engaged in Glenard's harvest, (in the Highlands, the name of the farm becomes that of its occupier,) which had furnished employment for the space of three weeks, to about twenty stout mountaineers, men and maidens, from the interior, were assembled in the field in which they had wrought on the preceding day. With their venerable employer at their head, they were busy in going through the ceremony of "cutting the last pickle," or "the maiden,"—which was composed of a few stalks of oats, purposely left standing the night before, that they might, in form, finish the "hairst," or harvest, on the day of the "kirm." These ears of corn being now separated from their roots, with all due ceremony, they were divided into two portions, and neatly tied up, and ornamented with streamers of ribbon, silk, &c. One of them was the badge of triumph, given to him who first concluded cutting his "task rig," or allotted portion of the last remaining field. The other was the property of whatever ruddy maiden happened to be joined with him in the labours of the harvest; for here, the reapers are all assorted in couples at the commencement of their autumnal toils.

The successful competitor was a fine tall and manly youth, from the wilds of Glenlyon, who could hardly speak three words of the Low country language. His partner had been a buxom

widow from Balquidder, but she, not being a maiden, resigned her badge of honour to blooming Jean, the daughter of our host, who received the coronal into which it was formed, with a bewitching grace, and an unfeigned blush, that would have outblazoned the gaudiest jewels, had she been bedecked with them.

This ceremony over, the whole band marshalled themselves into a line of procession, and one of the Highlanders being a piper, of which there is almost always one with every company of mountaineers who descend at harvest time to the low country, he headed them, and struck up a "pibroch" of triumph. On arriving at the barn door, all separated, and, as no further work was to be done that day, betook themselves to various amusements, for passing the interval from dinner till the hour of six o'clock, the appointed time of assembling to the kirk-supper.

A party of the Celts amused themselves and me, among others, by their extraordinary feats in "putting the stane," hopping, leaping, and running. Their agility far surpasses that of the low country hinds; but these latter, in strength, at least, if not in dexterity, are their equals. The speed with which some of the former ran up the face of a hill was quite wonderful. Fiery in their tempers, they were, during their "strives,"—such is the name they give these competitions,—more than once on the point of breaking out into hostilities; and indeed, the *skein-dhu*, a small dirk-like knife, which all Highlanders, in this part of the country carry, sheathed betwixt their leg and hose, was once held up with an air of defiance.

A short while afterwards, on being told that dinner awaited us, as we adjourned to the farm parlour, in passing the stable, I caught a glimpse of about a dozen strapping fellows, who were very busy, some reaping their black beards, and others adjusting their shoe buckles and showy hose, or with care displaying the attrac-

tions of long red garters, tying up flaming sky-blue stockings. All was hurry and preparation among the labourers. No ball at Almack's ever caused greater attention to the toilet, or excited higher expectations, than this rural festival seemed to do.

At the light repast, which, on an occasion like this, forms a farmer's family dinner, the conversation chiefly regarded the arrangements of the evening, till the surrounding "tacksmen" and their families began to assemble in considerable numbers, and from very distant points. The name of the farm in this district becomes, as I have said, the cognomen of its tenant, so there were successively ushered into the parlour, Drumlane, Blairchulichan, Braval, Blairvuich, Trombouie, and God wot how many more, whose names, difficult to pronounce, are infinitely more so to spell!

Among those who were noticed in approaching the house, was a half blind, merry looking fidler, led by an old mendicant, with more of the rogue than the fool in his eye. "Bauldy M'Rosat and Will Shore, I was sure wad scent our kirn twenty mile awa," said one. "But they're mair than welcome. I sent a man to scour the kintra for Bauldy yesterday;—its as weel, however, that he's come o' himsel." Supper time had now arrived, and it having been announced to Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson that all was ready, arm in arm they led the way to the barn—that being always the place where a kirn is held—which had been neatly seated and fitted up for the occasion.

As soon as the venerable heads of the house had crossed the threshold, all within it stood up to receive them, while a buz of respect and gladness ran through the apartment. "My friens," said the old man, "it's no ane o' the least blessings o' Providence, that I hae to be humble and thankfu' for, the seein' o' ye a' anither year roun' my table. My benisons upon ye a', —ye are aye welcome!" "A guid hair'st e'en to you, laird,

an' mony o' them : hech, sirs ! gaberlunzie though I be, I'm blythe to see ye again at ye're ain kirn ! ” cried the figure that was pointed out to me as the privileged semi-ideot, called Will Shore. “ Thank ye, Will,—now sit down, an' get your wamefu.” “ I'll get capernoitic, Glenard, an' devil a spring will I play the night, gin ye dinna say, ‘ How's a' wi' ye, Bauldy ? ’ ” cried M'Rosat, as he felt his way forward to grasp the hand of the master of the feast.

An immense table stretched down the whole length of the centre of the barn. It groaned beneath the load of wholesome viands which was placed upon it. Around its lower part, at a signal from the head, the men and maidens of the sickle, in all the blushing honours of their rustic toilet, now eagerly gathered. The family of the master, with his invited guests, sat at the top, “ aboon the saut,” as Bauldy said. Your friend was happy enough to get a seat, purposely provided for him, near the prettiest daughter of the landlord, who explained to him the customs, and named the dishes of the banquet. Fare such as Englishmen are supposed to relish, was especially provided for my use, with that true tact and national politeness which many Highlanders often exhibit, but I was now accustomed to Scottish cookery, and declined the distinction. Grace was said in an impressive manner, by Mr. Macpherson, and in a moment, the clatter of spoons and trenchers was deafening. Fine Scotch kail or broth was the first dish in our bill of fare. “ Gude saf' us, Will, are you gaun to rive yoursel', ye camshaucheled deevil ? ” cried Bauldy M'Rosat to his neighbour, on hearing how his mouth was at work. “ Steek your gab, an' min' ye're ain pins, ye lan' loupin thairm scraper ye ! I've room for as muckle again yet, an' maun hae my kitefu' at a kirn, though the king himsel' were here,” answered the ready, though half-witted gourmand, greatly to the diversion of those around him. “ How

like ye hotch-potch, Maister Wentworth," cried the elder of my guides, over the table. "Gude faith," answered his carrotty companion, "speir that, an' him at his third ladlefu'!" You will guess from this remark that I relished the dish as much as Dr. Johnson did. Another remark of the facetious fiddler here kindled the ire of his mendicant neighbour; but it subsided as if by magic, on the appearance of the bumpers of usquebaugh, which now circulated round, as a relish to the preceding solidities. Two large "boynes," or tubs, were next placed in the centre of the table, which, from the gradation of rank, from the top to the bottom, suggested strongly the recollection of the feudal times and feasts of our Saxon forefathers. These two immense dishes, my fair instructress informed me, were peculiar to this night's feast, and were emphatically called "The Kirn." One of them was filled with curds and *sour* cream, the other contained curds also, but with a *sweet* cream accompaniment. They were speedily emptied, and "curds and butter," amalgamated in a singular manner, till they form a delicious jelly, succeeded them.

"See that Elspeth Avenside's attended to, down there, will you, John?" said the mistress of the house to her son, in a tone which fixed attention on my part. Elspeth, I found, on inquiry, was a lonely and aged widow, whose husband and children, though they boasted of the blood of chieftains in their veins, had fallen fighting their country's battles in the humblest rank in the army. Elspeth was said to possess intelligence above her station; and was a depository for all the legendary lore of the district.

Will Shore had contrived to gain Elspeth's seat, and secure all the substantials intended for her, in addition to his own share; but he had now to relinquish his conspicuous situation, and the elder of the sons kindly and carefully seated the modest



old woman in a convenient corner, where I had a full view of her uncommonly interesting features.

Thanks were now returned to the Giver of all Good; the table was cleared, and the liquors, jars, quaichs, and glasses placed.

Mr. Macpherson and his partner drank the healths of all their guests, which was answered by every one present enthusiastically wishing long life and happiness to the family of Glenard. And now began the swell of heart-easing mirth;—now the loud and unrestrained laugh, and the ready joke, were heard in every corner, as the bumpers of warm toddy, or cold whisky, according to the fancy or constitution of the drinkers, circulated. Happiness under the guidance of merriment, seemed to have allowed herself to pitch her tent for the night beneath the roof-tree of Glenard!

Singing at length, for a while, took place of the most *heart-speaking* laughter which I had ever listened to; and many a sweet and touching—many a comic and extravagant melody was characteristically sung. I was forced to try my pipe, and selected the fine and chivalrous ballad, published in the Border Minstrelsy, “If doughty deeds,” &c. principally because it was written by the father of one of the greatest proprietors in this neighbourhood, Mr. Grahame of Gartmore.

With many of the pieces I now heard, though they were all Scotch, I had been long familiar, as, from their merit, every English lover of song ought to be. But here I listened to “Tam Glen,” “My Nannie O!” “Last May a Braw Wooer,” and “Whistle and I’ll come to ye, my lad,” given with a racy gusto akin to the spirit in which they were conceived, and that, I almost believe, can be found only around “a farmer’s ingle.” Many, however, were new to me, and of some of these I was successful in procuring copies, which, as you, like myself, are

almost an indiscriminate admirer of Scottish music and song, I send for your inspection.\*

Mr. Reston, as I before mentioned, is wonderfully successful in his delineations of Celtic character. He sings a species of song, half-Gaelic, or whole broken English, if I may so speak, with remarkable originality and humour. In the course of the evening, he delighted and amused us, and enraptured his Highland hearers with several of these, both serious and comic. I transcribe one of those which he sung, though not the best, but because it is most easily spelt.

AIR—*The Highland Laddie.*

“ WHAT hae ye brocht frae the toun,  
     To me, Callum, to me, Callum?  
 Is ’t a curch or silken gown,  
     Ye hae coft me, Callum?”  
 “ It’s neither silks, nor gowus, nor curch;  
 But a spinnin’-wheels, tat you may works,  
 An’ a plaidie, whan you’ll herd ta stirks,  
     Tat I procht frae ta toun, matam!”

“ An’ brocht ye no some gowden rings,  
     To me, Callum, to me, Callum?  
 Nae ribbons, trinkabouts, nor strings,  
     Nor lace, nor muslins fine, Callum?”  
 “ I procht for you a pair o’ progues,  
 Twa luggies, an’ some three-girr’d cogs,  
 An’ huggars, whan you’ll wade ta pogs,  
     Far frae your pritefu’ friens, matam!”

\* “The Wale o’ the North,”—“Oh! My Sweet Lassie,”—and other pieces in the volume were among these.—*Editor.*

" The tea, the sugar, a' sae fine,  
     Whar are they, Callum, are they, Callum?  
 The china cups, an' red, red wine,  
     Hae ye forgot them tae, Callum?"  
 " I'll no forget 'em ; put you'll hae  
 Ewe milk, an' fush, an' usquepae ;  
 Green kail, an' croudy,—ay, an' mae ;  
     Oich ! fat wad ye be at, matam?"

" Is this the way ye keep your word,  
     To me, Callum, to me, Callum?  
 Ye woo'd, an' said ye were a lord,  
     But you are but a loon, Callum!"  
 " I said I was a prutty man,  
 Ta lairds o' half a hill o' lan';—  
 Betters tan you I might hae fan,  
     Amang ta Lowlan' queans, matam!"

—" But no wi' warmer hearts than me,  
     No, my Callum, no, my Callum ;—  
 I tried ye but for sport a wee,  
     But, O, I loe ye weel, Callum."  
 —" Here, Mary, is your silken snood,  
 Red wine, an' a' that's braw an' good ;  
 We'll ne'er cast out while life's red bluid  
     Rins through your heart an' mine, Mary!

Before the younger part of the company left the table for another barn, which had been fitted up for dancing, Jeanie, the landlord's pretty daughter, whom I have often mentioned in this letter, sang, with good feeling, a song upon The Trysting Tree, which is the name given to the appointed place, because usually marked by a tree, for the meetings of the lovers of a clachan or a district, which I remember with so much pleasure, as to transcribe it here.

## I'LL MEET YE AT THE TRYSTING TREE.

I'LL meet ye at the trysting tree,  
 When gloaming grey steals o'er the hill ;  
 The noisy hallan, glad I'll lea'  
 For yon quiet glen an' wimpling rill :—  
 An' will ye, Nancy, when the moon  
 Maks bright the broomy heights an' howes,  
 Come yont the burn? I'll meet ye soon  
 As I hae faulded in my ewes !

What were this earth, didna we ken  
 Some moments' rapture 'mid its toil ;  
 What were this life, if upon men  
 Ne'er lichtet woman's saft kind smile !  
 Oh ! Nancy ! fools may sneer at love,  
 That ha'ena hearts its warmth can cheer ;  
 I'm sure it cam frae heaven above,  
 To mak us fit for THAT while here !

Then meet me at the trysting tree,  
 I'll hap thee wi' my plaidie roun ;  
 I'll play my pipe to pleasure thee,  
 An' love shall speak in ilka soun' ;  
 The lav'rock blythe at dawning sings,  
 An' sweetly scents the heather bell ;  
 But gloaming's balmy hour aye brings  
 Mair joy to me than I can tell !

We now heard the cheerful twang of the wandering minstrel's fiddle, and hastened out to enjoy the merry dance, of which the Highlanders, and the whole of the female part of the company seemed passionately fond. Your humble servant led through the first reel, to the chivalrous old Jacobite melody,

“ Kenmure’s on and awa’,” with the eldest of the daughters of our host. I thought old D’Egville had tutored me pretty well in the use of my feet, but I found strathspey dancing was a national amusement; and I was fairly eclipsed by my partner, and by more than one of the Highlanders at the bottom of the room. The spirit with which the Scotch reel is kept up through its terrible length, is wonderful. The life and soul of the dancers seem to be absorbed in it. The “thairm scraper,” as the gaberlunzie called the fiddler, was an original, a fellow of much experience of the world, and “infinite humour,” clever at a joke, and “full of wise saws and modern instances.” He seemed to have every old Scotch “rant”\* and reel locked up in his fiddle, which he drew forth, always improving in vivacity, as the number of his potations increased. At the desire of the Celts, he was now relieved by their own piper, and immediately adjourned to the eating room for a replenishment of provant. I followed him, and endeavoured to pick up somewhat of his history, but he was an old cock, and too well employed in demolishing cold mutton, to say very much. He, however, sung me the following song, which I pencilled down as he proceeded. “It’s a’ my ain, Sir,” said he,—and there was not merit enough in it, to make me doubt him.

#### THE FIDDLER’S SONG.

WHA’S blyther than me, though the world ca’s me pair,  
 An’ thinks I’m ill aff, since I lie on the floor  
 O’ a barn ilka night; but I just sleep as soun’  
 As some wha maun toss on a bedfu’ o’ down!  
     Daunering up, an’ daunering down,  
     I keep daunering aye ’tween the kintra and town.

\* A wild sort of cheerful outburst in music or song.

Let me gang whar I like, aye a welcome I fin',  
 For folk think fun an' me maun be very near kin;  
 Since whene'er I screw up my thairm pins for a reel,  
 The warl's cankering cares are packed aff to the deil!  
     I gang daunerin up, an' daunerin down,  
     An' mak blythe in their turn baith the kintra an' town!

Gie's a waught o' your nappy, THAT rosin's my bow,  
 An' gars me play wi' birr, though it whitens my pow;  
 But Music is drouthy,—Apollo liked drinking,  
 An' Helicon was whisky-punch, I am thinking!  
     Nocht's like lifting THIS up, an' pourin THAT down,  
     Oh! it's that keeps me daunerin 'tween kintra and town!

When I returned to the dancing apartment, I found that Dugald MacMicAllistair, emulous of M'Rosat's fame and the applause he had received, had blown till he had burst his pipe-bag, and a young Highlander was covering the retreat of his countryman, by singing an old Gaelic song, on the escape of one who once was possessor of the woods and glens around Glenard. He, be sure, was also a Macgregor.

On the fiddler re-appearing, the dance was again renewed with as much vigour as ever, but my English constitution could not stand this exercise longer, so I retired with the master of the feast and his "gudewife." Elspeth Avenside was smoking her pipe in the kitchen, as we entered. I sat down and conversed for a while with this venerable relic of clanship. She still looked back with reverence to feudal times, and doated on feudal manners. Mr. Macpherson knew how to touch the chords of her sympathy; and on being reminded of a tradition of the neighbourhood, she looked out, and seeing the harvest moon in placid beauty, beaming on the blue loch, exclaimed, "Bonny, but deceiffu' moon, and smooth, but deep,

deep water! Mony a braw and gallant ane sleep aneath your skinkling wavyies! Your Water-Ladye is heard nae mair—but yet she'll surely come back again!—your kelpies are frightened awa—but they're no dead, for they canna die! Sir Malcom o' Aven-side was the last, and the best ye ever whome'd in your pools!"

Here she was prevailed on to repeat the following wild ballad, which had been made on one, whose noble name her husband had esteemed it a boast, even in his poverty, that he also bore.

## BALLAD OF SIR MALCOLM.

“ She ’d harpet a fish out o’ saut water,  
Or water out o’ a stane ;  
Or milk out o’ a maiden’s breast,  
That bairn had never nane!”

“ WHARE ride ye, Sir Malcolm, and why ride sae fast,  
Your steed ’s flanks are covered wi’ faem?  
Light ye down, gude Sir Malcolm, for canld is the blast,  
And this night it’s ower late to gang hame.”

“ Lord Gartmore, I maunna light down frae my steed,  
Though it’s spur-gored an’ covered wi’ faem;  
An’ though the cauld blast sairly rairds round my head,  
This night I *maun* ride to my hame;

“ For I plichted my word to my dear ladye love  
That yesterday I should return;  
An’ I swore by the moon an’ the sterns above,  
That our bridal lights brichtly should burn

“ This nicht, at the altar o’ holy St. May;  
An’ this day that the mass should be said.—  
Yet I’m here though the vespers are past,—let me gae,  
By nocht will I brook to be stayed!

“ For, oh! I hae wasted in wassail an’ wine,  
 Awa in fause Lord Kenneth’s Keep,  
 The hours—will they never come back?—that were thine,  
 My ladye, and left thee to weep!”

He waited no answer, but over the sward,  
 Like the winter drift wildlly he flew;  
 But yet, ere his horse was at speed, he has heard,  
 What alas! his heart told him was true!—

“ Ay, ride ye, Sir Malcolm,” said Gartmore, “ ay, ride,  
 For your word an’ your fame as a knight;  
 But the love that at wassail could cool, wae betide!  
 Would on sairer temptation tak flicht!”

Oh! he stopped not for stream, bush nor brake, rock nor knowe,  
 Till his steed drank frae deep Avendhu;  
 Speed, speed gallant Oscar! for never, I trow,  
 Till this hour, hung such hopes upon you!

Oscar speeds him,—Sir Malcolm spurs eagerly on,—  
 The stream’s parent Loch is in sight,  
 ’Neath the gleam of a watery moonshine it shone,  
 Yet he hailed even that treacherous light!—

The clouds in dark masses sailed sullenly o’er  
 The arch of the star-sprinkled heaven;  
 And afar—dim and wildlly was heard the faint roar  
 Of the loch’s waves that shoreward were driven.—

Oh! chill was the ripple that curled on its breast,  
 Stirred up by the wintry-like breath  
 Of the old age of Autumn, as, far to the west,  
 It crooned like a wailing for death!

What pale light is yon on Benchochan’s rough steep?  
 See! It glitters far down the lone strath!  
 He starts, for such meteors, as omens, oft sweep  
 Round the hills, the red sign of heaven’s wrath!

Lo! the cold misty moonbeam, and yon lurid ray,  
 Dance in dalliance upon the grey cairn;  
 Round the grave of the wizard they whirl, as in play,  
 —Hark! the wind growls more hoarse, sad, and stern!

In vain rose those terrors, Lord Malcolm was brave,  
 Not only in deed, but in mind;  
 “ To my ladye,” he cried, “ though I ride through the wave!”  
 And Oscar sped on swift as wind.—



“Glashart’s past—and Blairvuick is near, Oscar, on!  
 Why pause ye and prick up your ear?  
 Ha! music! stay—list—No! it dies—it is gone,  
 —Yet again it’s wild breathings I hear!

“Can this be the harp in my fair ladye’s bower,  
 Or the pipe in my father’s hall?  
 No, these are afar yet, and ne’er till this hour  
 Heard mine ear such a dying fall.—

“Again that wild cadence!” the moon burst the shroud  
 That had wrapped it awhile, and its ray  
 Showed Sir Malcolm, who, speechless with wonder, low bowed,  
 A ladye in queen-like array.

“Welcome, brave knight,  
 From the revel or fight,  
 Chief still at the board or foray;  
 The wine cup runs o’er,  
 And I wait at my door,  
 To woo thee to light and to stay.”

“Oh! I may not licht down frae my steed, ladye fair,  
 For though it be covered wi’ faem;  
 An’ though that your voice is like summer’s saft air,  
 This night I maun ride to my hame.”

—“Oh! then fare thee well,  
 But Sir Knight, ere you go,  
 Take this harp of the shell,  
 And this shield, helm, and bow;  
 And give me in token that bright em’rald ring,  
 And I will again my wild lake-ditty sing.”

“That harp, shield, bow, helmet! and shall they be mine,  
 Mine for aye, ladye fair; and anew  
 Shall I hear thy wild melody?—No! Anna,—thine  
 Was that ring—pledge of love leal and true!”

Yet the ring it was given, and his ladye forgot!  
 —Then high rose the wind and the wave;  
 The loch kelpies howled, and, oh! sad was the thought  
 Of his bride and the pledge that she gave!

One minute but passed, and the Water-Sprite’s form,  
 Grew grim as the dreamings of guilt;  
 “My bridegroom,” it screeched, “come away, for the storm  
 Sings thy welcome—now—nay—but thou wilt!”

Wild, wild rung his cries, o’er the wind and the wave  
 As they floated: but all were in vain;

For the Loch-Ladye bore him to her rocky cave,  
And Sir Malcolm was ne'er seen again!

Gallant Oscar sped on to his mistress and home,  
And his bare saddle told her the tale;  
Oh! wildly he snorted, they say, bloody foam,  
When again rang these cries through the vale,  
As they did when fair Anna was wed to Glentyne,  
Who ne'er broke a vow for "Sprite, Wassail, or Wine!"

I was deeply affected by this ancient legend; so much so, that a part of nearly every line was sufficiently impressed upon my memory, to enable me to write it down with tolerable correctness ere I retired to my bed-chamber, forgetting, I fear, however, the Scotch idiom, though assisted by one of the family. But before doing this, I returned to take a last look of the homely festivities with which I had been so much amused and delighted. Simple pleasures are, after all, Maynard, the best. Epicures in enjoyment may refine and sublimate as they will, but happiness is too ethereal and subtile, not to escape the most dexterous operator, if too much experimented upon, strained and inquired into; and what is often deemed its coarser parts, are inseparable from its most exquisite essence.

The dancers, though it was now daylight, continued their sport with untired vigour and undiminished spirit. I took a farewell reel, bade them a good morning, and went to bed.

"I've seen waur Saxons on this side o' Craigmaddie, than that Maister Wentworth, or what d'ye ca' him?" I heard Will Shore remark to his *Fidus Achates*, Bauldy M'Rosat, as I left the door; and, rude as was the tribute—shall I confess it?—I was weak enough to feel pleased with it! It seemed to me a proof, that I had been, in some degree, successful in the difficult task

of suiting my manners to those of the place and people where I sojourned, since even the prejudices of the gaberlunzie, against “a’ lan’ loupin an’ antrin Englishers,” seemed, through me, to be partly overcome. ’Tis a foible of mine, you know, to wish to stand well, even with the most humble in rank.

The day, as you may believe, was pretty far advanced, before I raised my head from my pillow. After breakfast, I began to make preparations for my departure, but neither without opposition on the part of my kind friends, nor without reluctance on my own. But my engagements in Glasgow were of an imperative nature, and I dragged myself away from my hospitable entertainers and new acquaintances, with a sensation of pain as keen as had been the relish of my former pleasures.

I was not suffered to depart without many a hearty shake of the hand, and more than one bumper of the heather dew. After reiterating my promises to visit Glenard in winter, I bade it adieu—muttering to myself,—Fare thee well, thou lovely loch, and you, ye dwellers on its banks! For the green fields of my own “merry England,” I have a filial love. Many a nook of sequestered beauty amid them, I shall re-visit with heart-felt delight. Yet, even surrounded by their smiling plenty, I shall not cease to remember the blue, if bare hills—the rushing burn, and the clear lake near Glenard, nor its warm-hearted inmates. No! my dear Maynard, nor, believe me, in any place my love for *you*, which no chance or change can eradicate from the bosom of your ever faithful and affectionate

P. WENTWORTH.



## TO A BEAUTIFUL DUMB GIRL.

How beautiful is voiceless Nature's face!  
 What though in silence deep the thin white cloud  
 Steals o'er the blue expanse of concave heaven,  
 Or stops to dally with the blushing moon?—  
 What though the stars in noiseless harmony  
 Move in their orbits,—and the little flowers,  
 Without a rustle don their spring-tide gear?—  
 What though the sapling shoots, the tall oak grows,  
 Without a sound to tell how glad they be;  
 And, in un murmuring loveliness, the lake  
 Sleeps in the sunbeams of a Sabbath morn?—  
 —Oh! are all these less beautiful—though calm?  
 Or look they not as eloquent their thanks  
 In quiet hymning and un-vocal praise,  
 As speaks the little brook's half fretful song,  
 Which, like a restless thing, must leap to glee;  
 Or, does the shore, which greets the sea-wave's kiss  
 With sandy ripple, or more sullen dash?  
 So thou, pure type of Voiceless Loveliness,  
 Because the fairest of the silent things  
 Which yet look eloquent their Maker's praise,  
 By being beautiful,—need'st not a tongue

To win man's homage ! In thy speaking eye  
There lives a language which not even thy hand,  
Skilled in the graceful bend and passion'd wave,—  
—The words of the sole universal speech  
That links all living beings—Nature's signs—  
Can emulate ; for Heaven, all-bountiful,  
Hath added beauty for the voice withheld !  
—'Tis said of old, that for a marble form,  
Deep love was cherished by a Poet boy :  
The silent beauty won his dreaming heart,  
By leaving him to place *his* passion'd speech,—  
—He thought—on lips of chiselled loveliness :  
Oh ! how had he more worshipp'd what's as fair,  
But lives, and looks—as marble never could !

## THE STRANDED SHIP.

I SAW, upon the laughing wave,  
 A gallant vessel go,  
 With bounding step, that seemed to brave  
 The flintiest rock below ;—  
 It plumed its wings like a young bird,  
 And spread them fair and free ;  
 And music, from its deck, was heard  
 Across the listening sea.

I looked again,—and on a rock,  
 Outstretched, a monster lay,  
 Rent as by some fierce earthquake shock,  
 And ghastly as once gay ;  
 The syren waves had left it,  
 That lured it to its doom,  
 And the jagged peak had cleft it  
 Where it once had good sea room !

Once more,—upon the morrow,  
 And the waves came back amain ;  
 But their wild glee pealed like sorrow,  
 As they hugged their prey again ;—  
 For, oh ! to be forsaken,  
 If deceived may more be borne,  
 Than from hope and trust to waken,  
 To the pitying voice of scorn !

T. A.





## THE ONE-LEGGED BOOKBINDER.

“Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.”

*Milton.*

It is ten to one, if you chance to pass the piazzas of the Old Exchange Buildings any night at twelve o'clock, but, beneath their friendly shelter, you may see the One-Legged Bookbinder. Should he be there, you will hear his sounding pace long before you come within sight of his person, for though but possessed of one leg of flesh, blood, bone, and sinew, he occasionally has another of good fir timber. I say occasionally, for I have learned, in the course of my acquaintanceship with him, that it as frequently happens that he is without as with this substitute, his credit with the lords of the glue-pot being somewhat broken—as is often the leg which they alone can mend. When, however, he *has* two pins to stand upon, or stride with, how he does manfully use them! Clack, thud—clack, thud, alternately goes the foot with the affectation of a shoe upon it, and the stick which needs not such a ragged covering, but, in the naked and simple majesty of its utility, disdains a nearer approach to the semblance of a leg, than in so far as a slight bellying out in the centre may be regarded as assimilating to the

roundness of a calf. Barnaby Gleery is certainly, despite of this imperfection, a most majestic walker, and has an air, when sober—which is as seldom as he can help—that would do honour to a court levee, or a quarter-deck stride. Upon the latter, Barnaby has often, hat in hand, stood, and beneath it he still boasts that he fell—a leg the less—beside the gun that he assisted in manning, like a true British tar. It was his princely port in these midnight airings that induced me to seek for and cultivate his acquaintanceship, and desire to learn his adventures, and study his character. “He must be a philosopher,” said I, “and in spite of accidental dismemberment, which would have damped the ardour of inferior minds, a disciple of the *Peripatetic* school, as well as a student of the *Porch*.” I made up to him—introduced myself—began to question him on sundry matters; but, for a long time, he condescended not a word in reply: sound, however, was not wanting from his lips, but articulation was insufficient to express his lofty musings. He was drunk. I remember it well; the night was a gusty one; and Barnaby, as well as his coat, was *above* wearing a waistcoat, and as one of his legs could feel no cold, he disdained to pamper the other, and his nether integuments were of what I am fond to believe had once been nankeen, worn to the most exquisite thinness and tender delicacy of pale shade—if the dirt on them had permitted that evidence of their ever having been washed to be visible. Nothing could be extorted from his dignified reserve on that occasion. Next time I was more fortunate. At both periods, he preferred passing the night, like some negociant, in going over the Exchange. The fact was, he had not a penny to pay for his lodgings. This, however, he only revealed after having drank, for his share, three glasses of whisky in three pots of porter, with a couple of salt herrings and a Welsh rabbit, in an adjoining tap-room, to which I invited him. He at first

solemnly assured me that he was retracing the plan of attack on Basque Roads, at which he had been present. He gloried, however, in being a bookbinder as well as having been a sailor. He had been bred to the one, and had all the fondness of first love for it, although naval glory and his wooden leg may be said to have taken possession of his maturer mind. But to folding paper instead of reefing canvas, and beating duodecimos instead of Frenchmen, he assured me he had returned, and, but at pension quarter-day, never forgot that he now was connected with other *presses* than the press-gang.

Poor Barnaby!—his quarter-day lasts as long as the money then lifted does, and longer—for to beg, borrow, or—no, not to steal—are alternatives he thinks, upon the whole, preferable to working. In fact, he confesses that his wooden leg was not made for sitting with. It does not bend—although it often breaks;—and so, since from “a certain absurd prejudice against old men-of-war’s-men,” he cannot find any one but the King to become his master, he has set up for himself, as—will any body guess what?—a *flying* stationer.—Ay, truly, stationer in the strict sense of the term, for he has no book-stock. I saw him yesterday morning with a couple of quires of each of two or three sorts of packing paper, tied up in a string, in his hand—and with a couple of glasses of whisky in his head—following his lawful occupation, with all imaginable gravity of demeanour, and dignity of stride. Alas, the mutability of human affairs, however! in three hours afterwards, I beheld him with that whited brown suddenly dissolved into blue-ruin and heavy-wet, and transferred from his arms to his head, stretched out on his back on a wheel-barrow, studying astronomy, and attended by a goodly escort of constables in livery, and city porters with their hempen aiguillettes. His wooden leg was broken, his other one held by a Highlandman’s fist; his coat was like a bashaw’s,

of *three* tails; both his eyes like a *Houri's*—black; and his mouth resembling Counsellor Phillips's style, and ——'s small beer—somewhat frothy. “At night I missed him from th' accustomed spot.” He slept—'tis the only place where he ever sleeps soundly, because recumbently—in the Police-Office. But another time, and perchance, if his stump will mend, again shall the else silent and lonely piazzas of the Exchange ring with the solemn stride of the One-Legged Bookbinder!

## HAPPINESS.

*Albertina.* Whate'er you are that call, you know my name.

*Carracus.* Ay, and *thy heart*."

*The Hog has lost its Pearl.*

AH! happy she—a golden chain  
 Hangs down that heaving breast,  
 Where once this burning brow hath lain,  
 A not unwelcome guest!

Ah! blest indeed!—each massive link  
 Outweighs a broken vow;  
 Ay! and the music of its chink  
 Outvoices conscience now.

Again blest she!—that costly skin,  
 —Fur from the farthest pole—  
 Will nurse a genial heart within,  
 And warm the coldest soul!

How blest indeed!—these stately halls  
 Can never harbour care;  
 Nor gloom sit on these pictur'd walls,  
 While she is Mistress there!

Blest of the gods!—chained, robed in bliss,  
Clothed in unpurchased glee,  
What cans't thou wish for, after this,  
The happiest thing to be?

What, Mary, what?—the damning thought,  
Of hearts thou hast made chill;  
Of bane thou mixed in life's first draught;  
Of triumphs won by—skill?

For, Mary, though the gleams of pain,  
Through memory oft will steal  
Across thy smile-sunn'd cheek, 'twere vain  
To think that thou can'st feel!

No, no!—for liberal Nature's gift  
To thee, was but a mien;  
Of heart, she held her hand in thrift :—  
Thou'rt fashioned—to be seen.

## THE WIFE.

WHEN our fond love was young, Mary,  
     It glowed with a fierce flame :  
 How oft I then have hung, Mary,  
     On words which had no claim  
 To be remembered, but that they  
 Were uttered in thy gentle way !  
 —The sound of parlance' plainest terms,  
 If by thee spoken, then had charms !

I do not love thee less, Mary,  
     Than then—in youth's first prime ;  
 Thou'rt still my chiefest bliss, Mary ;  
     But mellow tinting Time  
 Hath sobered, though it weakens not,  
 A love that lightens my dark lot,  
 And still will do so—though it be  
 At last, but for thy *memory* !

ST. J.

## THE RUINED FORT.

THESE unploughed mounds of quiet green,  
 These walls where shine and shadow sleep  
 Alike in silence, have they seen  
 The red ball in its deathful sweep?  
 Where nightshade dark and nettles creep,  
 The iron throats of death held place;  
 And where their dews the tall weeds weep,  
 The sentry beat his weary pace.

'Tis well! in such a lovely spot,  
 Aught else than holy shrine to rear  
 To Heaven or Love, was such rude thought,  
 Its ruin calls not forth a tear.  
 Ah! o'er the earth shall it be e'er,  
 That every proud and hostile wall  
 Such livery of decay shall wear  
 And moulder thus-ways to its fall!

J. M. B.



## A WIDOW'S STORY.

LITERALLY RENDERED, BY A PEDESTRIAN.

I'VE dwelt beside the deep saut sea  
 Since I was six years auld ;  
 But the waters have been dear \* to me,—  
 The weary waters could !

My brothers,—ane far, far abroad  
 In an Indian isle was drowned ;  
 The ither was ca'd to meet his God  
 At hame—and a grave *he* found !

From the rocky shore of the far Kintyre  
 He fell into the sea ;  
 And though of swimming he never would tire,  
 —Yet they bore him dead to me !

O ! had they, even stiff an' stark,  
 My dark haired Duncan brocht ;  
 But the wind was wild and the night was dark  
 And they never for him socht !

\* *Anglice*—costly.

'Twas off the Irish coast, I've heard,  
At midnight dark and drear,  
That a wild sea swept him overboard  
And left me widowed here !

But had I still my bonny boy,  
My ain sweet *Bachalan Dubh*,\*  
I yet might ken the mother's joy  
That ance my bosom knew !

But the waters are weary, weary,  
For my only son was drowned,  
And I sit me eerie, eerie  
By the shore—where he never was found !

Oh ! I wish that the rain that's drappin  
On my hearth, had power to kill—  
Or the sea !—But let what happin  
I'll patiently wait His will !

HOLY LOCH.

\* Dark haired darling.

ON THE CONSEQUENCES  
OF THE  
HOLY WARS IN PALESTINE.

“ Brought *Greeks* into the Temple, and polluted the *Holy Place*, ”  
*Acts* xxi, 28.

ON  
 THE IMMEDIATE AND REMOTE CONSEQUENCES  
 OF  
 THE HOLY WARS IN PALESTINE.\*

THERE is no department of literature in which the influence of name and authority is more powerfully exercised, and, at the same time, less frequently called in question, than in that which assumes to itself the imposing title of *The Philosophy of History*; but whose only pretensions to the dignified term, in nine instances out of every ten which occur, consist in the *Philosophy* being only a few insulated, or at most not sufficiently comprehensive general reflections upon the previously narrated particular facts which form the *History*. These are implicitly adopted as just, by the bulk of those readers who estimate the value of opinion, as they would the stability of their banker,—by his opulence in the aggregate, without any reference to the diversified sources of the riches of the one, or of the celebrity

\* The parade of here quoting authorities has been avoided, partly that the typographical beauty of the volume might not be marred; but the writer is ready to adduce them if any of his statements be disputed.

of the other. Thus, one historian is a patient and industrious investigator of circumstances, collater of facts, and examiner of original and curious documents, and so his labours are valuable, his book saleable, and his name popular;—therefore, infer the public, we cannot do better than adopt his conclusions, and naturalise his opinions in our own mind. Another writer digests the vast, accumulated, and ponderous mass of facts treasured up before his time; and, by a happy conformation of his mental powers, shapes the whole into a harmonious and compact body of information, which is either conveyed to the reader by the medium of a touching simplicity and elementary vigour of style, or finds its way through the regular involutions of sounding sentences, and carefully constructed periods—if it insinuate not itself by a beauty which seems to disclaim the obvious attractions of either of these methods, whilst it possesses the charms of both; and the delighted readers then conclude, that sentiments so well expressed, must be at once just and true. Thus it is that we are all so apt to confound the skill and industry of the narrator with the logic of the author; and to conclude, that, since his veracity is beyond question and, even if it were not so, his errors out of the reach of detection on our part, his candour must be equally unquestionable, and his judgment not to be disputed. We minister to our indolence by a fallacy too obvious to influence us, did not every one know that it is a much less laborious mental exercise to accumulate information, than systematically and rigidly to build up a consistent fabric of opinion, whose foundations are based on first principles, and unquestionable data. In brief,—we give the same species of honour, as well as degree of credit, to the man who examines parts of the vast area of the PAST, with the assistance of a microscope, as to him, who, placed on a lofty elevation, surveys its extent, and describes its figure,

and lays down its bearings, aided and directed by the records of those who have gone before him, as well as by instruments of wider range, and of more scientific adaptation to their larger purpose. It would be at once invidious and imprudent to adduce particular instances, or strengthen assertions by a reference to the unlimited sway of many names well known in historical writing, who, like the woman of beauty, amiability, and wit, receive not only full credit for the powers they really possess, but are endowed, in the belief of their admirers, "with every other virtue under heaven." But this is fortunately a species of sanction and authority rendered of little moment, at once by the want which every student of history, at some period of his investigations, is sure to feel, and the consciousness of that repose of opinion which so many, at another stage, experience a pleasure in indulging, even while they admit that it is not justifiable. To the almost universal operation of these sentiments, we may, in a great measure, attribute the extreme paucity of volumes in our language, which treat of the consequences of important byepast occurrences, or series of events in the annals of nations, in that comprehensive yet abstract manner, which, without going minutely over their detail, assumes that their dignity or consequence has made the particulars of their history familiar to the public mind. What contributions from gifted men, in this desiderated method, we do possess, treat rather of the history of an age, the influence of a dynasty, or the bearings of a nation, in reference to the general state of society, than of the results which have followed in a train, or, like the circling waves occasioned by a stone's being thrown into a body of water, that have extended from one important incident, or followed perseverance in one circumscribed line of policy. Every one, in short, knows that separate historical questions, which regard results rather than circum-

stances, are frequently mooted in the closet and in the parlour, and yet the opinions of the enlightened or informed, upon these points, having been but incidentally expressed, it becomes an operose matter to refer to the statement of these, and a difficult one to judge of their comprehension or accuracy.

As it was after devoting no inconsiderable time and industry to the investigation of the history of those various warlike expeditions, known by the name of Crusades, that we became more deeply than ever impressed with the truth of the observations now made, so, perhaps, there is not another large and general question, as to the policy and the results of a train of incidents and conduct, the written histories of which more forcibly illustrate their meaning and their weight. The names of Hume, Robertson, Hallam, and other distinguished writers, sanction opinions formed upon a subject which entered but in part into the immediate object of their inquiries, and are quoted as infallible authorities by those whose investigations upon it have been limited to passages in the writings of these authors, in which it is alluded to, rather than treated of.

The history of the successive martial enterprises, which, from their sole object being the dispossession of infidels from those territories rendered sacred to Christians, by having been the scene of the pilgrimages, sufferings, and death, of the great founder of their faith, were named, by way of eminence, The Holy Wars, and from the badge worn by those engaged in their prosecution, The Crusades, is in a greater or less degree, familiar to all, either through the medium of traditionary and romantic story, or the graver chronicles of contemporary and succeeding narrators.

We have, in a preceding part of this volume, detailed the first, most interesting, and most characteristic of them, but shall



now suppose the reader to have made himself acquainted with the general features of the succeeding expeditions and campaigns.\*

After having arrived at the termination of the perusal of that vast and complicated religious and political drama, the representation of which, for two centuries, absorbed the attention of the world, the inquiry, whether it was in its results beneficial to mankind, is at once natural, and the answer important. Its scene was dignified, and its end and motive ostensibly praiseworthy. Its actors were numerous, and many of them illustrious; and its progress never failed to excite a feeling of romantic interest. But, metaphor apart, let us ask, were these mighty armaments instrumental in promoting the progress of learning, civilization, and freedom; or did they retard their march? Were they productive of greater evil than good, or did their advantages countervail sufficiently the atrocities and crimes which marked their progress? On the abstract question, as to their original propriety and justice, it would be idle, in the present day, to expatiate at any length. The opinions of men are nearly agreed on these points, and the inuendos of Bacon, or the dogmas of Johnson, on the right to invade Palestine, meet with the contempt the scarcely ingenious sophistries of these writers, when treating of this matter, merit. Palestine did not of right belong to any

\* The Second Crusade was under the conduct of the Emperor Conrad III. of Germany, and Louis VII.; the Third Crusade was headed by Philip Augustus of France, and our own Cœur de Lion; the Fourth, under the German Princes, took place in 1195, at the instigation of Pope Celestine III.; and the Fifth, (called the Fourth by Gibbon,) A. D. 1200, terminated in the taking of Constantinople by the Croises, and the fall of the Greek Empire. The Sixth was that decreed by the Fourth Council of Lateran, A. D. 1215; and the Seventh Crusade consisted of the joint expeditions of the Count of Champagne, and the Earl of Cornwall, in 1237-9. The Crusade of St. Louis, 1245, is reckoned as the Eighth; and the Last, the one consecrated in English recollection by the heroic conduct of Eleanor, was under Prince Edward of England, afterwards our Edward I.

Christian nation, nor, in that age, was it peculiarly under the protection of the Almighty, or the appointed residence of a chosen people. Not one stone remained upon another of its temple; and the cherubim had fled from the Holy of Holies. The enlightened Fleury rightly observes, that “the heritage which Christ purchased with his blood, is the church, collected from all nations; and the land which he promised, is the heavenly country.”

The Greek Emperor, Alexius, had implored the assistance of the Latins, it is true, but it was but a small and well disciplined force which he asked to aid him; not congregated millions to overwhelm and desolate his empire. The safety of Christendom was not threatened at the time; on the contrary, the Saracen power was every where divided against itself, and, consequently, on the wane. The sun of its splendour which rose on Bagdad, was rapidly setting on Cordoba and Cairo. Neither, then, on moral nor political principles, can these wild inroads of feudal turbulence and monkish fanaticism be justified, and surely what had its origin in blind and savage bigotry, or unthinking enthusiasm, was not very well calculated ultimately to benefit mankind, and, after the lapse of centuries, to cherish institutions and habits of thought, which, it is confessed, it was their immediate and necessary consequence, either to extinguish or oppress. But, we are told, that they scattered the seeds of refinement in the very paths which they destroyed with the ploughshare of barbarism; and that the world owes much to those involuntary benefactors of their species—their leaders! Where, we may ask, are the trophies of learning which they saved or secured;—where is, or what, indeed, was the information or the refinement with which their warriors returned laden to their native shores? Can one memorial of their immediate or visible influence, in a beneficial way, be shown;

and if not, is it not fair and rational, when nothing exists or can be traced out, to believe that nothing of such a nature was achieved? Were the natives of the countries these men visited, either able or disposed to teach them their arts and acquirements, if they had any of these of value; or were *they* capable of appreciating, of observing and treasuring them up, supposing they had been taught? Was there a single man of learning among those mighty hordes, who made it a study to gather up and garner the improvements and refinements he might notice? These questions, if candidly answered, must go far to show how little we are indebted to the soldiers of the Cross, or to the wars they waged, for aught but superstitious observances, cruel examples, and bigoted opinions. The Arabic numerals had long been known in Europe; and the writings of Aristotle had, years before, been procured from the Saracenic rulers of Spain. These facts kept in view may assist us in guarding ourselves from the common error of looking upon accidental and historical coincidences in the light of intimately related or inseparably connected moral effects. Holy wars have been as baneful to the interests of mankind in their progress, and cruel in their prosecution, as their origin is always hypocritical and impious. History is crowded with records of the atrocities committed on whole nations, in the name of God, and for the inculcation of dogmas of belief. The paramount importance of being right in religion, and the supremacy which, from its high and mysterious nature and purposes, it naturally assumes, are the causes of those violent feelings, which have urged on men, in its name, to the commission of great national and individual crimes, while its gentle and charitable maxims were neither preached nor practised by them. Holy wars are the offspring of superstition and ignorance, and the instruments and weapons of intolerance. They have always been found to proceed from

some perversion of the popular mind, or exaggeration of some imaginary evil; and their pursuit has uniformly been after some trifling objects, magnified into temporary importance. A crafty and cruel priesthood have uniformly been their guides and instigators in all ages; while their ministrations have too seldom been exerted to soften the sanguinary brutality of their dupes, or to give a milder character to their proceedings. Some may, however, believe that they have occasionally sprung from amiable but misguided feelings. The exceptions of this nature are rare, and, at all events, too few and unimportant to affect the general rule. War, in all its Protean varieties, is a scourge and curse. The splendours of feudal pomp and chivalrous heroism, with all their tinsel, serve but slightly to gloss its horrors: they cannot palliate or conceal them. Milton has truly said,

“ They err who count it glorious to subdue—  
By conquest far and wide to overrun  
Large countries, and in fields great battles win—  
Great cities by assault.

What do these worthies  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave ? ”

But when it seeks to disguise its deformity under the spotless garment of religion, it adds all the revolting features of incongruous hypocrisy to its inherent loathsomeness.

Such sentiments are now prevalent; how, then, are we to account for so many writers of ability and humanity ostentatiously belying them by defending the Crusades, and complacently expatiating on their beneficial results? The solution must be found in the various causes of traditional belief, and in the propensities and dispositions of differently constituted minds. To appear singular in opinion, is with many deemed the same as to be profound and original. The influence of this hallucin-

ation, and the love of ingenious and startling hypotheses, have misled many more and loftier understandings than mere ignorance or illiterate error.

On the Crusade question its effects have been obvious and hurtful, as has also that fault which "leans to virtue's side," and consists of an amiable wish to find some redeeming good springing up from such an enormous mass of anarchy and crime, as the history of these wars presents. But to desire to discover a counterbalance for admitted evils, is not to establish that such did not exist.

The proverbs of all countries tell us, that what we are determined to discover we shall not fail to find;—thinking persons might add, if not in reality, at least in the no less pleasing conviction, of the wonder-working fancy. Thus it has been with the class of reasoners here alluded to. But by far the most dangerous perversion in question, arises from the strong and, in some minds, inherent disposition to look back on "the olden time," with an eye of partiality and palliation. Although this is an age of "sophisters, calculators, and economists," yet the days of chivalry, with all their bright and noble train of associations and feelings, with their poetical and romantic halo, have still a charm in their very name to the young and enthusiastic. We believe that they were, as we would wish them to have been; that then was the time when all the ladies were lovely and chaste, and their knights valorous and gentle. Such thoughts are but the day-dreams of the mind. Chivalry gave scope to many virtues, but it often fostered gigantic vices, and occasioned colossal crimes. Such as it was, however, its admirers cannot rationally approve of the Crusades, on account of the influence which these exerted upon its institutions and votaries. Chivalry was debased rather than refined—weakened rather than invigorated, in the combats on the fields of "the

world's debate" in Syria. According to Schlegel, it had arrived at all the perfection it ever reached, in its code and regulations, and had settled into a noble and well digested system, long before it enlisted itself in the wars of the Cross. It is clear, then, that these could not add to its strength, dignity, or permanency, That they were ruinous and hostile to its very elementary principles, is easy of demonstration. Religion, loyalty, courtesy, good faith, munificence, and, above all, romantic and devoted love, were necessary constituents in the character of its true knight. The wars of the Holy Land substituted fanatic cruelty for the first of these, and spread debasing licentiousness among all who engaged in them, from the peasant to the prince. They cut up the principle of loyalty by the roots; for the act of entering upon them dissolved all oaths of fealty and obedience to the authorities who remained behind; and ambition to rule and to command was the prevailing passion of the day, among all ranks. Courtesy and cruelty are not usually allied. But even the friends of the Crusaders and their allies were treated by them with harshness. No treaty was ever kept, nor oath observed, either with themselves or the infidels, when it became a matter of convenience to break through the one or violate the other. It may be, that some knights fought in Palestine animated by the love and for the honour of their fair dames, but they were few indeed; and, in the writings of contemporary chronicles, the influence of women is hardly ever alluded to in speaking of the Warriors of the Cross. The latter, far removed from their refining and harmonising sway, seem scarcely ever to have thought about them. Nor could it well be otherwise: the breast that is pre-occupied by superstition, hatred, and ambition, is not a fit receptacle, nor has it room for so exalted and noble a sentiment as love.

Thus, then, the Crusades destroyed, or at least deteriorated

the very institution which some have supposed they fostered. To learning they were no less detrimental, in spite of the supposition that they contributed to its progress. The highest and noblest of the leaders of the Cross boasted of their own illiteracy. Ignorance, indeed, was then esteemed the parent of devotion. If such were the fact, pre-eminent piety ought to have distinguished the Latins, as a body; for they were immersed in the grossest ignorance. The very name of learning was unknown; and the era of those wars was "the noon of night" of the Middle Ages of darkness. Indeed, the illustrious Leibnitz is of opinion that the world was more enlightened in the tenth and eleventh centuries, than during the twelfth and thirteenth.

The Warriors of the Cross, then, were unfit to learn any improvement from their Saracenic foes, who were their superiors in arts and letters, and the Moslems were too proud to acquire any European accomplishments from them. Study, it will not be denied, requires sobriety of temperament; but the ecclesiastics of that day, even those who remained behind, were too much inflamed by the prevailing mania, either to enlarge, through its means, their stock of knowledge, or to liberalise their ideas.

It is the opinion of some, however, that the extended travel of so many thousands who visited strange lands, in the prosecution of the enterprise, and afterwards returned to Europe, must, through the channels of their own improved and extended knowledge of men and things, have benefited European society, and added to the refinements of the age, such as these were. This is but a flimsy, though ingenious idea. He who invades a country disdains, and, in general, destroys its monuments of art or knowledge. He scorns to learn from those whom he has subdued: but, above all, in answer to this supposition, it may be urged, with perfect truth, that camps are not places for the improvement of the understanding, nor an invading army the

best instrument for arriving at a geographical or antiquarian knowledge of a country. One traveller, in search of amusement or information, will learn more of the manners of a people than will be accumulated in the minds of a legion of hostile forces.

In an early stage of society, warriors are generally as illiterate as they are brave; and the manners of the Latins were as rude as their minds. To talk of them refining their foes by the influence of a polished example, is surely, then, absurd; and, indeed, the idea, in being simply stated, is completely refuted. Nor did the wars in Palestine add to their gentleness. They brutalised the character of almost every one who engaged in them; even the most gallant and noble in time became debased by the part they took in the wanton cruelties which were of such frequent occurrence. The Moslem Sultan, Saladin, himself, in this respect soared far above his European foes. He spared the Christians when he recaptured Jerusalem; Godfrey sanctioned the criminal slaughter of the Moslems upon a similar occasion.

It might be expected, that the political institutions which the Latins founded in Syria, would have been influential in changing for the better the aspect of Asiatic society; but, on the contrary, the polity of the rulers of the Caliphate was far more wise and civilised than that of Baldwin and his successors. The kingdom of Jerusalem was governed by a military and feudal despotism, but rudely framed. Its code of laws was bigoted and oppressive. Debtors, under the rank of knights, were by it allowed to be sold by their creditors for slaves; the ordeal and trial by battle were tribunals of judgment; and the weaker sex were held in the most debasing state of servitude. A superstition more gross and revolting than even Mahometanism, was the Latin substitute for pure religion, and even the disciples of Islamism themselves were shocked at the idle and impious



ceremonies and the worship of dumb idols by these pretended Christians.

The chivalric orders, so dear to romance, who took up their abode in Jerusalem, were as little calculated to spread civilization and refinement as the mass of the forces, for their creed was wild and austere, while their morals were base and licentious. They even surpassed in their baneful effects monastic institutions, which in general have rather served as landmarks to point out how far mankind, in their progress to civilization, have passed on before them, than as beacons to guide them in their route, or pioneers to assist their progress.

It is confessed by the Latin writers of the age, that, at length Palestine, after the capture of its capital, became, like a certain modern colony, an outlet for all the crime of Europe, and a refuge for its perpetrators. Neither its throne nor its altar was pure: one of its kings, Guy de Lusignan, fled to it, to avoid the penalty he had incurred, for the commission of a heinous murder.

If the Crusades were hurtful to the political institutions of the East, they did not counterbalance the evil, by benefiting the nations of the West. It is true, a party of their champions assisted in founding the Christian kingdom of Portugal, but that was an unimportant, and, at best, an accidental service; while their immediate result was to weaken, and their partially concealed aim, to overthrow the Christian empire of the Greeks, for whose assistance, the leaders pretended, they had partly armed themselves. The capital of the successors of the Cæsars, we have seen, soon became their prey; and with that downfall of Constantinople, commenced the uninterrupted series of misfortunes which ended in its capture by the Turks, and the overthrow of the last Christian state in the East. It has been urged that, but for the conquest of Jerusalem, and the succeed-

ing distractions which the empire of its monarch suffered, by the invasion of Syria, Saladin, known to be ambitious, warlike, and powerful, might have carried his victorious hordes to the attack of Byzantium, and planted the crescent on its walls a century earlier than really was done. That Saladin contemplated this achievement, is likely; but his fears for the safety of his valuable Egyptian dominions would have prevented him from carrying his gigantic hopes forward to actual realization.

On the national policy of our own country, though its monarch and its people more than once eagerly engaged in their prosecution, the Crusades had little visible influence; but their immediate effects were often painfully seen in the affairs of continental Europe. The long protracted absence of Frederick II. from his German dominions, laid the foundation for much of the confusion and anarchy which succeeded his return, and embittered the lives of his successors, while they aggravated, instead of lessening the hostility of the church and the empire; and rendered fiercer their unchristian conflicts, in place of allaying the irritation and hatred which they mutually excited. Venice, one of the few states which had been tardy in the cause, was almost the only one that reaped any thing in the shape of substantial benefit from their prosecution. The barques of the seven-isled city were steered to the plunder of Constantinople, before they turned their prows towards the sterile shores of Palestine.

In estimating the results of the Crusades, in their admitted influence on European society and institutions, the favourite points in the review, and upon which all who believe that they were beneficial, are fondest of expatiating, are those which relate to their supposed bearing on the origin of the corporate non-military bodies and commercial cities, which, about their era, had their rise, and have confessedly benefitted the world;

and also to the stimulus which, it is asserted, they communicated to commerce and commercial enterprize. Great stress has been laid upon the former occurrence, which writers in defence of the Crusades have supposed was a consequence of the latter

Thirty years ago, almost all authors who treated of the subject, allowed the arguments founded on these data, to have considerable weight, while many of them, of the first eminence, brought them forward as overwhelming and convincing proofs of the justness of what was then the prevailing opinion on the topic. Greater discrimination and research, and a more manly originality of thought, with the absence of no small portion of hereditary and, as such, sanctified prejudice, have effected a great change in the opinion of modern men of letters on these views, and in reference to the whole question. The latest continental writers hold, that what were deemed the very strongest arguments of those who followed Dr. Robertson on the subject, are unfounded and sophistical,—ingenious, but visionary. Had the repeated invasions of Palestine been the only, or even an efficient cause in the foundation of the free cities of Southern Europe, and the Hanseatic towns of Germany, and in the establishment of the commercial corporations, or corporate bodies by which they were governed, in spite of their evils and atrocities, the present age might well congratulate itself upon their having taken place. The good that in that case sprung from them, would have been cheaply bought, by the crime which marked their progress, even although it is incumbent on those who stenuously defend them, to show that such beneficial results could not or would not have been otherwise purchased at less cost. But the Crusades did not originate the establishment of communities freed from the miserable and degrading vassalage which had been claimed and exercised by the warlike barons of that age, over the towns within their own territories, or the

still wider scope of their feudal jurisdiction—a vassalage which chained industry, stifled enterprize, poisoned the stream of justice, perverted law, and degraded its hapless slaves beneath the estimation in which their lord held his less timid hawks and staghounds. They retarded the multiplication of those Cities of Refuge from tyranny, and of those nurseries of wealth and freedom. In all countries, these owed their foundation, and the privileges by which they were guarded, to the jealousies which, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, prevailed betwixt the nominal monarchs of almost all the states of Europe, and the haughty aristocracy, that was hardly beneath them in rank, and surpassed them in arrogance and power. Free cities, indeed, and a middle class of society, were raised up and fostered by kings, as a protecting barrier against the encroachments of their lordly nobles, and as a resource for replenishing the coffers that had been exhausted in contests with their ambitious subjects.

The Italian towns established themselves by gradual encroachments on the rights of the Franconian Emperors, and by concessions purchased from their pecuniary necessities. In Germany, those places that espoused the King's cause during the great rebellion, were rewarded for their fidelity, by enfranchisement and charters; while in France, such privileges were principally granted by Louis the Fat, at a period long antecedent to the commencement of the first Crusade. Henry II. was the monarch who conferred the greatest number of these boons upon towns in his English dominions; and that at a period when he took no share in the wars of the Cross.

Owing their foundation, then, to any other circumstances rather than to the Crusades having taken place—to causes, indeed, which these wars superseded, weakened, or in part removed, it seems demonstrated that, but for them, the increase

and prosperity of free commercial communities would have been more rapid and extensive. The desire to regain the sepulchre of Christ, in truth, often postponed the discussion of the very quarrels between, and grievances of various parties in the states of Europe, to which the corporate establishments in question, as we have seen, most frequently owed their rise.

Commerce is the offspring of Peace and Freedom. It shrinks from the touch of War, and pines in periods of strife and hostility. How, then, can it be said that the savage and desolating wars waged for the redemption of Jerusalem, fostered and extended commerce, through its powerful means, and promoted civilization? Pisa, Genoa, and Venice, may have added to their wealth, by trafficking in the warlike implements and necessities essential to the supply of the wants of the Christian invaders of Palestine; but the fictitious and unhealthy vigour of a few commercial depots, shows rather that what was before beneficially circulated and diffused through numerous channels, was now improvidently concentrated into one bloated mass, than that a positive increase in the exchange of commodities, and accumulation of wealth had taken place.

The commerce which refines and civilizes nations is not that which congregates vice and luxury into overgrown emporiums; but that which, by the wide spread familiarity and intimacy, caused by its frequent interchanges, excites a traffic in the improvements, and kindly feelings, and humanizing habits, and institutions of one country with another, as much as in the exchange of the productions of their soil and industry.

The extensive, though unostentatious commercial intercourse carried on between the Arabic and Saracenic tribes and the merchants and pilgrims of Europe, and of the Greek empire, was destroyed and annihilated by the invasion of Palestine. What had, with trifling exceptions, been a peaceful intercourse,

became an infuriated and deadly feud; yet some have gravely argued that commerce was promoted by the wars of the Crusades! Nay, not only that they nurtured that which may be said exists only in tranquillity, but that they stayed the march of violence, and banished war from Europe!

The passions for warfare in nations “grows with what it feeds on.” It is not a commodity, a certain part of which, expended in one region, and for one purpose, a proportionably less amount of it remains behind. Once kindled, what should extinguish it adds fuel to its flame. War did not pause or cease in Europe the more that it was fiercely urged in Asia. On the contrary, from the unprotected state in which many countries and principalities were left—deprived of their legitimate defenders by the influence of the prevailing mania, temptations for aggression were increased, and opportunities for the perpetration of violence multiplied. The gallant lion-hearted monarch would not have been the prisoner of the Duke of Austria, but for the opportunity the part he took in the Crusades afforded for the gratification of the ambitious and revengeful feelings of that potentate.

The wrong the Duke committed in seizing on the person of a rival, thousands of others perpetrated on the property and rights of their deceased and absent neighbours, and the sword alone became the arbiter of all disputes, and arms the resort in every quarrel. While, if they retarded for a while the prosecution of civil wars, and engaged all ranks and parties of a state in the pursuit of one great deed of violence, by the lessons, which, in the course of these events were inculcated, and the corruption and profligacy of manners to which they gave rise, they added inconceivably to the natural and inherently revolting features of ferocity, which characterise civil war and party strife, when these were again resumed.

If a state of warfare, and the prevalence of warlike notions

and habits be injurious to the most ordinary traffic, and baneful to wider commercial intercourse, how much more must it be hostile to the intellectual refinement of men, and the nurture and cultivation of literature! It is an admirable and just remark of Sir Wm. Temple, that "The noises and disorders of war have ever been the most capital enemies of the Muses." Letters and war are the antipodes of each other: the object of the one is to refine and improve,—the end of the other to deteriorate and debase. The preaching of Peter the Hermit, and of St. Bernard, with the religiously warlike enthusiasm which they kindled, tended to bring mental powers and acquirements into universal contempt. Military fame was the only thing worth the seeking for,—prowess and rank the only marks of superiority. The possession of abilities intellect, and a cultivated mind, were held in no estimation, and the exercise of these yielded no honour. Soul had not then precedence of body or station, and the cultivation of letters was left to bards and to women—the weak and the aged; while all that really merited fame and distinction was contemned and despised.

It has been already remarked, that even the Saracens surpassed their Latin invaders in their love of letters, and the homage they yielded to intellectual power. The Greeks, although sunk in sloth and enervating luxury, were also far their superiors, if any credit be due to the statements of a literary princess of their royal house, Anna Comnena. Eutychius, Bishop of Alexandria, and others of his day, cultivated the sciences at that period with some success. But the Latin invaders were incapable, not only of communicating or spreading knowledge, but even of acquiring that which presented itself to their notice, or of respecting its monuments and depositories. When they conquered Constantinople, they unfeelingly and wantonly destroyed the matchless relics of ancient art with which that city was liberally

ornamented; melted and coined the brazen statues which adorned its streets; burned its unrivalled library, the next in magnitude to the one of Alexandria; and carried round, in mock procession, the inkhorns and implements of writing of its authors, sages, and scribes! Well indeed might Alexius' ambassadors to Bohëmond, tell him that their master dreaded the advance of the holy hordes, as he did the ravages of the merciless tempest or the withering Sirocco.

These references to facts will serve to show how utterly absurd the idea is, which some are found to entertain, that the Crusades contributed to the revival of learning. Poetry and romance, it is true, precede philosophy; but they are its handmaids also, though they in early stages of society pioneered its progress. The claim for originating romance has been put in for the wars in Palestine; and it is endeavoured, though not openly, to infer that they thus reintroduced and revived the study of philosophy. To credit this assertion, and admit the claim, we must forget that the Trouveurs and the Troubadours had fought, and sung long before the council of Placentia. If the Crusades exercised any influence at all upon ballad, poetry, and romance it must have been very trifling; for the deeds of Arthur and Charlemagne continued to be dwelt upon by the bards of the age; and only two romances founded upon the Crusades have reached posterity; one celebrates Godfrey's prowess, the other the valour of Richard Cœur de Lion. But though we were to admit for a moment that they invigorate romance, that would afford but a poor consolation to whoever reflects on the crimes they occasioned. But it is not true that they did do so, if the judicious Dunlop and the acute and laborious Ritson are not deemed inferior authorities to the superficial Warton, and to Warburton of sophistical memory. Petrarch, Poggio Bracciolini, and others, were the genuine revivers of philosophy and learn-



ing. It was not until the appearance of these men, that its morning light dawned on the long night of darkness which hides the very traditions of the middle ages; during which, however, as was well observed by an elegant writer, painting sometimes busied itself to preserve its memory in adorning a missal; and the learning which existed at the time, in transcribing a manuscript. The Crusades, however, put a stop for a time to these peaceful and useful employments, and with these, to some of the chances of preserving the classic fragments of Greek and Roman genius. For two centuries, the ecclesiastics of Europe were too busy in preaching war, and engaging in it, to copy manuscripts or compose chronicles; and the surplus money which might have been employed in the endowment of colleges and schools, found a speedier distribution in paying the armourer and Venetian shipmaster and sutler.

The wars so often named, stamped a dignity and permanency on superstition and bigotry, by making them national affairs; and, after taking a just view of their causes and progress, it will hardly startle us to learn, that from the termination of the Crusades, till the fall of Constantinople in 1453, two centuries of grosser darkness intervened than ever before was known. Learning awoke not from her slumbers when the Latins revisited her early seat; nor reared her drooping head until the descendants of the ancient Greeks sought a shelter and protection in Italy.

With as much reason might it be urged, that the invasion of that country, and the conquest of Rome by the Goths, restored Latin literature to its Augustan purity and strength, and revived the taste for letters, then on its decline, as that wars, prompted by such motives, urged by such men, and carried on by such means, and with such a purpose, as those hypocritically called Holy, could benefit the cause of learning. If giving new strength

to the already colossal power of the ecclesiastical functionaries, and protracting the period of the decay of monkish institutions and prejudices, could liberalise the mind of Europe, then the Crusades did so; for doubtless the Popes and priests were sufficiently perspicacious to discern, when they originated them, that what actually took place to the strengthening of their power would necessarily follow. The clergy became the guardians of the unprotected but wealthy, who, from their sex or age, remained at home; and the church was a fond nursing mother to the estates of those who fell in the contests; as well as residuary legatee, where either power or wealth was to be acquired.

But a more triumphant refutation of the argument in the defence of those wars, from their supposed encouragement and promotion of literature, than has been advanced here, is to be found in the existence then, as now, of the established and incontrovertible truth in Political Economy, that no thinly peopled country can ever advance far in refinement and knowledge. Until population presses forcibly upon subsistence, and wealth increases, few will be found in any nation, or at any period, to leave the ordinary paths to wealth and fame, for the purpose of gaining either of these, by devoting themselves to the cultivation of letters and diffusion of literary information. Even in the useful arts, ingenuity is never excited, nor invention prompted, but by the struggle for superiority occasioned by an over supply of candidates for eminence in their pursuit. The very waste, then, of life, and decrease in the numbers and capital of the productive classes of Europe, occasioned by their prosecution, must have powerfully retarded the march to the advanced stage of refinement at which that portion of the globe has now arrived.

The influence of all wars on private morals and character is

baneful in the extreme; for these can be carried on only by constantly appealing to the vilest principles of our nature. Holy Wars, more than any other species, call these into play, by the very hypocrisy with which they would cloak and disguise them. The influence of the Crusades, then, on the private manners of the ages in which they were waged, must have been pernicious to an appalling extent, when all the inhabitants of Europe were animated by the spirit which had originally prompted them, and millions staked their lives and fortunes on their success. But in addition to the ordinary evils and deterioration of principles occasioned by Holy Wars, those waged in Syria corrupted the very sources of morality of conduct and security of property, by their promoters holding out the promise of immunity and forgiveness to the most wicked and abandoned of mankind; and that without any change in the nature of their practices. To join the Crusading ranks, was the only qualification necessary for obtaining a plenary remission of all the punishments decreed against the perpetrators of the most shocking atrocities. The Catholic practice of absolution, though revolting to reason and common sense, yet often caused the repentant sinner to expiate his crimes by deeds of charity and beneficence; but the apostles of the Crusades held out that the slaughter of innocent and ignorant Moslems was a sufficient succedaneum for these and other mortifying penances. The warriors of the Cross were relieved from all promises and contracts; they were endowed with new and invidious privileges; and they assumed a tyrannical contempt of, and superiority over their less warlike and more rational neighbours, who adhered to their peaceful occupations. The very frame of society must have received a shock, and the ties which bound it must have been frightfully loosened, when it was a common practice to refuse entering into any contracts or engagements with those

who had assumed the Cross, unless they bound themselves by fresh oaths, and renounced the exercise of their newly acquired privileges,—so inconsistent were these with the well-being of society in general.

Thus, then, in almost every point of view, if we divest ourselves of prejudice and preconceived notions, we are constrained to admit, that the principal arguments brought to prove that the wars whose influence we are reviewing, were beneficial to the world, either in their own era, or in succeeding ages; or were instrumental in advancing knowledge and refinement, are destitute of truth and weight, how plausible soever they may appear.

Hitherto we have abstained from adverting to the effects of these wars upon the religion which their followers professed; but these were far too important to be passed over in silence. Indeed, were they to be judged by this standard alone, candour and piety would alike unhesitatingly condemn them. They were impiously named Holy, and were held up as acceptable to the God whose law it is that no murder shall be done; yet never, before nor since, were invasion and war, dreadful as they have always been, deformed by the commission of such horrible crimes and atrocities as those which stain the records of the invasions of Hungary, Greece, and Syria. With the Crusaders, to shed innocent blood was to be pre-eminently pious; to commit murder in the name of heaven, was to deserve its blessings! These effects were not confined to the laity, but displayed themselves with new and greater force in the conduct of the ministers of that religion which is pure and peaceable. The characters of the priest and the warrior were brought by them into unnatural union, and in the religious orders of fighting monks, to which they gave rise, men were solemnly consecrated and set apart in the name of Christ, for the slaughter of their

brethren! The cure of souls was deserted for the recovery of Jerusalem, by thousands, who, in despite of the commands of their diocesans, fled from their parochial charges to fight, or to exhort and plunder in the Holy Land; and superiors of religious houses, without remorse, left those under their charge exposed to all the corruption and anarchy attendant upon establishments deprived of a head. Let it, in considering the Crusades on this point, be always kept in view, too, that their avowed purpose was to conquer—not to convert; to annihilate rather than to save. Indeed, their combatants were unfitted for any other purpose. Neither their learning nor their examples were such as to induce unbelievers to join the standard of their faith. “ ’Tis a pity,” says old Fuller, in his quaint manner, “ that the Devil’s blackguards should be God’s soldiers.” They gained no disciples but by force; for their conduct shocked even the followers of Islamism, loosely as their religion then often hung around them. Reason and virtue, not fanaticism and oppression, are the true instruments of conversion to a purer faith. At Damietta, during the First Crusade, the priests of the Christian army joined in chaunting songs remarkable for their impious profanity; and, at an after period, a prostitute repeated obscenities from the pulpit of St. Sophia, while the soldiers of the Cross danced round her in the body of the church! Though these latter had come to Syria to re-establish Christianity, when temptations were held out to them they apostatised in myriads. At one time, three thousand Frenchmen trampled on the Cross they had assumed, and became proselytes to Mahometanism.

If Religion was weakened or deformed by these wars, Superstition, however, received accessions to her strength by the vast importation of Syrian saints and relics into Europe which ensued. The Calendar of St. Peter was reinforced by swarthy fathers, whose unpronounceable names had never before been

heard in Europe; and as many fragments of the real Cross were collected, as might have fitted up the Vatican, or built a navy.

Those who are anxious to discover something of a redeeming character in every thing which relates to the wars in question, however, pretend to think that they ultimately spread and purified the Christian faith, and benefitted true religion, through various means, by hastening on the Reformation. Benefit religion by inspiring doubts of the Papal infallibility, and by liberalising opinions! Why, every step in their origin and progress was a practical exemplification, for the time, of the power of the priesthood of Christendom over the mind and energies of man! They were instituted by Papal authority, and their followers were swayed by its agents. As to their repeated failures creating doubts in the minds of men of the infallibility of the head of the church, the folly and blindness of the pretended successors of St. Peter had been often before displayed to the world; and no new proofs were required to convince mankind that they were generally the weakest of men. And the orders of knighthood, which were founded during their prosecution, (sworn as their members were to defend the church,) doubtless, for a time retarded the display of any feeling hostile to its interests and power. But, allowing for a moment, that they caused the remote effects upon religion which it is assumed they did, the reasoning which, from that circumstance, would justify them, might equally serve to palliate every crime, and would laud the most abandoned state of morals, because, forsooth, the very hideousness of the aspect of society, in such a condition, might produce a re-action of virtue! The most despotic invasion of constitutional liberty ought, on such showing, to be hailed as a foretaste of the freedom to which the encroachment would give birth. This is to argue in a circle, and

to suppose that institutions and improvements, attainments and refinements, form but a series of revolving changes.

Indeed, the nature of the Crusades is sufficiently described, then, by the principle in which they had their origin: it was war in its most malignant and ferocious form, war conducted on the principle of extermination. It was the strife of fanatical rage betwixt the votaries and the victims of opposite superstitions, a conflict in which those who boasted of the Christian name, were the grosser idolaters and the greater barbarians. The holy Crusades and the holy Inquisition, which grew out of the Crusades, were of a similar character: both were alike professedly undertaken for the purpose of vindicating and of extending the true faith, by means repugnant to its plainest dictates. The Crusades were not, indeed, the first occasion on which the warriors of Christendom engaged in what were regarded as sacred wars. The Saracens of Spain, and the Moslem invaders of other parts of Europe, in preceding centuries, had supplied employment to the favourite heroes of chivalry; but in these conflicts, the love of military glory, or the desire of conquest, was the dominant passion which actuated the Christian knight. The spirit of chivalry had a very subordinate share in originating the Crusades. A mightier impulse, an enthusiasm which, in becoming the master passion, did not so much overpower as change every other, impelled succeeding generations to that desperate and fatal adventure. It was a new spirit which had taken possession of society; and the more harmless genius of chivalry was forced to become the tributary of the Moloch fiend—Superstition. The full energies of the physical capacity of the human being, for good or evil, are never called out, till something which appeals to the hopes and fears of a hereafter, and is itself religion, or passes for religion, has taken possession of the mind. The love of fame

or of adventure, avarice or ambition, the idolatry of honour or of pleasure, all of which supply motives of commanding force, and any one of which has been found adequate to excite to the loftiest deeds of daring or of endurance, still leave untouched the deepest and most potent spring of human action. The spirit of Christianity can come into contact with any one of these principles, only in the way of opposition; its direct tendency being either to extinguish or to regulate them; but a false religion has the property of coalescing with the dominant passion, whichever it be, and it is then, and not till then, under the force of the complex motive, that the whole character is put into action, and that it is made to exhibit all its latent energies.

Scarcely an argument now remains unnoticed on the one side, or unanswered or unexamined on the other; and it is time to bring this review to a close, which will be best done by a brief summary of what has been advanced. The Crusades did not, and could not benefit religion; for they deteriorated its principles and corrupted its professors. They retarded the progress of Christianity, because they wished and aimed at conquering and converting by force of arms only; thus superseding the legitimate means of Christianizing the world: the preachers of the Gospel in heathen countries, are, in our day, the true vindicators of the Cross. Pacific missions to convert to the faith of Europe, however, were not sent out by the College of the *Propaganda Fide*, nor means taken for instructing its apostles in the languages of the East, till the year 1285; and the inference is natural, that, but for the wars of the two preceding centuries, these means would have been earlier adopted. They incorporated faith and intolerance, bigotry and piety:—the Inquisition owed its origin to the habits of thought generated by the invasion of Palestine. That afforded a



sanctified precedent for using the blood of our fellow-creatures as an expiatory sacrifice for our own sins :—the barbarous wars against the Albigenses for heresy, and the Prussians for heathenism, were but continuations of those of the Crusades. The spirit they engendered afterwards settled into the not less horrible and destructive, but secret persecutions of Jews and heretics, carried on by the institution of St. Dominic. Example is often made to serve for precept, and it was rationally argued, that, if to war against heathens and schismatics was holy, it must be pre-eminently so to persecute the heretics who nestled in the very bosom of the church. In short, the campaigns and expeditions which had their rise from the preaching of Peter the Hermit, removed a stimulus to virtue, by rendering what must always be vicious, apparently lawful and praiseworthy, and by holding out protection, immunity, and forgiveness to the worst of criminals. They strengthened the overgrown power of the See of Rome, and thus prolonged the night of superstition. They wasted life with a lavish hand; carried privation and sorrow into the bosoms of millions of unprotected and impoverished families; alienated the vigour, skill, and capital of Europe from internal improvements, causing even the coin of every country which engaged in them to be deteriorated, or, in other words, thousands to be ruined; and made agriculture, and all the peaceful, ornamental, and really useful arts of life, to be scorned and neglected. They corrupted and debased the spirit and institutions of chivalry; taught that faith may be violated with unbelievers; and made war a work of extirpation, and even religion sanguinary.

The serfs whom for a time its calls emancipated, when they returned to their homes, returned also to the yoke of their taskmaster. Notwithstanding that the warriors of Frederick are said to have introduced the manufacture of silk, and the

cultivation of sugar into continental Europe, it has been shown how little the strife could benefit commerce. If the Crusaders returned with new acquirements, they (can we credit the testimony of Dr. Mead and Sir John Dimsdale) also returned laden with new calamities.

In fine, if the wars of the Crusades benefitted one part of Europe, it was at the expense of another; if they gave an impulse to mind, it was by stirring up, and calling into action the worst passions of man; if they carried aught of refinement into Asia, it was but refinement in deceit; and if knowledge, it was only the knowledge of new methods of cruelty, and how to minister to the animal feelings, in the neglect of the intellect, and the more lofty sentiments of our nature. They have been compared to a thunder storm—desolating, but revivifying and improving; their resemblance to a volcanic eruption would be more apt and striking. They flamed, not to beacon, but to burn; and the population of Europe overflowed into Asia, not to fertilize and enlighten, but to stagnate and corrupt.

Their history affords perhaps, the strangest and most revolting picture of humanity which we can contemplate. It has few lights to relieve the gloom, and hardly a pleasing object for the eye to dwell upon. While they lasted, they resembled a fiery meteor, which dazzles and astonishes with its fearful portents for a while, but, when it passes away, leaves a deeper darkness behind. If they had advantages, these were remote, unanticipated, accidental, and unlooked for—while their evils were immediate, obvious, and many of them, withal, permanent, and such as they only could have produced. They may have been the auxiliaries of improvements, but they were the origin of none—their occasion rather than their cause. It is impossible to feel sorrow for their termination, or joy that they ever had existence;

may, even, in pursuing their history, a wish for their success. They stand out a dark spot on the darkness and barbarism of their era; and afford a proof of the power of superstition, in turning the ore of chivalrous and religious feeling, into the dross of cruelty and crime. Their deprecators look on them with unmingled detestation, their defenders with qualified commendation and faint praise; and the impartial, of no party, will undoubtedly conclude, that the evils they generated, far outweighed any good they could possibly produce.



## ON A PAINTING OF A BACHANTE.

LIFT that branch of foliage green;  
 Part the leaves—unlace the screen!  
 —Lo! the ruddy Boy is there,  
 Nestling in the leopard's lair!  
 Ha! the dimples of his chin  
 Gossip of a joy within.  
 See! the sparkles of his eye,  
 Shot from spirits mounting high!  
 Look! his forehead's curls twine  
 Playful, but with grace divine;—  
 'Tis an embodied God of Wine!

Sleek the spotted pard beside him,  
 Leaping, asks the boy to ride him;  
 Gambols round the spot where, clinging  
 To the vine branch—just at springing  
 From his velvet knee, the urchin  
 (As in play the rogue's been lurching,)

Waits, but looks before he rises  
Bright as light that sleep surprises—  
O! 'tis thus wine's rays of gladness  
Shine from out the depths of sadness,—  
Taming, too, the spirit's madness !

Ever be, Boy-God, like thee  
All my hours of revelry !  
Soul of heaven—frame of earth  
Thine!—no gross or frantic mirth  
Fires the one, the other wastes ;  
'Tis but joy thy spirit tastes :  
Bright, doubtless, as thine eye of blue,  
But smooth, like thy breast's cov'ring, too !  
O! it was a thought divine,  
Thus pure to paint the God of Wine !  
Limner ! be my homage thine !

# I'LL NEVER DECEIVE THEE!

I'LL never deceive thee—I swear it!  
 Yet think not this free-given vow  
 Must, of course, the conclusion inherit,  
 That I'll love thee for ever as now!

For although that the light of thy smiling,  
 Makes the day or the night of my heart;  
 Yet 'twere you and myself, love, beguiling,  
 To think that no chance may us part.

It is not that thine eye's moistened lustre  
 Will dim—as I know it must do;  
 That the jet locks that round thy brow cluster,  
 May change to that forehead's pale hue.

Nor yet that thy cheek's peachy smoothness,  
 May shrink into channels for tears,  
 That I doubt the old age of Love's soothness,  
 And for Fifty's devotion have fears.

For, though, when thy lips I have rifled  
Of confessions—and kisses as sweet,  
And heard my own heart's throbbings stifled,  
As thine seemed more fondly to beat,

I have felt all thy charms as a woman,  
And owned thou wert lovely as fond;  
Yet poor was that homage, and common,  
To the deep love I cherished beyond!

'Twas thy heart I adored—that combining  
The ardent, the tender, and true;  
Showed thy soul's lofty path in its shining,  
Like the soft cloud the moonbeam gleams through.

And that will survive in its beauty,  
When complexion and voice shall decay.  
Yet, mind—I won't love as a duty,  
Although as a pleasure I may!

So, even, in case, with thy charms, dear,  
My ardour may dwindle away,  
In the prisoning folds of thy arms, dear,  
Sober love is most willing to stay.

Since, if ne'er to deceive thee, inherit  
The wealth of thy free-given vow:  
It were but idle prating to swear that,  
“ I'll love thee for ever as now ! ”



## THE BURIAL OF PETRARCA.

*“ Death of Francesco Petrarca. 1374.—In the year of our Lord 1374, on the 8th of July, it pleased the Most High God to call unto himself the blessed soul of Francesco Petrarca, the laurelled poet. His fame I need not record, as it is known to the whole world, but may mention that his body was deposited in an ark or sarcophagus, upon the mountain of the Paduan territory, and that the Signor Francesco da Carrara, with the Bishops, Abbots, Monks, and Friars, in short the whole clergy of Padua and the district, with all the gentlemen, doctors, and scholars of Padua, went to honour his remains, which were carried from his house in Arquà, on a bier covered with cloth of gold, under a baldacchino of cloth of gold, lined with ermine. The bier was carried to the church of Santa Maria of Arquà, on the 16th of October, and a funeral sermon was delivered by Fra. Bonaventura da Peraga. Soon after the body was deposited in a sarcophagus of red stone of antique form, and that sarcophagus placed in the consecrated ground of the church, where it now is.”*

*From Galeazzo Gataro.—See Syme's Translation  
of “ The Fortunes of Carrara.”*

’Twas in the midst of summer, when the earth was clad in green,  
That the white-stoled priest and friar grey, in long array were  
seen,

From Padua to come, with The Carrara at their head ;  
And they chaunt, in sad and solemn tone, the requiem of the  
dead !

For it had pleased the Most High God, unto himself to call,  
The laurelled poet, Petrarca—the noblest of them all !

But ’tis not of his fame we speak :—wherever love and song  
Have wedded been within the heart, that will be cherished long ;

While names of bishops—abbots—knights—and all who guard  
his bier,  
Though the proudest in Padua now, no one may ever hear:—  
We only tell to Arqua how they went, to bear away  
The ashes of Francesco—all of him that could decay!

High on a bier, with cloth of gold in massive richness made,  
Beneath a tall baldacchino the Poet's ark was laid:  
'Twas golden too, and, like king's robes, with costly ermine  
laced;—  
But a nobler crown than monarchs wear, on his pale brow was  
placed;—  
It was the wreath of deathless fame, Francesco won and wore,  
Where only Mantuan Virgil had been honoured so before!

They bore it to the holy church, where to the weeping throng  
'Twas given once more to gaze upon the glorious son of song;  
And then, within the stony folds of the cold tomb's embrace,  
The heart of Laura's laurelled love at length had peaceful place!—  
Its throbblings still have echoes though, in many a lover's sigh,  
And Laura's name, and Petrarch's love, shall but with loving die!

A RHAPSODY WRITTEN ON A FRAMED PICTURE  
OF LAURA.

THE Poet's Mistress ! hath the scroll of Fame,  
 With all its blazonry, a loftier name ?  
 The Poet's Mistress ! who hath ever laughed  
 With bitter meaning at the Herald's craft,  
 That bows not to a title nobler far  
 Than kings can pay, for even the worthiest scar ?  
 Bourbon and Este, and Braganza's line,  
 She may exclaim, " Your titles vail to mine !"  
 To these through ages it has onward crept  
 To her, like light, its burning honours swept !  
 The Poet's Mistress ! chartered peer of heaven,  
 The Bard *wins* fame—to her at once 'tis *given* !  
 The Poet's Mistress !—thunder round her plays—  
 Innocuous lightnings wrap her in their blaze !  
 Down the far Cydnus of quick rushing Time  
 She glides in glory, on some deathless rhyme !  
 The Poet's Mistress !—even to Thebes' kings,  
 Beneath their pyramids, Oblivion clings—

While she, embalmed with more than Egypt's art,  
Lives in the shelter of each human heart !  
The proudest monument that man can rear,  
What is it to the rock the lightnings sear ?  
Ages roll on, and fanes on fanes decay—  
Its scathed grandeur crumbles not away.  
The Poet's Mistress ! quenchless beauty beams  
For ever round her now—though but in dreams,  
Of passioned love her grace alone was seen :  
—Genius creates its own,—ask what I mean ?—  
—To common eyes few charms adorn this sphere,—  
—Ha ! ha !—the Poet's Mistress yet is here !

## THOU NE'ER WERT ABSENT.

THOU ne'er wert absent from my soul,  
 Tho' I was from thy presence far;  
 And still I felt the soft controul  
 Of thee, my bright and guiding star!

I thought of all my earliest love,  
 As morning rose upon the sea;  
 And as the moon shone bright above,  
 My mem'ries all were turned to thee!

And now, when midnight wraps a world  
 In dreamless rest, I wake, or seem,  
 While sleep's broad shade is o'er me furled,  
 To wake to rapture in a dream!

For night, which shuts the flower of hope  
 To duller hearts than e'er was mine,  
 My wishing's flight can never stop,  
 But seems to make me surer thine!

And dost thou in thy chamber, heart !  
From duty, day, and din, set free,  
Unfold thy bosom's inmost part,  
And read a record there of me ?

Oh ! I will doubt not, at this hour—  
The one that we were won't to meet :—  
I rule thy spirit with such power,  
As now thou swayest me with—my sweet !

## THE ODD CORNER.—No. III.

## DECLINE OF DIDACTIC POETRY.

DIDACTIC Poetry has ceased to be written. Why?—has truth ceased to be taught, or is it already all recorded? Is the science of mind exhausted, from the circumstance that all its dubious points are settled and agreed upon? If not, why is didactic poetry no longer written, and why does “what is writ” of it, remain unread? Song has been said to be “the eloquence of truth;” and I have never heard or seen the justice of the remark questioned, merely because it was beautiful alike in thought and expression. Here, then, is an example of what is apparently an undisputed truth, becoming more powerful in its influence and operation, because it is exquisitely, and tersely, and melodiously propounded in “Song.” Thus, while a proposition is stated, with a singular felicity of adaptation and of expression, it proves itself in the very act of being promulgated. Why, then, again, I ask, has didactic poetry ceased to be written? Is it because it is a cumbrous way of teaching truths? Is this urged by Fearn or even Lady Mary Shepherd, or the disciples of the great Bentham; or by any two who have *not* agreed on a nomenclature in metaphysics—and where are the two who have? But, then, rhyme and rhythm alike

tempt to the sacrifice of sense to sound, or simple truths to the balancing of an antithesis! Do they so more than Rhetoric—more than the technicalities of Logic—more than the mere ordinary necessities of perspicuity of style? Yet would you remove all or either of these aids? The objection is absurd, for it is not against the thing, but against weak men who try to use, and are only able to abuse it. Didactic poetry must and shall resume its position in literature, for it is made up of two imperishable elements—Truth and Beauty, or Music and Sense; and he who can well combine these, is better than he who could only use one of them, or but one at a time!

And let future didactic poets take this little known, though modernised, but glorious passage for their motto:—

“ Know, deeds do die however nobly done,  
 And thoughts of men do in themselves decay;  
 But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,  
 Recorded by the muses, live for aye;—  
 Nor may with storming showers be washed away;  
 Nor bitter breathing winds, nor harmful blast,  
 Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever waste !

“ But fame, with golden wings, aloft doth fly,  
 Above the reach of ruinous decay;  
 And, with brave plumes, doth beat the azure sky;  
 Admired of base-born men from far away,  
 Then whoso will with virtuous deeds assay  
 To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
 And with sweet poets’ verse be glorified.”

SPENSER.

#### “ GOOD OLD TIMES.”

WE often hear of “The Good Old Times.” When were these?  
 In Queen Bess’ reign—when, to be able to read was so



rare an accomplishment, that it procured to the greatest criminals, "benefit of clergy,"—namely, impunity from well deserved punishment? When the Duke of Northumberland's household-book showed that his chief retainers and upper domestics were fed on salted herrings for half the year? When wooden pallets formed the beds of nine-tenths of the people, and a log of wood their pillow? When their houses had no fire places, and needed none—fuel being as rare as silk stockings? When a queen's bed-chamber—even that of the puissant Elizabeth herself, was strewed with fresh rushes daily, in lack of a Kidderminster or Kilmarnock carpet? When, as in the time of her father, bluff Hal, England did not grow a cabbage, turnip, carrot, nor, indeed, any edible root; and Queen Catherine had to send to Flanders for a Sallad? Pooh! Old Times, indeed!—Ours are the old rich times:—these were but a beggarly boyhood!

## REASON FOR HUMILITY.

THE best of all arguments for humility, is to be found in the unanimous testimony of all who have studied insanity, which proves, that all mad people, without one exception, are proud: Pride, even in the cases of religious and other species of melancholia, being distinctly traceable as a prevailing principle.

## A WHET.

IT is sometimes as much worth one's while to quarrel with, for the pleasure of being reconciled to, a lover, as it is to wait till fairly hungry before sitting down to dinner.

## GOOD NATURE.

MERE good-nature is oftener the concomitant, if not the result, of mediocrity of mind, than the accompaniment of well-regulated and powerful intellect.

A love of parade, or of extravagant effect, is often mistaken for originality of mind, although the exhibition of such is the best evidence that a man can give of his being really destitute of it; just as laboriously to eulogise virtue is presumptive proof that you speak disinterestedly in its praise.

Next to the man who never hits upon a mischance, is he who can most immediately apply a remedy for one.

All men originally love external nature. Indifference to its beauties is but the effect of exclusion from their observation.

There can be no conviction that you love, till you have suffered for doing so.

Women appear more variable and inconsistent than men, merely because they more unguardedly exhibit their transitions of emotion.

It cannot be a lofty genius which refuses to sympathise with the inspiration of others. Prostration here, like the worship of divinity, elevates rather than abases.

Friendship as often freezes in the atmosphere of apathy, as consumes in the blaze of anger.

To estimate the value of the time which a visitor bestows upon us, it is necessary to know how else he would have been able to spend it.

The secret of being truly eloquent, is to combine the greatest possible amount of *intensity* with as much as will amalgamate with it of the most rigid simplicity.

It is with the mind as with the soil—it must be allowed to lie fallow occasionally; and, when so unemployed, its possessor is no more to be called idle, than a skilful farmer at one period of the rotation of his crops is to be called lazy.

The freaks of women of intellect it is easy to pardon; but in the follies of those without it, there is nothing redeeming or palliative.

To those of whom we stand in awe, we give, or have given, the command over our thoughts as well as our actions.

Women feel as deeply and love as long as men do; but not with the same *continuity*:—in one hour they can experience the deepest grief, be tickled with the merest folly, and return to sincere sadness again.

It is easy enough to extol merit or admit superiority, so long as it does not come into direct and immediate contact or comparison with one's own qualifications, even although they be of a totally different kind.

We admire the face of a fine woman most when she is present, but her figure most when she is absent.

The books a man reads are no more to be taken as a criterion of his bent of mind, than what individuals he shakes hands with is to be regarded as a test of his character—without also knowing in what relations of self-interest he may be placed with either.

As it is not the best arranged library the volumes of which are assorted in alphabetical order, so it is not the most powerful nor the readiest mind which has its information and ideas most obviously systematised.

It is easier to pardon an injury than to forget a slight.

It is not true that it is in every body's power to be pleasing;—all that many can attain is not to be disagreeable.

The best way of mortifying an author and gratifying your own spleen, is to praise extravagantly some piece he himself is aware to be trifling, and take no notice of what is really good.

Nobody despises facility in any accomplishment, except those who feel that they can never attain it—as none panegyrisse simplicity of style like those who can never think beyond the line they are transcribing:—the bald-headed allege that curled hair is inelegant.



# OH THERE MAY BE FAIRER.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by J.P. Clarke.

With Tenderness

VOICE, *Oh! there may be fair - er than*

PIANO

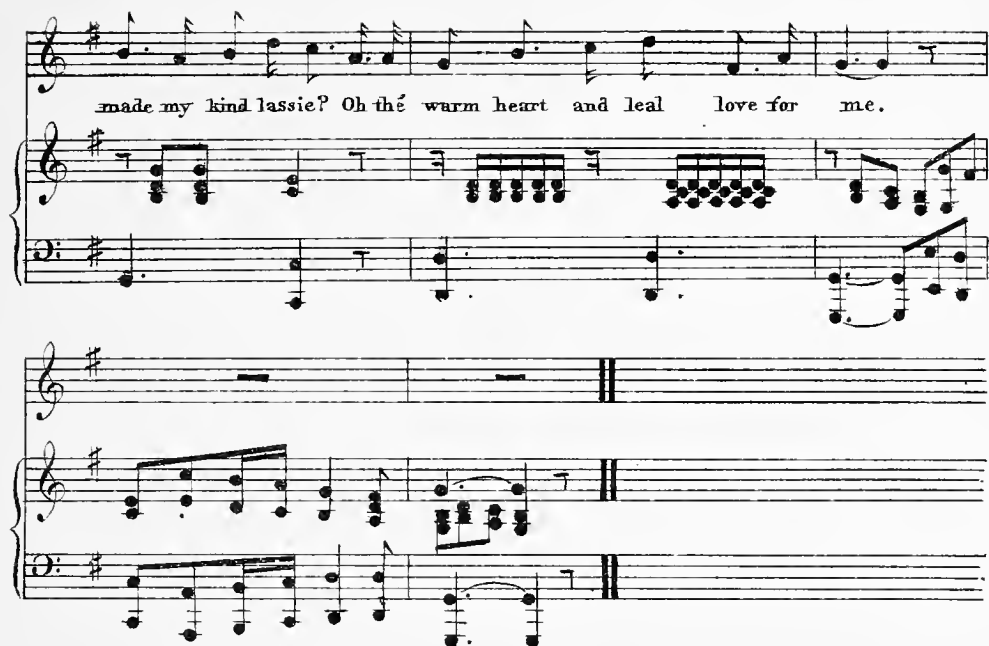
FORTE.

*thee, my sweet lassie, But none can there e'er be mair kind; A*

*mair vaunt' look there may be my dear lassie, But oh! that were no to my*

*mind: For the bloom on the cheek soon may fade, bon ny las sie, An'*

*age dims the brightest blue e'e Then where are the conquests it*



The morning aft shines unco fair,  
My dear lassie,  
O' the day that turns stormy and drear,  
An' the mirth that is flighty and rare,  
Bonny lassie,  
Or lang may be quenched in a tear!  
Then be my companion through life,  
My sweet lassie,  
A kind an' a douce ane—like thee,  
Its no a bit toy, but a wife,  
Bonnie lassie,  
That I want—wilt thou Jeanie, be she?





OH! THERE MAY BE FAIRER THAN THEE, MY  
SWEET LASSIE.

OH! there may be fairer than thee,  
                   My sweet lassie,  
 But nane can there e'er be mair kind,  
 A mair vaunty look there may be,  
                   My dear lassie,  
 But, O, that were no to my mind!  
 For the bloom on the cheek soon may fade,  
                   Bonnie lassie,  
 An' age dims the brichest blue e'e;  
 Then whar are the conquests it made,  
                   My kind lassie?  
 Oh! the warm heart an' leal love for me!

The morning aft shines unco fair,  
                   My dear lassie,  
 O' the day that turns stormy and drear;  
 An' the mirth that is flighty and rare,  
                   Bonnie lassie,  
 Or lang may be quenched in a tear!  
 Then be my companion through life,  
                   My sweet lassie,  
 A kind an' a douce ane—like thee:  
 Its no a bit toy, but a wife,  
                   Bonnie lassie,  
 That I want—wilt thou, Jeanie, be she?

## SERENADE.

AWAKE, my Love—though 'tis not day !  
 Thy lover and the moon are here :—  
 It looks with happy, curious ray  
 Where I should climb with stealth and fear !  
 But come,—nor doubt—for all is hushed ;  
 A modest cloud the light is veiling,  
 Which might be tell-tale that thou blushed,—  
 And even the very stars are paling !  
 Come, then,—Oh, come !

Haste, sweet!—for in the east a gleam  
 Shoots from the opening lids of Day,  
 Which sleeps, I know, and does but dream ;  
 But rise thou, dearest, lest *it* may !  
 —Ah ! now from forth thy lattice, shines  
 A light, all other lights to hide ;  
 For which, through noon my spirit pines,  
 —For 'tis not mine till even-tide !  
 Stay, then !—Oh ! stay !



# AWAKE, MY LOVE, A SERENADE.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by John Thomson Esq.

*Allegretto*

A waking love tho 'tis not day! Thy love and the

moon are here! Which looks with happy, curious ray Where

I should climb with stealth and fear! But come, no doubt - for

all is hush'd; A modest cloud the light is veil ing, Which

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "all is hush'd; A modest cloud the light is veil ing, Which".

might be tell-tale that thou - blush'd, - And ev'n the ve ry stars are

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The lyrics are: "might be tell-tale that thou - blush'd, - And ev'n the ve ry stars are".

pal ing! Come, then, Oh! come! Come then Oh!

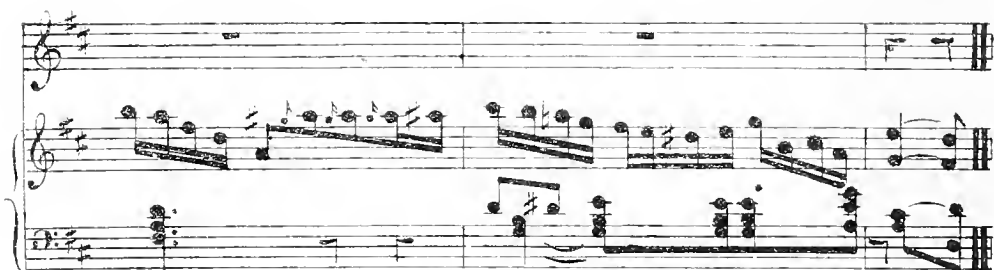
This system contains the third line of the musical score. The lyrics are: "pal ing! Come, then, Oh! come! Come then Oh!".

come! Come then Oh, come! Oh,

This system contains the fourth line of the musical score. The lyrics are: "come! Come then Oh, come! Oh,".

come! Oh, come!

This system contains the fifth line of the musical score. The lyrics are: "come! Oh, come!".



Haste, sweet!—for in the east a gleam  
Shoots from the opening lids of Day,  
Which sleeps, I know, and does but dream ;  
But rise thou, dearest, lest *it* may !  
—Ah ! now from forth thy lattice, shines  
A light, all other lights to hide ;  
For which, through noon my spirit pines,  
—For 'tis not mine till even-tide !  
Stay, then!—Oh ! stay !

---

*D Allan lithog*



## MY FATHER'S INGLE.

The Words by T. Atkinson.

Composed by J. P. Clarke.

VOICE. *Andantino.*

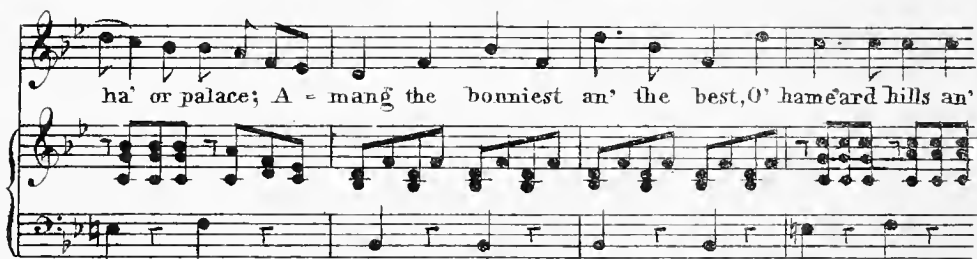
Where'er I roam, Where'er I rest; In courts, in camps, in

PIANO

FORTE




ha' or palace; A - mong the bonniest an' the best, O' hame'ard hills an'



foreign valleys; O' hame'ard hills an' foreign valleys; In joy's short hours, or



sorrow's years, Ae wish will wi a' wishings mingle. — O'



ance a - gain, spite o' my fears. to sit beside my





Fa - ther's Ingle! O' ance a gain spite o' my fcars, to sit be-side my

Fa - ther's Ingle!

What though we drink the red, red wine,  
 And don ourselves in silken cleadin',  
 Gin wi' them a' we joyless pine—  
 If faes be near, or frien's unheedin'?  
 O! music has nae soun sae sweet,  
 To warm the heart—the ears to tingle,  
 As this—that gars us mair than greet,—  
 Our bairnhood roun' our Father's Ingle!

As streams that row to meet the sea,  
 In clouds to their ain burns come sailin',  
 An' fa' again on bill an' iea,  
 In tears o' mingled joy an' wailin';  
 Sae hearts like ours, howe'er estranged,  
 Steal back at times, unstained an' single,  
 An' fin', howe'er a' else be changed,  
 How dear is still our Father's Ingle.



## MY FATHER'S INGLE.

WHARE'ER I roam, whare'er I rest;  
 In courts or camps, in ha' or palace;  
 Amang the bonniest an' the best,  
 O' hame'ard hills an' foreign valleys;  
 In joy's short hours, or sorrow's years,  
 Ae wish will wi' a' wishings mingle,—  
 O' ance again, spite o' my fears,  
 To sit beside my Father's Ingle!

What though we drink the red, red wine,  
 And don ourselves in silken cleadin',  
 Gin wi' them a' we joyless pine—  
 If faes be near, or frien's unheedin'?  
 O! music has nae soun sae sweet,  
 To warm the heart—the ears to tingle,  
 As this—that gars us mair than greet,—  
 Our bairnhood roun' our Father's Ingle!

As streams that row to meet the sea,  
 In clouds to their ain burns come sailin',  
 An' fa' again on hill an' lea,  
 In tears o' mingled joy an' wailin';

Sae hearts like ours, howe'er estranged,  
Steal back at times, unstained an' single,  
An' fin', howe'er a' else be changed,  
How dear is still our Father's Ingle.

Then in an hour o' hours like this,—  
The byegane years—the present minute,  
Thegither meetin', like a kiss  
O' fareweel, joy an' sorrow in it.  
Oh! surely in ae heart-warm prayer,  
For ance as ane we'll join an' mingle—  
Be aye in heaven's keep and care,  
Our Father's head—our Father's Ingle!



OH! WAKING OR WINKING,  
AN IMPROVISATION.

The Words and Air

by Thomas Atkinson.

VO: CE.

PIANO

FORTE

*Del Piu*

*mf*

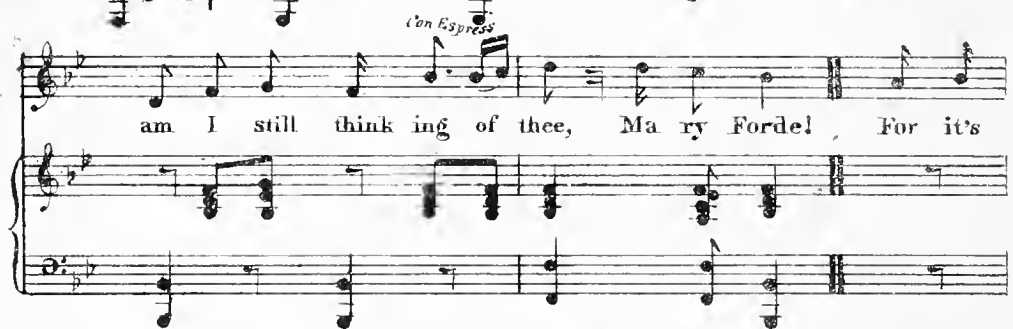


Oh! waking or wink ing, in bed or at board, Why



*con Espress*

am I still think ing of thee, Ma ry Fordel, For it's



not that thou'rt pretty— though that I ad mit; And it's



not that thou'rt wit ty- a plague on thy wit! Oh!



waking or winking, in bed or at board, Why am I still thinking of

*Con Espress.*

thee Mary Forde!

It puzzles me often the riddle to solve,  
 How then you could soften my stony resolve:  
 Henceforth to keep Cupid and women at bay,  
 Untill, to all seeming, secure from their sway!

But, I think I have hit it—the truth, at the last;  
 Though you'll never admit it, I'll swear, if you're asked.  
 You love me—I know it—and that is enough;  
 Nay, what's more, too—show it!—deny't not in huff!

Dearest lassie, believe me,—though boldly I woo;  
 That my heart must deceive me—before it will you;  
 For to me to be loved is worth millions of charms:  
 That you do so I've proved,—so come, come to my arms!





## OH! WAKING OR WINKING.

OH! waking or winking—in bed or at board,  
 Why am I still thinking of thee, Mary Forde?  
 For it's not that thou'rt pretty—though that I admit;  
 And it's not that thou'rt witty,—a plague on thy wit!

It puzzles me often the riddle to solve,  
 How then you could soften my stony resolve:  
 Henceforth to keep Cupid and women at bay,  
 Until, to all seeming, secure from their sway!

But, I think I have hit it—the truth, at the last;  
 Though you'll never admit it, I'll swear, if you're asked.  
 You love me—I know it—and that is enough;  
 Nay, what's more, too—show it!—deny't not in huff!

Dearest lassie, believe me,—though boldly I woo;  
 That my heart must deceive me—before it will you;  
 And but to be loved is worth millions of charms:  
 That you do so I've proved,—so come, come to my arms!

## FAREWELL.

'Tis said!—the bitter word hath passed  
 Lips sealed, till now, by many a kiss.—  
 Farewell—farewell! our first—and last—  
 For there's no second pang like this!

Farewell!—amid the festal throng  
 I earliest met thy 'passioned glance;  
 There, too, my heart endured the wrong  
 Which pride like mine can brook but once!

Farewell!—I never thought the word  
 Should thus be spoken, till that hour  
 When life's best pulse—still thine, adored!—  
 In my last look confessed thy power!

Farewell!—Oh! music sad but sweet,  
 When thus 'tis uttered, whence thy spell?  
 Love, Pride, Regret, and Passion meet,  
 To make it thrill—Farewell, Farewell!

THE END.

## A PROSE POSTSCRIPT.

It will have been observed by the patient and courteous Reader of this, the Second Series of "THE CHAMELEON," that Signatures are attached to several of the pieces, as in the case of other Annuals, where the diversity of contributors is so shown. From this, it would be inferred, that a variety of writers had furnished the materials of the volume; for, if not, the purpose of such distinctive marks being there, I frankly own, has not been obtained. Nor do I care though it has not, for I reluctantly yielded to the counsel of some friends, in at all wishing to have this supposed, lest, as they said, the pieces should not get that fair play and full notice accorded to them, which is usually given to the productions of very new candidates for public favour, or very long established possessors of it—to neither of which class I belong. And now I show all fitting penitence for this ill-sustained attempt at deceit, and meekly own myself accountable for the sins of every line in the Book, except those occupied by the aforesaid surreptitious signatures. I *will* not believe that a diversified volume, furnished forth by one hand, can meet with any of that silent but substantial injustice that shows itself in passing over attempts at every species of composition on the part of one writer, which criticism would term a "Pleasing Variety" if a corps had contributed. The more substantive severity of comment I must of course be prepared to meet, since thus I would seem to court it. But I may be allowed to mention, that I meditate no such trial of public patience as issuing a lengthened series of Annual Volumes from my own pen, for with one more I conclude "THE CHAMELEON"—and my miscellaneous writings; and I shall afterwards try to abide by one complexion of composition—if it be admitted that any of the many hues I have assumed become me.

THOS. ATKINSON.



Books Published by ATKINSON & CO.

---

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

I.

**THE CHAMELEON:**

An Original Miscellany of Tales—Dramatic Pieces—Essays—Poems and Songs, with a Frontispiece and Vignettes. Second Edition, in 1 vol., Post 8vo., Price, bound in Silk, with Gilt Edges, 10s. 6d., or in cloth, 9s. 6d.

"The Chameleon is a tasteful and creditable little work: its spirit is cheerful, its tone sensible, and its fancy light and pleasant. The prose wants novelty and depth; but the poetry has feeling, and often deep feeling. We have said that the poetry of the book far exceeds in merit the prose: from it we will give an extract or two,—'The Silence of the Grave' is touching and impressive, and the 'Love's Pains' is written with a freedom and force which no poet of the day need be ashamed of: they carry us back to some of the pieces of the age of the Stuarts. They are Cowley without conceit."—*Westminster Review*.

"As it was said of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, that he had beaten forty Frenchmen and could beat forty more, we say of the author, that the mass of his solitary productions is superior to the mass in any one of the highly adorned Annuals, which are the composition of some thirty or forty veterans of literature."—*Spectator*.

"A pleasing collection of miscellaneous pieces, in prose and verse, grave and gay, narrative and didactic, comprehending matter sufficient for two Annuals, at less than the price of one."—*Asiatic Journal*.

"A very clever volume—a complete mosaic of prose and verse, which is well worthy of finding a place in the cabinets of the curious—Upon closing the book before us, even its very clouds and tears blend with its sunlight so as to form a perfect rainbow of 'bright and pleasant memories.'"—*New Monthly Magazine*.

"We congratulate Mr. A. on his success in every department of his work. He has evidently a deep sense of the beauties of nature, and a sympathy with most human passions. We observe in many of the poems, a murmuring at the restraints which fortune long imposed on his ambition and talents. —We sympathize with the author in these passages; for we know how much he has owed to his own unaided exertions."—*Metropolitan*.

"These happier omens were verified by a perusal of the book. It is not a golden casket with paste jewels."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

"A literary gem which must place the author in no mean station on the roll of fame."—*The Ladies' Pocket Magazine*.

"A very creditable—a very interesting—and by no means an uninteresting volume, and if the modern Athenians do not afford it their patronage at the book-giving period of the year, in preference to the innumerable works of a similar kind, which we Southerners send forth to claim their notice, they will do injustice to the talent and industry of their countrymen."—*Court Journal*.

"The first poetical article that attracts our attention, is one that would not disgrace Burns. It is truly imbued with his spirit."—*Lady's Magazine*.

"We have all the happy flights which natural genius is apt to take in the exuberance of its fancy, and exhibiting a degree of talent, which, while it commands our admiration, must secure for the author the friendship and commendation of those by whom his labours are perused."—*Bell's Life*.

"More versatile than the Annuals, and quite as amusing."—*Atlas*.

"The Focus is just in the style that we peculiarly relish. They are the essence of thought—the otto of the mind. The ideas which have been, as it were in the hydraulic press of the judgment."—*Literary and Political Cabinet*.

## Books Published by ATKINSON & Co.

---

"The subjects touched upon are of an almost endless variety, and in each there is displayed considerable originality and elegance of style."—*Literary Guardian*.

"The melange is agreeably diversified with poetry, and some very good sketches from the 'History of Scotland.' The songs are beautiful."—*Globe*.

"The editor and sole contributor in his twofold capacity has displayed great versatility of talent."—*Sun*.

"His volume is full of poetic gems, sterling essays, and happy conceits."—*Sunday Times*.

"It is better in point of variety—of song and story—pleasantry and agreeable information, than half the annuals which appear. It is a volume well calculated to promote good humour and cheerfulness; but it is still more adapted for the hour of sober thought."—*Satirist*.

"The 'CHAMELEON,' in booksellers' phrase, is a beautifully got up volume of 300 Svo. pages, is a melange of prose and poetry on the most astounding variety of subjects, and strange to say, wholly the production of one very young man. Here we have love, war, and philosophy in all the forms of song, sonnet, enigma, epigram, drama, tale, and essay."—*Scotsman*.

"As a mere Annual—that is, an elegant book—the Chameleon equals its peers of the south. From the same mind is poured forth in profusion, tender, spirited, and comic verse—and in prose writing, clever sketches of all kinds, pieces of humour, morsels of able reasoning, and brilliant concentrations of thought."—*Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*.

"All the articles are the production of one individual, and that individual the publisher of the volume, Mr. Atkinson of Glasgow; a gentleman who is daily rising into reputation."—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*.

"His serious poetry, in general, displays deep feeling and pathos; while, in his romantic and martial poetry, he is still more successful. Altogether, there is genius in the book."—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

"The volume before us differs from an Annual merely in being the production of one head instead of many; and if it be true, in general, that 'two heads are better than one,' it is no less certain, that sometimes one head is better than twenty.—Upon the whole, it is a pleasant and sprightly volume, with a vein of humour of the best kind—tending to make a man on good terms with himself and with all the world."—*Edinburgh Observer*.

"It may very appropriately be placed on the same shelf with the works of Mackenzie."—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

"Mr. Atkinson is a poet of very considerable powers, but his chief excellence appears to us to consist in the truth, and beauty, and felicity of his sentimental descriptions—in the composition of a sweet, touching, pathetic ballad, adapted to the soft witching melody of Caledonia, he may fairly claim a respectable place in the temple of lyric fame, near the consecrated shrines of Burns and Tannahill.—There is a beauty, a chasteness, a classic eloquence, and yet a force of diction, in his prose compositions, which has charmed us more than any thing that has lately fallen in our way."—*Belfast News Letter*.

"The versatile genius displayed in its contents, must place the author in no mean station on the roll of literature."—*Newry Commercial Telegraph*.

"Diversified and interesting in the subjects, lively and clever in the execution, and evincing both a warm imagination and superior power of thought."—*Leeds Mercury*.

"The frontispiece is as beautiful a piece of landscape, and as finely engraved, as can be found in any Annual since their commencement.—As to enumerating the many stories and practical pieces with which we have been gratified, it would be altogether impossible."—*Tyne Mercury*.

"Its publication aims at different, and, it may be higher objects, than merely ministering to, or availing itself of a not illaudable taste for light and varied reading. It is at once, curious and desirable to become familiar with the workshop of the mind, in a young and aspiring author; to see the tools as they lie about in apocarent confusion, and the materials in

## Books Published by ATKINSON & Co.

all the different stages of manufacture and appropriation."—*Manchester Times and Gazette*.

"It is beautifully printed, embellished by a fine engraving by Miller, and contains much elegant, agreeable, and spirited writing.—Judging from this effort, we should think the writer excellently fitted to succeed in this department of literature, were he to devote his attention particularly to it."—*Derby Mercury*.

"It does great credit to Mr. Atkinson, the sole author, projector, and publisher."—*York Chronicle*.

"This talented work contains many poems of the highest order of lyrical beauty."—*Whitehaven Herald*.

"It is a delightful mixture of sentiment, *jeu d'esprit*, philosophy, belles-lettres, poetry, and prose."—*Reading Mercury*.

"Like the *Annals*, but containing much more of genuine literary composition."—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

"Its pages are well suited not only to wile away a long December evening, but to instruct and amuse both the grave and the gay."—*Leicester Chronicle*.

"The prose is infinitely superior to the poetry—many of the pieces developing much observation and acuteness, with an unusual degree of vivacity and spirit.—Some of the poetry is very sweet. The pieces are almost all remarkable for a kindly feeling, and an evident attachment to morality and virtue."—*Lancaster Herald*.

"The man who had read the 'Focus,' would affirm, that Mr. Atkinson's forte lay in sober philosophic thought; while he who had perused 'Two Blacks don't make one White,' would deem the peculiar talent of its author to lie in light and graceful wit."—*Greenock Advertiser*.

"Whoever the author be, he has a very high portion of the *mens divinator*."—*Stirling Advertiser*.

"The author is no common man,—his originality goes hand in hand with genius,—and a stream of pure exalted poetry throws a bright halo over both."—*Kilmarnock Chronicle*.

"The volume before us is the unaided production of Mr. Atkinson—an ingenious and talented brother, who has long been known as labouring under a 'burning agony for after fame.' In his poetry he has written in great measure—in his prose he has shown a taste for the epigrammatic point, as well as the rounded period. That he is born with the gift of the Muse there is no doubt, and that his own wish of living 'green in song in but one deathless page' may be realized, is, we certainly think, within his own power. It is, however, in his reflections and remarks in the papers he has called 'The Focus' that his sterling sense shines forth. These papers show him to be no common observer. They are replete with philosophy; and we do not recollect any modern short essays which can be put in comparison with them.—In his tales he has also been very successful."—*Ayr Advertiser*.

"It is certainly a rare circumstance, and a proud one for the author, that he should from his own individual genius have written a better volume of tales, sketches, and songs, than some forty or fifty authors united, many of them rich in reputation and high in title."—*Inverness Courier*.

"The metropolitans may well stand aghast, with their long array of contributors, when they see a Scottish Champion entering the lists with them, single handed, and bidding fair to carry away the palm of victory."—*Paisley Advertiser*.

"As a source of varied and highly attractive amusement, the Chameleon yields to no Annual of the day."—*Monthly Review*.

"In the variety and sprightliness of its contents, it will yield to none of the *Annals*. We consider it a sort of literary feat, and as displaying a versatility of genius by no means common."—*Aberdeen Magazine*.

See also nearly every other British Periodical Journal of January and February, 1832, *The New York Mirror*, *The Paris Revue*, &c. &c.

## Books *Published by* ATKINSON & Co.

---

In a beautiful Extra-Super-Royal 4to, handsomely done up with Gilt Edges,  
Price 7s. 6d.

### THE WESTERN GARLAND:

A Collection of Original Melodies, Composed and Arranged for the Voice  
and Piano-Forte, by Musical Professors of the West of Scotland. The  
Words

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMELEON."

"We are glad to see that this effort has been made to revive in Scotland the spirit of song, and if followed up, may lead to a renovation of that natural warmth and simplicity of expression which never fails to charm, though now so rarely imitated. The work is brought out in an unusually neat, correct manner, in quarto."—*Harmonicon*.

"This very graceful volume, graceful in every sense, with its sweet rhymes and sweet melodies, comes from beyond the Tweed; and is every way worthy of that national music, whose character for interest and pathos has long been established. Some of the airs are quite delicious, and echoed by fitting words. We do like in Mr. Atkinson, his sincere love of poetry, and the true and national spirit in which he desires that his works should be a credit to his 'ain countrie.' The present volume is elegantly got up, and will, we predict, be the favourite which it deserves to be."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The poetry varies in its character, and is well adapted for music."—*Spectator*.

"We have not space to distinguish the remainder, but we do not think they can fail to please the reader, however fastidious."—*Apollonicon*

"As a repository of music and poetry, this elegant volume recommends itself by the simplicity, grace, and originality of the melodies, which are skilfully and appropriately accompanied; and by the beauty of the verses, which blend admirably with the music, producing, in short, that most desirable of all lyrical results—a happy union of sound and sense. We have always esteemed the talents of the author of 'The Chameleon,' Mr. Atkinson possesses a poetic conception, not certainly so richly varied and fanciful as that of Moore, Bayley, or Barry Cornwall, but not a whit inferior to these masters of the lyre in refined expression, and quite equalling in pleasing versification and adaptation of language to musical composition. We extract one song, which has all the pleasing imagery of a love lay of Metastasio."—*Scotsman*.

"The words of these songs are by Mr. Atkinson, who lately published a miscellany, called 'The Chameleon,' with which we are sure all readers of taste are well acquainted. They are very sweet, and prove Mr. A.'s title to be esteemed a first-rate song writer; the music also does credit to the composers."—*Metropolitan*.

"The gentlemen engaged in its different departments, have exerted themselves, not only that it might be creditable to them, but also worthy of the patronage and applause of the public. The merits of the author of 'The Chameleon,' as a writer of songs, are well known to the public."—*Glasgow Courier*.

"The Western Garland is the composition of five different professional gentlemen of our city, and is extremely creditable to them. The words, by Mr. Atkinson, are varied and interesting."—*Brougham*.

"This is a specimen of the musical genius of our 'gude frien's' of Glasgow, and a very creditable specimen it is. We hail its appearance with sincere pleasure."—*National Omnibus*.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

CHICAGO, ILL.

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958

1959

1960

1961

1962

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

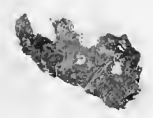
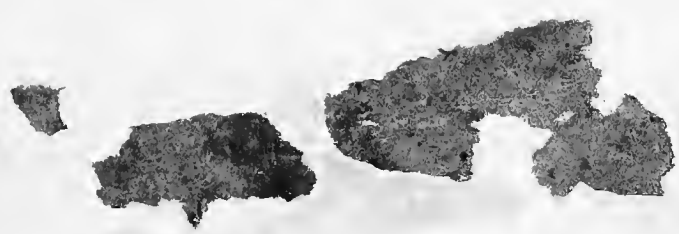
1968

1969

1970



PT



RARE BOOKS

190114.

